THE REAL

STORY

OF

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

Written by HIMSELF.

All on the ſea of life, ſome calms have ſeen,
Whatever burſting tempeſts rag'd between;
But I have ſtill by adverſe winds been toſt,
And always ſhipwreck'd e'er I reach'd the coaſt.

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W. Musgrave.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGINA, CAROLINE, Counteſs of COWPER.

MADAM,

AS the following pages contain an account of my life, I know not to whom I can with more propriety inſcribe them, than to Lady Cowper; whoſe goodneſs, I am proud to acknowledge, has been the preſerver of it. Publickly to confeſs we have received favours from illuſtrious perſonages, is a publick inuendo that they know ſomething of us; thus, Madam, we have an opportunity to ſhew our pride and gratitude at the ſame time.

I flatter myſelf, Madam, that no part of a book, thus honoured with the ſanction of your Ladyſhip's name, will occaſion your being a penitent to your own virtues, or regretting the good offices your humanity has led you to do for a little family, whoſe greateſt crime has been their diſtreſſes; which, indeed to ſome minds, appear an accumulation of all human faults.

Your Ladyſhip was kind enough, not only to befriend the writer, but to pity the man; not only to ſubſcribe to him as an author, but to adminiſter to his neceſſities: whether the world may praiſe or condemn this conduct in your Ladyſhip, you have at leaſt the conſciouſneſs of a generous intention, and the prayers and praiſes of an unfeignedly grateful heart. I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

St. James's-Park,
Auguſt 12, 1758.

Your Ladyſhip's

moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient,

BRITISH MUSEUM

humble ſervant,

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

PREFACE.

CONSIDERING *the number of grave, learned and divine authors, that become ſo cheap a purchaſe at every ſtall, it might be a matter of wonder how a book, of this ſize and price, could have made its way into the republic of letters; or how a young man, with ſo ſmall a ſhare of merit, and ſo much a ſmaller degree of intereſt, could have obtained ſuch a number of noble adventurers to depoſit half a guinea, for a work they had never ſeen, and of which, from the title, they could have but little conception; after having, as themſelves repeatedly aſſured me, been conſiderable looſers by ſubſcribing to books, which never were even written, much leſs intended for publication. If any, or perhaps the greateſt part of my benefactors, imagined that might be the caſe with me, how amiable, how generous, how condeſcending was it in them, to contribute to the ſupport of a family, meerly on a probability that the ſon of Mrs. Pilkington might have ſome merit? This ſingle*

circumſtance may clear the preſent age of imputations that have been thrown on ſome former ones, "that they ſuffered thoſe great geniuſſes to want, whoſe writings are now the higheſt delights of retirement." My ſucceſs has occaſioned a learned gentleman of my acquaintance, who is very meſentropic in his diſpoſition, to declare, that "if any thing could reconcile him to entertain a tolerable opinion of mankind, it would be the notice and favour I have found amongſt them."

The number of books daily publiſhed for inſtruction, by perſons qualified through great parts and ſtudy to beſtow it, are, I hope, ſufficient to anſwer their upright intentions: 'tis a character I confeſs myſelf unequal to in every reſpect, having as much occaſion for it as moſt men; therefore the reader is to expect nothing in the following pages but entertainment. If I can give that in a rational and inoffenſive manner, ſo as to kill two winter afternoons, I ſee no reaſon any of my ſubſcribers will have to regret their purchaſe, as two Italian operas would coſt the ſame money, for which they have nothing afterwards to ſhew; whereas, after this has been read, the binding, gilding, and lettering, will render it a pretty ornament to a library.

As I before mentioned, the infinite goodneſs of the nobility and gentry, in contributing to this undertaking, with ſo great a hazard of having nothing for their money, I hope my having fulfilled my engagements will intitle me to this further indulgence; that no ſubſcriber who has any pity for the circumſtances of the author, or who meant his ſubſcription as the relief of indigence, as well as the encouragement of literature, will lend this book to any perſon whatſover, who is capable to purchaſe it; becauſe that will be gratifying their curioſity at my expence.

I muſt likewiſe entreat that no nobleman, gentleman or lady, will form a judgment of the production of my pen, from whatever accounts may be given of this Work in the Monthly, Literary, or Critical Reviews. Every perſon of taſte and elegance muſt certainly be the beſt judge of what pleaſes him, without taking the inſignificant nod of a bookſeller, or the invidious grin of a ragged critic, for the model of their diſlike or approbation. I think this matter cannot be better cloſed than with a quotation from Swift.

Till blockhead's blame, and judges praiſe,
The poet cannot claim the bays;

On me when dunces are ſatyric,
I take it for a panegyric;
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

Writers who have had too much modeſty, or perhaps too little money, to pay a large ſum for printing their own productions, have had recourſe to the learned for what they termed a ſubſcription, or a depoſit of ſo much money, as might encourage an author to proceed, without being run into a priſon on the one hand, or becoming the dupe of a bookſeller on the other; dreadful alternative!——Mr. Pope very happily ſucceeded, and ſome others of leſs note, whoſe works are yet worth preſerving.

A ſet of people (who watch every occaſion to impoſe on the credulity of mankind, and who are called ſchemers, but more properly ſharpers) obſerved this; and likewiſe, that an author ſeldom publiſhed more than a title page, and a ſubſcription receipt: they immediately ſet their imaginations at work, to compoſe different titles for books never penn'd, and to extract ſubſcriptions from all the known encouragers of literature.

Poor merit was unapprized of this villainous artifice, to ſap the foundations of her publick credit; ſo that when ſhe perſonally appeared, with a modeſty inſeparable from herſelf, ſhe was rejected with indignity.

Perhaps the author's modeſty will be called in queſtion, for the inference he is about to draw; but as this Preface is intended for the good of thoſe who really mean to write, and publiſh what they propoſe, he will ſtand the ſhock of cenſure.

His propoſal was honoured with moſt of the names now on the liſt: he ſent it to a nobleman, diſtinguiſhed as a judge and patron of the muſes: the nobleman immediately ſent out a ſubſcription; but recollecting how often he had been cheated, ſent his footman after the perſon who received it, the length of a ſtreet, and obliged him to return the money, ſaying withal, he would enquire further about it.

The author, mortified at being compelled to refund, ſent the following queſtion to his Lordſhip directly.

Will he whoſe prw'r a L——n inſpired,
With ev'ry excellence on earth admir'd,

Ceaſe

Ceaſe with his bounty to refreſh the earth,
Becauſe her boſom gave a villain birth?
Or ſhall the patron of the muſes train,
By honeſt induſtry be ſued in vain,
Becauſe ſome wretch to perfidy inclin'd,
Dar'd to deceive the friend of human kind?

His Lordſhip ſubſcrib'd.

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OF

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

IT may poſſibly be apprehended, by ſuch perſons as are inclined to peruſe the following pages, that a writer of my age, can ſcarce have ſeen variety enough to form an entertaining volume: had it pleaſed providence to have bleſſed my earlier days, with quiet and felicity, 'tis probable I ſhould now have as little to ſet forth as any other young man who had lived the ſame number of years.

But tho' nothing I can advance, in relation to my adventures, deviates much from the common road of things, or thoſe occurrences which daily happen, I have too ſincere a reſpect for the illuſtrious patrons of my labour, to preſume to impoſe fictions on their ſuperior underſtanding:---Therefore however this undertaking may fall ſhort in wit, elegance, or ſuperiority of ſtile, I am determined

it ſhall be adorned with native truth; which is allowed to ſurpaſs the flouriſhes of rethoric, and carries with it, like the Works of Nature, ſomething that Art vainly ſtrives to imitate.

I am the youngeſt ſon now alive, which the Reverend Mr. Matthew Pilkington had by his firſt wife, Mrs. Lætitia Pilkington, the daughter of John Vanlewen, M. D. and neice to Sir John Mead, Baronet.

The writings of my mother, added to the candour and indulgence of her readers, has procured her a place in the temple of fame; and my father's poetical productions, tho' not received with ſo much applauſe, are yet allowed to be pretty enough.

From a poetical father and mother, what inheritance could a ſecond brother hope, but a pen? An implement which, however dangerous, I am compelled to uſe. As far as I have been capable to gather of my paternal geneology, my great grand-father was the younger ſon of a gentleman of fortune in Yorkſhire; who went over to Ireland, at a time, when King Charles the Firſt had occaſion to try the purſes and loyalty of his Britiſh ſubjects; and had for his ſervices there, a handſome eſtate given him in the county of Meath, which remains in that family to this day.

My

My grandfather Pilkington, being the youngeſt of twenty-one children, and having a great mechanical genius, applied himſelf to the buſineſs of watch-making; by which, and much honeſt induſtry, he became capable in his life-time of giving my father a liberal education; and at his death bequeathed him a handſome eſtate.

My elder brother, being the firſt pledge of reciprocal love, was taken in his infancy into the care of my father's parents; where, tho' he was not brought up with delicacy, as to perſon or dyet, the old man took care to enrich his mind with the beſt tuition money could procure; the benefits of which, with a grateful remembrance of that worthy parent, he now enjoys.

A boy whom Dean Swift was to have ſtood godfather to, having died without publick baptiſm; the Dean, tho' no admirer of ſuch buſineſs, was pleaſed to promiſe to honour my chriſtening with his preſence, which promiſe he did not fulfill.---I have been told that * Lord C——t, now Earl of G——e, was really one of my god-fathers, and that his Lordſhip ſubſtituted Dean Delany, from whence

* Dean Delany, on reading this paſſage at Col. Nuburgh's in Manuſcript, recollected it; and I have, ſince the death of my mother, very happily experienced the advantages of his Lordſhip's choice, in a repreſentative on that occaſion, as the Dean has more than fulfilled all the promiſes he made at my baptiſm, by unlimited inſtances of his favour and liberality to me.

I have derived the happineſs of being called by his name. But I apprehend that I have either been impoſed on in that relation, or that his Lordſhip has utterly forgot it; as I never could, by any ſolicitations, prevail with him to ſubſcribe to my writings.

The method I took of introducing myſelf to that Nobleman, was I confeſs a little too familiar for one of my humble condition, and juvenile years;---but as I am determined herein to ſubmit to the judgment of my ſuperiors, as well as to ſelf-conviction, I ſhall tranſcribe the lines which I took the freedom to addreſs to his Lordſhip, ſometime after my arrival in London.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of G——lle.

I HEAR, my Lord, from common fame,
You promiſed Three Things in my name,
The ſtory moſt demands my credit,
Becauſe Delany often ſaid it,
And men of moſt profound ſagacity,
Will anſwer for the Dean's veracity;
But be that matter as it may,
I'm call'd John Cart'ret at this day,
This name, my Lord, elates my pride,
More than all gifts I boaſt beſide;

And

And ſhou'd illuſtrious G——lle ſmile,
'Twould ev'ry recent ill beguile,
Saving from famine death's grim agent,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient,

J. C. P.

Now it may not be improper to obſerve, that when I wrote the above, I was not under the leaſt apprehenſion of ſtarving, but ſaid ſo meerly to make his Lordſhip merry at my expence. The conſequence will forever caution me againſt being humorous with my ſuperiors, as I am perſuaded from the inſtances of that Nobleman's munificence, ſtill freſh in the memory of many, that no other circumſtance could have witheld his Lordſhip's bounty from me.--- But certain it is I was chriſten'd, and the acting ſponſers were Dr. Clayton, now Lord Biſhop of Clogher, Dr. Delany, Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Grierſon: as none were preſent but poetical people, they determined to make a fairy chriſtening of it, and each to endow me with the gifts they moſt eminently poſſeſſed. The Dean repreſenting the Viceroy, gave power and eloquence; Mrs. Grierſon, learning;

ing; Mrs. Barber, poeſy; and for my part, ſaid the Biſhop, I'll endow him with good fortune, 'tis the only gift I can boaſt, as his Lordſhip modeſtly expreſſed himſelf.

My mother informed me, that when I was about three years old, my godfather the Biſhop requeſted my father, as his Lordſhip had no children, to reſign me intirely to him; who would undoubtedly have made me as happy as a fine education and affluent condition could do; but my father, to my misfortune, rejected this generous offer, to which amongſt other cauſes I may impute my preſent ſituation.

The firſt thing which impreſſed itſelf on my infant memory, was the ſeparation of my father and mother; a circumſtance, in which my future fortune was much more deeply intereſted, than I had then abilities to conceive, not being more than ſix or ſeven years old.

As I had till this fatal juncture been bred with the utmoſt delicacy and tenderneſs, my poor mother, having made it her chief and higheſt ſtudy, to mingle inſtruction with delight, and by the moſt engaging methods, to mold our tender minds for fine impreſſions, inſomuch that we loved her as a companion, and reſpected her as a parent: the ſenſe I felt of our ſeparation, even at that age, is ſcarcely imaginable.

imaginable. What cauſe my father had to ſuſpect her virtue, or whether he had any or not, is beſt known to heaven and his own conſcience; and far is it from my preſent purpoſe to ſay any thing which may draw a reflection on his name, or diſturb a moment of his tranquility; ſince I had much rather the world would attribute my misfortunes to my own miſconduct, than want of humanity in him, whom as the author of my being, I eſteem with the moſt dutiful reverence.

The morning after my mother's departure from his houſe, he called his children before him, and in a moſt tender and pathetic manner, acquainted us, of what he termed her misfortune; aſſuring us, that he would nevertheleſs perform the ſtricteſt duty of a father to us, while our behaviour merited his being ſuch; but withall he remonſtrated to us, on the neceſſity we were under, to be particularly circumſpect in our conduct, as well to him as the reſt of the world, in order to make the matter intirely be forgotten.

We gave a ſettled attention to his words, but could not reſtrain our tears on ſo melancholly an occaſion, eſpecially as he informed us we were never more to ſee her.

Sometime after her departure, ſhe earneſtly ſollicited my father, for one laſt interview with her dear little ones, as ſhe affectionatly ſtiled us; but that favour, if I may call it ſuch, was for the preſent denied to her; upon which occaſion ſhe added four lines to her poem called Sorrow, which, tho' I am not fond of quotations, I aſk pardon for reciting.

And ſince no more I boaſt a mother's name,
Nor in my children, can a portion claim,
The tender babes to thy protection take,
Nor puniſh for their hapleſs mother's ſake.

Vide 1ſt vol. Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs.

After this, either my father's heart relented, or he was by entreaties prevailed on to let us viſit her; the mutual joy that took place in our ſouls at this indulgence, can only be conceived by the fondeſt of children, and the moſt endearing of parents.

We continued the whole day with her, during which ſhe would frequently gather us in her arms, and folding us in the moſt paſſionate grief, invoke the Almighty to be a father and mother to us; and indeed ſo far her prayers have been received, as the dangers from whence his holy hand alone has delivered even me, have been infinite:

nor let the young and gay, into whoſe hands theſe writings fall, be offended at theſe ſerious reflections; they will ſometimes perhaps find me too volotile, but where the praiſe is due, there let it be aſcribed.

When night approached, being the deſtined moment of departure, my mother would fain have detained me (her peculiar favourite) having intended, as I ſince learned from her, to have brought me to London; but the ſervant who attended us would by no means ſuffer it, ſo that however ſevere we eſteemed our fate, we were obliged to ſubmit to it, and left my poor mother in a flood of tears.

For ſome time after ſhe left the kingdom, my father continued moderately kind to us, and probably might ſtill have been ſo, but that going on a viſit into the country, he met with Miſs S----ds, who is at preſent his wife. This lady, without ſenſe, beauty, fortune, or one amiable accompliſhment, found means ſo powerfully to engage his affections, that he intirely neglected every thing but the purſuit of her. Nay, ſo much enamoured was he with her very name, that it was carved on every tree in his garden, and written with a diamond on every window in his houſe; and very ſeldom had we a ſight of him. I can't help thinking that one motive of his attachment to this lady, was her being ſo diametrically a contraſt to the unfortunate object of

his reſentment; for if my mother was witty and polite, ſhe was hoggiſh and ſtupid; if my mother was neat and cleanly, the other was dirty and ſlovenly; if my mother was liberal and generous, ſhe was mean and mercenary; of which I could give demonſtrable proofs, but that it would break in upon the chain of my ſtory, and will do as well in its proper place.

I hope I ſhall be pardon'd for ſaying, that I believe my father now ſincerely wiſhed at any rate to get his encumbrances off his hands; and as the preſent engroſſer of his affections wanted none of her ſexes artifices, I am pretty certain that much of his coolneſs and diſtaſte to us, proceeded from the councils and the inſinuations of that Hiæna.---My father, I am told, has lately got a child by her, God forbid it ſhould partake of her diſpoſition, or be uſed with ſo little tenderneſs, as thoſe which he has already gotten, and left the world to provide for (but to my ſtory.)

I was, while my grandfather lived, firſt kept at the writing ſchool, where I made but ſmall progreſs; from whence I was removed to the ſtudy of Latin, under the tuition of the Reverend Mr. Baldrick. I had not attained to the claſſicks before the good old man died, and with him my farther advancement in literature for that time; as I was ſhortly after judiciouſly removed to my father's kitchen,

left too much learning ſhould have made me mad; in which place it ſeems I was under the benign influence of the footman, and maid ſervant, to finiſh my ſtudies; being kept a perpetual priſoner there, and otherwiſe treated, in a manner I ſhall never repeat, and which I heartily wiſh to forget.

For my own part, I had at that time reflections much above my years, having read every book which chance or providence threw in my way, and digeſted them, in a manner not cuſtomary with children: I had naturally great ſprightlineſs and vivacity, an eaſy obliging diſpoſition, a good voice, and a tolerable perſon; with theſe endowments, it was no matter of wonder, if I looked on my preſent ſituation with horror, being utterly abſtracted from what my mind moſt thirſted after, books, company and improvement; an ambition to be amongſt my ſuperiors, ſeemed inherent to me, and I might truly have ſaid with Horace.---Spernere vulgus.

I now grew ſollicitous to know what family and relations I had living; judging I might have a greater probability of being welcome to ſome of them, than deſirable to my father:

An old coachman of my grand uncle, Brigadier Meades, came one evening to viſit my father's ſervants, and was as communicative on this head, as I could poſſibly have wiſhed; he told me the affinity I had with all the Meades family, and ſeveral of the nobility and gentry, not material here to name; but what moſt engaged my attention in the courſe of his narrative, was the account he gave me of my grand-uncle Doctor George Vanlewen of Cork; who he ſaid had no legitimate children, and was one of the beſt natured gentlemen exiſting; but his peculiar oddity makes ſtrangers frequently miſtake him for moroſe and ill-natured, which indeed, as much as his good-nature will permit him, he endeavours to affect. He gave us ſome entertaining accounts of my uncle's diſpoſition, that may here ſerve as an illuſtration to the future character I ſhall have occaſion to give of him.

A very ſpruce dancing-maſter, and excellent ſwordsman, happened accidentally to be at a gentleman's houſe, where the Doctor was ſent for to attend the lady in labour. The Doctor, who is homely in his perſon, and plain in his apparel, when he entered a room where the gentleman of the houſe and this perſon were, cry'd, Zounds, Sir, what d'ye want with theſe butterflies about you at ſuch a time as this? Turn him out of doors. The dancing-maſter, juſt ar-

rived from Paris, imagined this rencounter a little mal-apropos; and he neither knowing my uncle, nor the occaſion of his coming, told the gentleman of the houſe he underſtood no ſuch treatment, and would demand ſatisfaction from that ſorry fellow, whoever he was. My uncle, who had but paſſed into another room, overheard him; and came out with a very ſerene countenance, to acquaint him, that if he would wait but fifteen minutes, he would make any conceſſion ſo great a perſonage thought proper to require; returning immediately into the room, he diſpatched his buſineſs in half the time, and after having brought the lady a ſon, came to fulfil his engagement. The whole thing was ſo ſudden and whimſical, that the gentleman of the houſe had not preſence of mind to interpoſe his good offices; or, perhaps, the ſituation his wife was in might have engroſſed all his attention: However it was, the diſputants went out together. The dancing maſter told my uncle, he deſired to meet him on the Mall the next morning at five o'clock;——no, no, ſays the Doctor, I ſhan't then be out of Bed, but, if you pleaſe, I'll wait on you now. The antagoniſt finding him true blood, offered many weighty reaſons for poſtponing the combat, particularly his being obliged to teach ſome ladies to dance. By G——d, ſays the Doctor, I'll teach you to dance, and ſing too, before we part, as ſorry a fellow

fellow as I appear. Upon this he drew his ſword, and deſired his enemy to do the ſame; the ſecond paſs he wounded the dancing-maſter in the ſword arm, which poſſibly ſaved his guts; he dropped his weapon and aſked for mercy, which the doctor generouſly ſhewed him; and drawing his ſword very carefully from the wound, he immediately pulled out a caſe of ſurgical inſtruments, dreſſed his arm, and ſent him home in a chair, recommending it ſtrenuouſly to him, not to be ſo haſty in his concluſions for the future. After theſe proofs of his ſkill in ſurgery and the ſword, he paid a viſit to the lying-in lady, and found her as well as he could wiſh; but pray Doctor, ſaid the gentleman of the houſe, why did you leave us ſo abruptly? Only to ſcewer a woodcock, replied the Doctor, very gravely, which was all the information could be obtained from him; it excited the gentleman's curioſity to ſend to the dancing-maſter's lodgings, where he was found very ill in bed; the Doctor, however, carefully attended him, ſupplied him with all neceſſaries, and was ſo firm a friend to him from that time, that his recommendations were the means of making the dancing-maſter's fortune.

He went one morning into a coffee-houſe in Cork, and it being cold, ſtood with his back to the fire; a young officer

officer came in, extremely fine in his dreſs, and ſays to my uncle, ſtand farther off fellow;---yes, pleaſe your honour, replied the Doctor, and moved conſiderably back;---farther yet fellow, ſays the other; the Doctor kept retreating till he got to a window; he opened it, and taking the young ſpark ſuddenly in his arms, called to the company to know if he ſhould throw the impertinent coxcomb into the ſtreet;---the gentlemen knowing my uncle, and having heard what paſſed, owned he deſerved no better, but on account of his youth, beſought mercy for him.

My dear child, ſaid the Doctor, never affront a man who is every way your ſuperior, becauſe his inclination does not lead him to be ſo great a jack-daw as yourſelf. After reciting theſe, and many inſtances of my uncle's temper, he departed, leaving me fully reſolved to embrace the firſt favourable occaſion to fly there for refuge.

My father was not only indifferent about my education or cloathing, but a little too ſevere; ſince, if any thing diſturbed his temper abroad, I was ſure of a flogging when he came home; and a rainy day was fatal to me, being ever the fore-runner of chaſtizement, whether with or without a cauſe. This might probably be done to humble

ble my ſpirit, and fit me for the hardſhips of a world I was entering into; and indeed it has had the deſired effect, for tho' I have fallen under various calamities ſince, none have been half ſo dreadful to me as thoſe I ſuſtained at home; nay, I am ſure I muſt have died of a broken heart e're now, had I not ſo early been inur'd to afflictions. To ſeek occaſion to quit ſuch treatment was not difficult; and though I had never been in the country of Ireland, I conceived a notion of travelling to Cork, being very ſure, if I once found the road, I ſhould purſue it till I obtained my wiſhes.

A gentleman came one afternoon to enquire for my father, for whom I happened to open the ſtreet door; he gave me a ſhilling, which was, I believe, the firſt I could ever call mine; with this ſum I reſolved, before day-break the next morning, to ſet out on my intended expedition, and ſo little of this great world did I know, that I thought it quite ſufficient.

According to this plan I executed my ſcheme with all poſſible ſilence, ſecreſy and ſucceſs; but happened fortunately enough to take a wrong road, that is, one that made my journey about thirty miles about.

Before

Before I had one ſingle reflection on my condition, agitated by the pleaſing hope of a better fate, I had meaſured twenty miles, fatigue and hunger then very cloſely aſſailed me. I diſcovered at ſome diſtance behind me, a luſty healthy-looking farmer on horſe-back; probably he perceived in my features and appearance, ſomething above the vulgar, that induced him to aſk me where I was going to, I told him to Cork,——To Cork child, ſays the Man with aſtoniſhment---this is not the road, beſides, 'tis a journey you will never be equal to at this ſeaſon, (it being near Chriſtmas) I told him I mattered no hardſhips, in contempt of which I would proſecute my journey, tho' at the expence of my life.---You are then, I ſuppoſe, well ſtocked with caſh, ſaid he, to refreſh yourſelf by the way. Yes, returned I, I have thirteen pence, which I think quite enough: the honeſt fellow laughed heartily at my innocence, and as I walked beſide his horſe, now took me up before him upon it.---His curioſity to find out who I was, made him aſk many queſtion: theſe I evaded very carefully, leſt he ſhould take a fancy to ſend me home. I told him my father was a ſhoe-maker, who was gone to Cork, and that having no friends in Dublin, I was going to him. Tho' he did not ſeem intirely to credit this relation, he had good manners enough to deſiſt any further interrogations, till we arrived

at his houſe, an homely, but a clean and comfortable habitation, where the whole family came to meet us at the door, and were overjoyed that the farmer had brought a gueſt with him. As ſoon as they had furniſhed me with dry apparel, for it rained very hard, they placed me near a large turf fire, then bathed my feet (which is cuſtomary in Ireland) and after ſpread a table, abounding with milk, butter, eggs, and all the rural delicacies that are the ſweet rewards of a virtuous induſtry.---When I reflect on the ſerene felicity met with in minds never taught to aſpire, I pity, from my ſoul, many of the rich and great whom I have ſince fallen amongſt: health, competence and contentment they are generally ſtrangers to: luxury deſtroys the firſt, extravagance the ſecond, and ambition the laſt.

That hoſpitality is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the people of Ireland, has never yet been diſputed; and the little inſtances of it inſerted here, may amount to a further demonſtration.

After being liberally refreſhed by my kind hoſt, he waited on me to a bed with one of his ſons, where I " ſlept, wrapt up in meaſureleſs content," till day break.

break. I was then called to know if I choſe to reſt myſelf a day or two, or purſue my journey; when I made choice of the latter. The board was again ſpread, and might juſtly be termed a Cornu Copiæ, accompanied with the moſt tender and ſincere expreſſions of a hearty welcome.

The farmer then ſaddled his horſe, and after an affectionate embrace from every one of the family, took me before him, and convoyed me about ſeven miles, and ſlipping a ſhilling into my hand, prayed to God to preſerve me, and ſend me more friends.

Encouraged by ſuch unexpected liberality and kindneſs from perfect ſtrangers, I puſhed on in great ſpirits; about noon I ſtopped at a little houſe on the road to procure ſome food, as I had money to pay for it. The beſt the cottage afforded was immediately produced, and to my great ſurprize, the people, tho' ſeemingly in the moſt abject diſtreſs, refuſed to accept the ſmalleſt gratification for what they gave me; but on the contrary, loaded my pockets with proviſion, and attended me to the door with ten thouſand bleſſings.

In the afternoon I was overtaken by a footman, who had a led horſe, and who made me a tendre of riding: I readily accepted the invitation, and upon his requeſting to know my name, and the purport of my journey, ingenuouſly told the truth. He knew my family very well, and told me he was a ſervant to 'Squire A——, who lived a few miles off; and that, tho' it was out of my road, if I would venture along with him, he would promiſe me good entertainment, and take care to put me ten miles forward in the morning, if he could render me no other ſervice, which yet he ſaid he hoped to do, as his maſter and miſtreſs were patterns of good-nature, and conſequently would be pleaſed to help a young gentleman in my circumſtances.

About an hour after dark brought us to the 'Squires houſe; the footman brought me into a large hall without a fire, and gave me into the care of Peter Ludlow the coachman, whoſe name I gratefully remember, and of whoſe uncommon kindneſs I never can ſay enough.--- The footman with whom I came, preſently returned from the houſe, loaded with eatables of different kinds, ſuch as cold beef, ham and fowl; but fatigue had taken away my appetite, which Peter obſerving with ſome regret, entreated me to go to his houſe, and he would endeavour

to

to get ſomething more proper for my refreſhment. The footman, who eſteemed me his gueſt, expreſſed his unwillingneſs to part with me, till Peter reminded him of his having no fire, and but indifferent bedding, which might occaſion my death: at this the poor fellow with a ſigh agreed I ſhould go with Peter.

It was a bitter froſty night, and travelling, to which I had never been inur'd, with my ſitting down at the 'Squires, without a fire, made my limbs ſtiff, and my frame quite chilly. My hoſt, in order to render his cottage more agreeable on ſight, than in idea, told me his houſe was a beggar's hut at one ſide the road,---that he had no food but potatoes, no drink but water, no fire,---nor any bed but ſtraw. Now Sir, ſaid he, if this fare will ſuit you, come on with me; if not, turn back to the 'Squires.---I told him I had obſerved ſomething ſo pleaſing in his manner of receiving me, that under all thoſe diſadvantages I choſe to accompany him.---Soon after he knocked at his own door, and indeed his endeavour to pre-poſſeſs me with an indifferent opinion of his houſe had the deſired effect, in making me imagine it a paradiſe.---There was a large ſprightly turf fire, a clean, neat, handſome wife and daughter, who (when they heard who I was) were as much overjoyed to receive me, as I could poſſibly be at falling

into

into ſuch hands; they brought every article that was neceſſary for my refreſhment, and then put down a couple of fowls, bacon and greens for ſupper. After treating me with a tenderneſs and regard, which I had never experienced ſince the loſs of my mother, they put me into their own bed, where delicacy and ſoftneſs would have inclined a perſon to ſleep, much leſs tired than I was.

Peter, who was obliged to attend his maſter early in the morning, left ſtrict orders that I ſhould be well accommodated in his abſence; and by no means be permitted to depart, if I ſhould expreſs an inclination for it,---indeed I was ill qualified ſo to do, either in purſe or perſon, being ſcarcely refreſhed by my night's ſleep, and poſſeſſed but of two ſhillings.

My amiable and friendly hoſteſs waked me early in the morning, to drink ſome milk hot from the cow, and at ten called me up to breakfaſt on tea; ſo that I queſtion, had I been the 'Squires gueſt, if my entertainment had ſurpaſſed this. The lower ſort of people in Ireland hold the name of a gentleman in high veneration, and would be more ſubſervant to a man of family, without a ſhilling, than an upſtart, poſſeſſed of ever ſo much.---They are great geneoligiſts, and can trace a man three or four generations back;

back; then tell you the different branches and intermarriages, at which they are ſo extremely expert, that it is next to an impoſſibility to impoſe on them.

The lower people here in England differ from them extremely in this, as well as in moſt other points; there being no greater object of deriſion amongſt them, than a perſon by any means aſſuming the character of a gentleman, without a competency to ſupport it in every degree; ſo that in London, a cobler's ſon in a lace coat, will have more deference paid to him than the offspring of a nobleman, whoſe neceſſities are once made known; which makes this proverb ſo frequent amongſt them: "don't tell me what I was, but what I am," with many others to the ſame purpoſe. I cannot help ſaying with regret, that an outſide has an effect on perſons of greater conſequence, to whom it is ſo familiar:---this to me is extremely ſurpriſing, becauſe if merit conſiſted in velvet, lace or embroidery, Monmouth-ſtreet would be a good place to find it. (But to proceed.)

By the time breakfaſt was over Peter returned, and informed me, that on his having mentioned me to his maſter and miſtreſs, they had expreſſed a deſire to ſee me; but, ſaid he, it would be adviſeable to ſtay till to-

morrow, and in the mean while, let my wife make your linnen and ſtockings clean, that you may appear decently before them.

The next morning pretty ſoon, being quite ſpruce, Peter and myſelf ſet out for the 'Squires, whoſe lady, it ſeems, my grandfather, Doctor Vanlewen, had attended as phyſician; this had raiſed ſome favourable ſentiments of me before I made my appearance; and, if I may judge from the reception I found, the ſight of me rather encreaſed than diminiſhed them.

The 'Squire and his lady met me coming in, and the lady in a very affable manner, declared ſhe was proud to have one of the worthy doctor's family in her houſe, to whom ſhe owed (under God) her life. They made me ſtay and dine with them, and afterwards told me, if I choſe to reſide there a month or two, I was welcome; and they would, in the mean time, write to my uncle in Cork, (to whom they underſtood I was going) to ſee if he would receive me. Theſe propoſals I reſpectfully thanked them for, but did not chuſe to comply with them. The reaſon was, that I had rather ſtay with my friend Peter, if I was to abide at all, as I could there be leſs upon the reſerve, and ſeemed to be perfectly deified at his houſe:

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at my departure in the evening the lady gave me half a guinea, the gentleman a crown, and what ſeemed more ſurpriſing, every ſervant in the houſe followed me, and each gave me ſomething according to their degrees; which, notwithſtanding all I could ſay in oppoſition to it, they compelled me to accept of.

I now thought myſelf as rich as Crœſus, having never before been the maſter of ſuch a ſum; ſo that I returned with Peter in great ſpirits.---Peter, who was, without a compliment, one of the beſt men I had ever known, was ſincerely rejoiced to find that his repreſentations of me were attended with ſo happy an iſſue: I told him I could not but look upon him as my benefactor upon the whole; but this he would by no means ſuffer to be told, and rather ſeemed to chide his fate, at not being capable to act in my favour, ſuitable to the greatneſs of his ſentiments.

In ſhort he detained me a fortnight, during which no circumſtance was omitted that could be thought conducive to my health, contentment or recreation; and when Peter found that no ſollicitations could prevail on me to continue longer with him, he deſired his wife to make me a new ſhirt, bought a pair of ſhoes and ſtockings at his own expence, and under pretence of ſewing my money in

my fob, leaſt I ſhould be robbed, conveyed a ſmall piece of gold into it, as I afterwards diſcovered; yet when my little baggage was packed in a canvas wallet, made by Peter, and every thing in readineſs for my departure, it was three days before I could get away: Peter accompanied me about fifteen miles, leaving his wife and daughter in tears, for our ſeparation, and ſet me down at the Royal Oak, ten miles from the city of Kilkenny, from whence there is a fine turnpike road to Cork. Peter returned home with reluctance, after enjoyning me by the moſt ſolemn promiſes to write to him when I arrived at my journey's end; and if my uncle ſhould not receive me kindly, he would come himſelf and bring me back to his houſe, where I ſhould be welcome while ever he had ſtrength to earn a ſupport for me.

I need not animadvert on the benevolence of ſoul Peter muſt have poſſeſſed; as it muſt be obvious to every reader, that what he did for me, was without the hope of any recompence, but ſuch as he might obtain from the hand of heaven; and tho' theſe paſſages may ſeem almoſt too trivial to engroſs the reader's attention, yet I am ſatisfied there are many will be pleaſed to find ſuch a character in ſuch a ſphere of life; and that a man without the helps of education, may from pure nature practice every chriſtian

virtue in its moſt aimable perfection. The modeſty and delicacy with which poor Peter conferred his favours, may be a juſt admonition to the rich and the proud, who when they are prevailed on to help their fellow creatures, do it in ſo cruelly contemptuous a manner, as makes the receipt of it more painful, than the wretchedneſs it is beſtowed to relieve.---But to go on:---A gentleman in a coach and ſix picked me up at the Royal Oak, and in about two hours ſet me down in the ancient city of Kilkenny, rendered venerable by the beautiful ruins of the Duke of Ormond's palace, and ſeveral edifices and monuments of great antiquity, that gave me infinite pleaſure to ſurvey, though I confeſs I am not able to deſcribe them.

The next day being Sunday, I reſted from my labour; and as I had no acquaintances here, employed myſelf in contemplating the devaſtations made by time, war, and its revolutions, on the perfection of ſculpture and architecture, in ſeveral old abbeys and monaſteries I viſited here: this gave riſe to a train of reflections, while the gloom of the weather and ſtillneſs of the day inſpired an aweful, yet pleaſing melancholy; a condition of mind I am much addicted to, and which none can truly value who has not at ſome time taſted the ſweets of it.

That Milton was peculiarly charmed with its effects, may be ſeen in many paſſages of his writings, as well as his pathetically elegant Ill Penſero.

Come penſive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſilent and demure,
All in robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
Come but keep thy wonted ſtate,
Muſeing ſteep and awful gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy wrapt ſoul ſitting on thy Eyes;
There held in holy paſſion ſtill
Forget thyſelf to marble---till,
With a ſad leaden downward caſt,
You fix them on the earth as faſt.

Here's painting of the moſt maſterly hand, every attitude deſcribed, immediately ſalutes the view, ſo that one can never read this, without beholding in his imagination a cloyſter'd virgin. I don't know if I have done the author juſtice in the quotation, as I do not poſſeſs his writings, nor any other book whatſoever---for which I hope ſome allowance will be made by the literati. The ſentiments that occurred to me in this place, I have

ſince

ſince endeavoured to expreſs, and preſent them to thoſe who will take the trouble to read them, by the title of

Scatter'd Reflections, inſcribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Shafteſbury.

THOSE aweful iſles where ſculptur'd marbles tell,
What ſtory'd chiefs within their precinct dwell;
Oft by a penſive contemplation drawn,
My footſteps viſit at the ev'nings dawn;
Where ſleeps perchance now ſenſeleſs of my moan,
One who in life had made my care his own;
Had rais'd my ſoul from this dejected ſtate,
And ſoften'd all the rigour of my fate.

Short is the date of our exiſtence here,
As the light rainbow is the lucid ſphere;
Tho' ſacred ſcience all her ſtores expand,
Tho' wealth and honour, flow from fortunes hand;
Tho' all the virtues in progreſſion riſe,
That form the learned, benevolent and wiſe;
Tho' great in title, tho' renown'd in birth,
Our laſt retreat's to the oblivious earth.

Where's now the pomp, the Majeſty that ſhone
A former century around the throne;

The

The ſhifted ſcene produces to our view,
Lords, ſtateſmen, courtiers, and domeſticks new;
The florid Tongue, the Machiavilian head,
And ſoldier's arm, are mingled with the dead;
Gone to the dark receſſes of the grave,
The potent monarch, and the abject ſlave.

When ſordid reptiles 'midſt theſe relics place,
The chizzels ſhame, and Poetry's diſgrace,
Aſcribe that * language to a grov'ling mind,
To picture ſun-bright excellence deſign'd,
My ſoul deteſts the mercenary tale,
And thus the lying ſtatue, I aſſail:
'Twas thine, oh! man, in one important hour,
To live the ſteward of eternal pow'r;
Comfort, and joy, and bleſſings to diſpenſe,
And bid a ſea of ſorrows wait you hence.
Behold your foes in luxury and pride,
Laviſh that droſs, to anguiſh you deny'd;
Thy life reproach, thy ev'ry action blame,
Forget thy merits, and deteſt thy name.

'Tis his ſublime felicity to find,
Whoſe fortunes ſuit the greatneſs of his mind,
Whoſe friendly heart with conſcious rapture glows,
When ſued for ſuccour---ſuccour it beſtows;

Who

* Poetry.

Who ſtoops like heav'n, to hear the plantive pray'r,
And makes affliction his peculiar care;
Amidſt the toils with greatneſs that conſiſt,
Who finds an hour to pity and aſſiſt;
Abſtracts his ear from a tumultous train,
To hear unmerited diſtreſs complain;
Whoſe ev'ry grace and virtue to define,
Illuſtrious Shafteſbury I'd picture thine.
This when thy ſoul from worldly bus'neſs flown,
Shall blend with beings, ſpotleſs as its own;
When arts regret, and ſciences deplore,
Their patron, judge, and lover is no more;
On fames record, ſhall keep thy name alive,
Whilſt virtue, truth, or equity ſurvive.

I ſhall not tire the reader with a further detail of my journey, nor would I have ſaid ſo much, but that the reflections frequently caſt on the people of Ireland made me wiſh for an occaſion to ſhew them to my Engliſh reader in their native ſimplicity. I don't know whether this expedition of mine has been tedious to the reader, but I know it was very much ſo to me; I have at length obtained the end of it, and you are to ſuppoſe me at the ſummit of my wiſhes, in the city of Cork: but, as Lord Cheſterfield obſerves, "moſt proſpects are ſeen advantageouſly at a diſtance,

* In a letter to Colonel Newburgh.

tance, and looſe much of their beauty on a nearer view." ---I had wound my imagination up to expect a tender and affectionate reception the moment I diſcovered myſelf to my uncle; it was firſt, however, neceſſary to find out where he lived, and how the family were then ſituated. Coblers and barbers are not only well verſed in ſuch matters, but likewiſe prompt to beſtow information on ſuch as require it; therefore having paſſed into the principal ſtreet of the town, I had recourſe to a facetious-looking old fellow, whom I ſaw induſtriouſly vaumping old ſhoes for a ſecond market:---to ſay the truth, my ſhoes were the worſe for the wear, and as I had moſt part of my money about me, I imagined it diſcreet to furniſh myſelf here, before I waited on the Doctor. The cobler ſeeing my feet, immediately gueſſed my commands, and handing me a large aſſortment of his commodity, told me---they were pretty goods, and would do me ſervice.---I ſat down to try a pair on me, and in the mean time aſked him if he knew one Doctor Vanlewen?---What old George, ſaid he,——that I do, and have done any time this thirty years, and his father old Guiſebert too: oh! that old Guiſebert was an odd fiſh: when George was a boy, he was after all the wenches in town. Some of the neighbours told the old Doctor, their daughters were not ſafe, while his ſon was prouling about.---Egad, ſaid the

old man, coop up your hens, I let my game cocks looſe. He would probably have continued the diſcourſe till night, if I had not aſked where the doctor now dwelt;---why, where the devil do you come from to aſk that, ſure every child in Cork knows old George lives in Hanover-ſtreet, over the way.---Pray what family has he?---Family enough, I warrant you: there's his wife, Peggy Crofts, and Betty Donavon; and their brother Barny M'Gomery, whom the doctor has bred to his own trade of midwifry. ---Ah! it's a pity the dear gentleman has no children or relations of his own; for between you and I, he took the wife without a fortune, and has ſupported her two ſiſters and brother this many years, who are little better than they ſhould be.---Having found how the ground lay, and being weary and dirty, I aſked the cobler if he knew where I could ſleep that night? He told me I might go to his houſe, as I ſeemed to be a ſprightly lad, and he would accommodate me cheaper and better than any perſon whatſoever. In the interim I paid him for the ſhoes, and he obligingly ſhut up his bulk to conduct me to his houſe: after paſſing thro' one of the gates of the city, and a variety of blind alleys, lanes and paſſages, we arrived juſt by candle-light at the ſpacious confines of a ſmoaky thatched cabbin; in which there ſeemed to be all imaginable harmony, as the ſwine, the wife, the pigs,

and the children, lived very ſociably together, and ſeemed to vie with each other in point of naſtineſs. When the light of a bullruſh had diſcovered this delightful ſcene to me, I for the firſt time wiſhed myſelf back in my father's kitchen. However, I made a virtue of neceſſity, and ſeemed quite ſatisfied with all I beheld; ſoon after a ſupper of ſalt fiſh and potatoes was produced, of which I made a hearty meal.---When I told the cobler who I was, where I came from, and what I propoſed, he ſeemed perfectly enraptur'd, and begged I would ſend him to the doctor, as he would take care to * inſenſe him, becauſe he was certain George would regard his recommendation:---But come, come wife, ſaid he, this is no place for the doctor's nephew, go look out a clean good bed for him, let it coſt what it will, I'll warrant old George will pay it. Ay, ay, boy, your bread is baked, you'll never want meal or malt, while your head's hot. I was much pleaſed with the ſimple ſincerity of the poor man, and had no diffidence of finding his promiſes fulfilled. The cobler's wife procured me a decent lodging, and ſet about waſhing a ſhirt for me immediately, which ſhe had tolerably done up againſt morning; the cobler himſelf brought it to my bed ſide, with clean ſhoes and ſtockings, ſo that I looked pretty ſmart.---You had better now, ſaid he, write to your uncle, and I'll tell you what to ſay, and will carry it myſelf:---he brought

* Ignorantly ſpoken for convince.

brought me pen, ink and paper, and dictated, as near as I can remember, as follows:

Honoured Uncle,

BEING told of your great honour and kindneſs, I have walked all the way from Dublin to you, hoping your kindneſs will provide for your own fleſh and blood, as my father has proved ungrateful: I am at preſent with the cobler, your old friend, who will tell you where I am; which is all from your loving nephew and kinſman to command till death,

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

Having finiſhed this elegant epiſtle, I diſpatched my envoy with it, and waited impatiently at the cobler's houſe till he returned, which happened in about an hour's time: he entered with a ſtrange contraction of countenance, that ſeemed, "the title page of a tragic volume." I aſked him what news? Why, I'll tell you. I went to the houſe and knocked at the ſtreet door; the footman opened it; I aſked if I could ſee the doctor? he told me he was at breakfaſt: upon this the doctor himſelf opened the parlour door, and ſaid, well my old friend, what do you want? He made me come in and ſit down (for George always does if the room was full of company) but he was

by himſelf, as God would have it:---ſo I told him there was a pretty young youth, the very * moral of himſelf, at my houſe, who had ſent his honour that letter. He read it over and over, and then ſaid, ſo you tell me honeſt friend, this pretty young youth is the moral of myſelf; you mean, I ſuppoſe, he is like me in the face. Yes, pleaſe your honour, ſaid I; as like as if he was ſpit out of your mouth, tho' I lied too, for he's damn'd ugly, but no matter for that you know.---Well friend, ſaid the doctor, this very dutiful nephew of mine writes me word, that he has walked all the way from Dublin to know what I would do for him: you may tell him to walk all the way back again, and inform his friends there that I will do nothing; and if the impoſtor continues in this town, I'll ſend him to Bridewell.——But won't your honour, ſaid I, give him a trifle to carry him? Not a penny, ſaid he; and ſo giving me the letter back, he puſhed me out of doors:---therefore I adviſe you, while your ſhoes is good, and you have a trifle of money, to leave this place; for George is as poſitive as the devil, when he ſays a thing.——Judge, reader, of my ſurprize and confuſion, to find all my promiſing hopes and long expectations of comfort, daſhed in a moment. Philoſophy had not then armed me againſt the viciſſitudes of fortune, I burſt into tears, and gave a looſe to the

* For Model.

agonies of my mind. The poor people were moved at my condition, and told me I might ſtay a day or two with them, and perhaps the doctor's heart would relent. I embraced the offer.——This was of a Saturday. I continued with them really dejected in ſpirit the remainder of the day, and 'till about nine o'clock on Sunday night; at which hour, a watchman knocked at the door, and enquired if it was here the doctor's nephew lodged? The poor people imagining he came to take me away, told him I had been there, but was gone off to Dublin: the words were ſcarcely delivered, when the doctor and a gentlewoman entered. The moment the lady ſaw me, ſhe cry'd with emotion, that's he, doctor, I'll take my oath to his curly head, and the likeneſs he has to his father. At this the doctor winked, and coming up to me with a ſtern countenance, cry'd, Who are you Sir, that dare to ſay I'm your uncle? I was about to reply, when the lady ſaid, don't you know me Jack? don't you know your couſin Crofts?——Yes, madam, I remember your name perfectly well ---This is indeed your nephew, doctor, ſaid ſhe, and no impoſtor; with that ſhe took my hand and preſented me to him. He embraced me very affectionately, holding me ſome time in his arms, while the tears ſtreamed from his eyes, and he cry'd, this is all I wiſhed for. He held me faſt by the hand, and turning to the cobler, thanked him for the regard he had ſhewn

to

to his little run-away, preſenting him, at the ſame time, a couple of guineas, as a gratuity for his kindneſs. My uncle's coach waited for us at the end of the lane, into which he conducted me, and brought me ſafe to his fire ſide.

An entire new ſcene now opened to me, and from a ſtate of the moſt abject diſtreſs, I ſaw myſelf in the midſt of genteel friends, who ſeemed ſincerely to regard me. I was received by the doctor's lady with all imaginable tenderneſs, to whom my uncle introduced me in theſe words: "Here, Kate, I have brought you the prettieſt little vagrant I ever ſaw;---take him, and look on him henceforth as my ſon." She affectionately embraced me; aſſuring the doctor, he could not have aſſigned her a more pleaſing office, ſince love and gratitude taught her to eſteem every one who belonged to him.

A ſupper was now brought in, where plenty and elegance ſpoke the hoſpitality of the man, and the good œconomy of the woman:—but I was ſo ſmitten with a ſenſe of my happy revolution of fortune, that tho' I had an excellent appetite at the cobler's, I could not eat a morſel: the doctor obſerving it, and gueſſing the cauſe, ordered ſome wine whey to be made for me, and ſent me

to

to bed. The firſt viſit he paid in the morning was to me, and he was pleaſed to find me very well, as he afterwards told me, that he apprehended ſuch a ſurprize might have occaſioned a fever.——He acquainted me at breakfaſt, that when I had ſent the letter he concluded I was an impoſtor, eſpecially as the meſſenger aſſured him of my exact reſemblance to him, and egad I know I'm the uglieſt of the whole family; nor ſhould I have thought further about it, but that the women importuned me; and Mrs. Crofts aſſured me, ſhe would know your face in any part of Europe. He then demanded every particular of my former life, and my father's behaviour; at the relation of which he was ſo incenſed, that he ſwore by G——d he would go directly to Dublin, and horſe-whip the raſcally prieſt, that dared to uſe one of George Vanlewen's family in that manner: nay, I ſeriouſly believe he would have done it, had not female entreaties prevented him. He was pleaſed to find I had ſome ſhare of education, which, ſaid he, as you don't ſeem to be a dunce, may be improved here; and I'll ſend you to the univerſity, and make you a brighter, and, I hope, an honeſter man than your father. A taylor and ſempſtreſs were employed to equip me for a decent appearance; in ſhort, I had every thing provided, that could anſwer my convenience or flatter my vanity (for, oh! reader, with ſhame do I own, that I had a ſtrong daſh of

the

the coxcomb in my nature) my uncle engaged maſters to teach me muſick, the languages, and the ſword; in the acquiſition of which ſciences, I did not manifeſt ſo much of the blockhead as the fine gentleman: for while I was ſeemingly applying cloſe to ſtudy, my thoughts were ranging the world. I had ſuch volatility and inattention, that I cannot help admiring, how I ever even learned to read. At my hours of leiſure from buſineſs, my uncle took me amongſt all his friends, where his virtues occaſioned many civilities being ſhewn to me, which I modeſtly imputed to my own merits, as many unthinking people do: nay, I took as cordial and ſincere, all the complementary profeſſions of friendſhip paid to me on his account. I perceived that my uncle was a bon companion wherever he went, and never ſtarted from his bottle till pretty late at night. It generally happened, that at his return he found the ladies at cards, perhaps, with ſome of the neighbours, who were to ſup: he uſed, at his entrance, to ſalute them in a friendly manner, and then taking me on his knee, by the fire ſide, behind them, every now and then he loll'd out his tongue at the company, and whiſper'd ſoftly to me---Bitches! bitches!---As I had no conception of this being the effect of drink, I was quite at a loſs what to think of it; nor could I get from him, for he held me faſt, ſaying, now nephew, you are undoubtedly my fleſh and blood, and I am determined

mined to tell you the whole affair :---then he'd look at the company and put his tongue again out, in an ironical contemptuous manner, which the homelineſs of his face, and the gravity of his wig, rendered ſo whimſically abſurd, that I could not forbear laughing at: this pleaſed the old gentleman infinitely, as he imagined I laughed at the company.---Well, ſaid he, but nephew, I will now tell you the affair.---What this affair might have been, heaven only knows, but I never could learn a word more about it, tho' the ſame ſcene was acted almoſt every night.

I took an opportunity one morning to aſk my aunt the occaſion of this droll behaviour, as I knew ſhe could not but obſerve it, tho' good manners induced her to take no notice of it. She told me it was his whim, whenever he had drank a glaſs too freely, but withal, that he meant nothing by it, and gave no offence; and that he was far from having either peeviſhneſs or ill-nature in him. She told me that he uſed to teize my mother in the ſame manner, when ſhe was there; and my uncle, Captain Vanlewen, uſed to ſteal off to bed the moment the doctor came in. In theſe fagaries, ſometimes, ſays ſhe, he takes it into his head to ſing; words or tune of any thing he has not---except "Ballo my Boy lie down and ſleep;" that he chaunts ſo loud, that you may hear him half a

mile, and repeats till he has deafned the company, and put himſelf to ſleep;---and yet in the midſt of his humour, if he is ſent for to attend a labour, he becomes in one inſtant as ſober as an infant, as clear headed as any man living, and as capable of buſineſs. When your grandfather, ſaid ſhe, the doctor's brother, had got an accidental wound, that occaſioned his death, my huſband, when he heard he was given over, took horſe and rode night and day till he came to his houſe, in Moleſworth's-ſtreet, Dublin: your uncle, to fortify his mind againſt ſo affecting a ſight, as a departing brother, took a hearty glaſs of Madeira in the morning, before breakfaſt. When he entered the dining-room, he found a conſultation of all the grave eminent gentlemen of the faculty: he came in with his whip and hunting cap, and without noticing one of the phyſicians, began to eat ſome of a cold rice pudding that lay on a ſide board: then turning about with a large piece in one hand, a knife in the other, and his mouth full, Well, gentlemen, ſaid he, I find you have killed my brother, and I'm much obliged to you for it. The doctors aſſured him, that they had moſt aſſiduouſly attended their patient, and preſcribed every thing they could poſſibly think would promote his recovery. You did, ſays the doctor, turning again to the rice pudding, its apparent to me you know nothing of the affair: with that

he

he put his tongue out at one ſide (as your mother told me, who ſaw it) well, upon my word, your a parcel of pretty little gentlemen: here is all the great phyſicians in Dublin to kill one poor man, and old George muſt come all the way from Cork to cure him. The gentlemen aſſured the doctor, they had not the leaſt doubt of his ſuperior abilities, or of the ſucceſs that might be conſequent to it; that they, for their parts, could do nothing farther, and would be glad to improve by the recipe of ſo ſkilful a gentleman. They then related what methods they had proceeded upon, and what medicines they had uſed; at all which the doctor ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, put out his tongue, took a pinch of ſnuff, and then turned to your mother, who was ready to ſink with ſhame, ſaying, are not theſe a parcel of pretty little gentlemen? It's apparent to me they know nothing of the affair. Mr. Nicholls, the ſurgeon-general, who had a great love for your grandfather, beſought the doctor earneſtly to preſcribe ſomething before it was too late. He aſſured him he did not come there to make them as wiſe as himſelf, and, therefore, when he had made a hearty breakfaſt, he departed, ſans ceremonie, having only juſt ſtept into his brother's room, and felt his pulſe, but without ordering any thing for his relief, which was the very motive of his journey to Dublin (ſuch and ſo whimſical is his diſpoſition.) I could not ſuppreſs the

curioſity I had to know, why my uncle, who was, from every circumſtance I had heard or ſeen, a humane benevolent man, ſhould, at ſuch an exigence, demean himſelf in that manner. I therefore took an occaſion one morning at breakfaſt, when there were none preſent but ourſelves, to introduce that topic. He could not even hear of it without tears, but told me the condition he found his brother in, gave him no room to hope that any preſcription could ſerve him; and that as the Dublin phyſicians might poſſibly have a contemptible opinion of him, he was reſolved, by finding thoſe faults, to keep up his dignity in their eſteem; and not to riſque his reputation, by attempting impoſſibilities. After ſaying this, he conjured me never to mention my grandfather to him again, which I took care to obſerve.

I had by this time made a tolerable progreſs in my ſtudies, particularly in muſick, having a good voice and an eaſy manner; but tho' this advantage rendered my company deſirable almoſt every where, yet it was attended with many bad conſequences; ſuch as ſitting up at night, which diſqualified me in ſome meaſure for ſchool in the morning, though I never drank. The muſical * *gentlemen* of the city, had formed themſelves into a ſociety, and were all of them to perform at a concert, once a week;

* I don't mean fidlers.

week; the money ariſing from which, was to be applied to the building of an hoſpital. Some of them entreated my uncle would permit me to ſing a ſong or two of a concert night, when I was not otherwiſe engaged; to this he readily conſented, both as it was to promote a good end, and that no hirelings were admitted into the band. A paſſion for applauſe is predominent in moſt minds, particularly in thoſe of young perſons; and where the object from whence we expect it is truly great, nothing can be more praiſe-worthy. To this ſingle paſſion, is owing the riſe and progreſs of arms and arts: had we no emulation to excell, we ſhould never exert the nobler faculties of the ſoul, that lead us on in the purſuits of fame and glory. I am far from concluding, that every great and good action takes its riſe from a thirſt of applauſe. No, I'm perſuaded, * a Legge, † a Pitt, and ‡ a Boyle, are only actuated in the ſervice of their country, by that ſincere pleaſure, that muſt warm a patriot boſom from a conſciouſneſs of having acted as it ought, equally contemning cenſure and commendation.

Now my Lord, or my Lady, Sir or Madam, or whoever you are that I have the honour to converſe with, you'll

* The Right Hon. Henry Bilſon Legge, Eſq;
† The Right Hon. William Pitt, Eſq;
‡ The Right Hon. the Earl of Shannon.

you'll find that I have made this pompous digreſſion, only to apologize for my honeſtly confeſſing, that I was infinitely delighted when the audience clapped their hands at the end of a ſong:---for whether I pleaſed them or no by my ſinging, yet they heartily pleaſed me by giving me room to imagine I had done it. At the end of each ſong I went into a ſide box, where I had a thouſand compliments and invitations, to the no ſmall pleaſure of my uncle and the ladies, who generally accompanied me there.

One evening, in the midſt of the concert, my uncle was called on to attend a lady, ſo that we went home without him: about eleven o'clock at night he knocked a thundering ſaſarara at the door; I flew to open it, and, to my unſpeakable ſurprize, ſaw him with his ſword drawn, and bloody, in his hand, his wig with one tye over his face, and his whole frame in the utmoſt agitation. He entered the parlour in this pickle, when my aunt, tho' well uſed to his temper, fainted back in her chear. While we were uſing means to recover her, he ſtrutted about the room like ancient piſtol, crying, villains! ſcoundrels! to attack me at my own door; but I have pink'd one of them: I promiſe you he'll never attack old George again; no, no, he's quiet, if a lunge thro' the guts could make him ſo. By this time my aunt recovered, and cry'd, ſurely, doctor,

you have killed nobody: no, my dear, ſaid he, but I have certainly killed ſomebody; ecce ſignum, look at his blood, the dog. For heaven's ſake, dear doctor, tell us how or what it was? Why, Kate, you know I'm as peaceable as the devil, tho' as croſs as the devil, when put upon. Juſt turning Hanover-ſtreet, three fellows ſet upon me, one of them coller'd me, while the two others ſtood behind; ſo I juſt run him thro' the body, that's all child, and he lies now where I left him. The footman was immediately ordered to get a lanthorn, and we all, except my uncle, precipitately ran to behold this tragic event; but neither man, living or dead, was to be found, which was ſome conſolation to my aunt. While the doctor enjoyed his triumph, and extalled himſelf as a prodigy of ſkill and courage, we were all in the utmoſt panic, leſt he ſhould have killed ſome of his innocent neighbours. Under theſe anxieties we retired to bed, hoping that morning would afford us a more particular knowledge of the affair.

When we were ſeated at breakfaſt, one Hignet Keeling, a tavern keeper, came in, and told us he was in great trouble about his maſtiff dog, who had followed the doctor from his houſe laſt night, and came home with a wound of a ſword quite thro' his neck. It ſeems the dog had a great love for my uncle, and as the tavern was pretty remote from his houſe, uſed to come by way of a ſafe guard with him;

him; and of a dark night frequently jumped up to his breaſt, to let him know Pompey was with him: but my uncle being, I ſuppoſe, wrapt up in wine, contemplation, and the idea of robbers, proved a ſhrewd Cæſar to poor Pompey; ſince it appeared from all circumſtances, that the three robbers were neither more nor leſs than one unfortunate maſtiff. Though my uncle was ſufficiently mortified at the laugh this occaſioned againſt him, yet he immediately went and dreſſed the wounded Pompey, who became his patient till he had made an entire cure; but Pompey never could be prevailed on to eſcort the doctor home after that.

I now began to enjoy that ſerenity of mind, that reſults from circumſtances intirely at eaſe; my ſtudies were a pleaſure, rather than labour to me, and every thing ſeemed to concur to make me extremely happy; but, alas! my felicity was too great to be permenant, as will appear from what follows: I have before obſerved, that my uncle ſupported his wife's two ſiſters, and brought her brother up to his buſineſs: though the obligations they all were under to him, made them treat me with the utmoſt civility; yet they could not avoid ſecretly repining at the ſhare I had in his affection, who indeed ſeemed to attract all his regard; inſomuch, that he took but little notice of my couzen,

couzen, from the time I came. He was a proud ſullen young man, who never ſpoke as much as he thought: tho' my entertaining faculties afforded them ſome amuſement, yet they were ſuch as made me too much the object of popular regard. My uncle's ſole deſign, in educating me, was to make me one of the faculty, and they juſtly foreſaw, that if I ſettled in Cork, I ſhould be more probable to ſucceed him in his practice, than a man who had no talents to endear him to ſociety. Theſe conſiderations were too important and intereſting, not firſt to create a jealouſy of me, and afterwards an abſolute hatred; that in the end obtained their wiſhes of procuring a ſeparation between my uncle and myſelf.

Amongſt the many invitations that were offered me, I had one from ſome officers in the barrack, and acquainted my uncle with it over night, requeſting his permiſſion to go the next morning, and he accordingly gave it to me. As I had a long walk, I roſe betimes, to be there by breakfaſt: there were a very polite ſet of gentlemen to be there at dinner, and they preſſed me to ſpend the day with them. I told them I ſhould think myſelf happy in their company, but was apprehenſive my uncle might be diſobliged at my ſtaying: one of them promiſed to ſend a footman to make

an excuſe to him, which quite contented me. We had an elegant dinner, and after coffee was over, a ball, where there was a number of the firſt rate beauties. My little heart was ſo elated with muſick, gaiety and chearfulneſs, that I never obſerved how the hours rolled on; ſo that it was paſt two in the morning before I remembered I was to go home: in ſhort, it was too late, and I had a bed with one of my friends. Though I judged my uncle would not be altogether pleaſed at my ſtaying, yet, as I was in ſome of the genteeleſt company in town, I hoped to find remiſſion of the firſt fault; and the more readily to obtain it, I brought Captain F——r and Captain A——y to apologize for me, and take the reproach of my offence on themſelves. My uncle was abroad, but my aunt received them and myſelf with a coolneſs and formality, that expreſſed rather her contempt of me than care for my welfare. The gentlemen excuſed my miſdemeanor in the beſt terms friendſhip and truth could dictate; aſſuring her, my being out was intirely their faults. She told them ſhe was ſorry they had the trouble of coming; but that as for me, ſhe was not in the leaſt diſobliged at my conduct, who was really too fine a gentleman to be under her direction, or my uncle's either: that the Doctor was determined to ſend me back to my father, whoſe family had already been too expenſive to him. My father's family, madam, ſaid I, with ſurprize?

prize? Yes, Sir, your mother coſt me fifty pounds at Mallow, a ſum that her ſon ſhall never have from us. The gentlemen finding her begin to grow indelicate, took their leave, and promiſed to call ſome other time.

When my uncle came in he took no manner of notice of me, further than by bidding me get ready to go to Dublin, as he was determined to have no more plague with any of my family. I could make no reply to this injunction, my heart was ſo full of ſorrow; but immediately left the room, and retired to my bed chamber, to contemplate my unhappy condition. As nothing appeared half ſo dreadful to me as a thought of returning to my father, aſſured that my treatment would there be infinitely more rigorous than in a galley, the more I ſtudied what to do, the more I was perplexed; till at length I recollected, that my ſchool maſter, Doctor Bayley, was very fond of me, and that, perhaps, by opening my boſom to him, he might become a mediator with my uncle for our reconciliation. Inſpired with this hope, I went to him, which gave my good-natured aunt and her ſiſters a happy occaſion to obſerve the pride and haughtineſs of my ſpirit, that I was ready to burſt with it, even while I ſtay'd in the room; and that, inſtead of falling on my knees to implore forgiveneſs, I flew like a tyger out of the houſe,

without rhime or reaſon; ſo that if I was encouraged, I would in another year turn them out of doors: this diſcourſe I learned after from my uncle's footman.

My poor uncle, whoſe real good nature was not accompanied by an equal ſhare of penetration, ſaw things in the manner they were repreſented to him, without giving the eye of his underſtanding room to meditate on the real cauſes of them: he inſtantly ſwallowed this palpable bait, and became now earneſtly incenſed againſt my pride and ingratitude. The ladies then ſeemed to plead for me, kindly confeſſing I was a pretty youth, and had great abilities for my years; but withall, that they had never told the doctor half the ſtate I took upon me, or the contemptuous airs I gave myſelf to them and their ſervants. Theſe they illuſtrated by many inſtances, but, notwithſtanding, they would by no means adviſe the doctor to part with me, as I was the only expoſed branch of his family, and might, with proper care and correction, become an honour and comfort to him: all theſe arguments had their deſired effect, of putting my uncle into a great rage, in which he ſwore a ſolemn oath, I ſhould never ſleep under his roof. In the mean time I had reached doctor Bayley's, to whom I ingenuouſly unfolded the anguiſh of my heart, and the unfeigned regret I felt, at having

having given the ſhadow of an offence to my moſt generous preſerver and benefactor. After he had very warmly remonſtrated on the fault I had committed, and the ill conſequences of keeping too good company, which he ſaid was almoſt equal to keeping too bad, he entered on his office of advocate, and went directly to my uncle, leaving me to drink tea with his wife and family.

I ſincerely believe the good man ſaid and did all that chriſtianity and benevolence could inſpire, to mollify the rigour of the ſentence my uncle had pronounced of never receiving me again into his family: but, alas! it was vain and fruitleſs, as he told me at his return, my uncle valued himſelf upon being poſitive and unchangeable in his decrees; and the gentlewomen had ſo compleatly fermented that temper, experience had taught them to manage, that the doctor and he had very high words before they parted, and it has occaſioned a mutual coolneſs from that day to this, if they are ſtill living.

Mr. Bayley had too juſt an idea of my father, from various accounts, as well as the plain ſimple ones he had from myſelf, not ſincerely to lament my adverſity: he aſſured me, that if he was not cramped by a ſmall fortune and large family, from giving a ſcope to his good intentions in

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my favour, he would ſupport me like his ſon, till I was fit for the univerſity, which he ſaid I ſhould have been in another year; where, he was kind enough to add, he made no doubt my genius would be ſufficient to advance my fortune. But in the preſent caſe, added he, I am at a loſs what to do with you; however, you are welcome to remain with us, either till your uncle comes into better temper, or you return to your father.

The next morning a footman brought me a ſmall trunk, containing my cloaths, linnen, and books, with a note from my aunt's ſiſter, encloſing a guinea, which ſhe told me ſhe gave me herſelf, as the doctor would not beſtow a ſhilling; and likewiſe, that there was a ſloop to ſail for Dublin that afternoon, and ſhe would adviſe me to embark in it, where I might have my paſſage for half a crown; and that if I determined to take her council, ſhe would furniſh me with proper ſea-ſtore.

I conſulted Mr. Bayley, who adviſed me, by all means, to embrace the offer, as it might probably be made to try my temper. I accordingly ſent back word that I acquieſced with the propoſal. My aunt and couzen, in order to make ſure work of it, came themſelves, and brought a baſket very well filled with neats tongues, wine, rum, tea,

ſugar and bread. They accompanied me to the water ſide, ſhedding tears all the way for my leaving them ſo ſuddenly; but well I ween they were the tears of joy. They adviſed me as ſoon as I landed, to write a ſubmiſſive letter to my uncle, which they would ſtrenuouſly back with their entreaties for my coming home again, and that they made no doubt of having me with them in leſs than a month. My fooliſh heart believed all this, and my eyes overflowed with real tears for my departure, tho' I made no doubt of my returning according to their ſuggeſtions.

As ſoon as I came on board the ſloop, which was the firſt I had ever been in, I delivered my trunk and proviſions to the Captain; theſe he promiſed to take good care of, and likewiſe to accommodate me with his own bed. There was nothing I aſked him about, but he gave me a ſatisfactory promiſe for; how they were fulfilled, will ſhortly appear. There was near fifty paſſengers beſide myſelf on board, men, women and children; to every one of whom, I dare ſay, the Captain had made the ſame liberal profeſſions of care and attendance he had done to me; but it ſeems he intended we ſhould all fare alike, the veſſel being fully loaded, and the cabbin not capable of containing above three perſons with any tolerable ſatisfaction. As ſoon as night came on, and we got out to ſea, a univerſal

ſickneſs

ſickneſs prevailed, from which I was not exempted. I then entreated our commander to ſhew me where I was to ſleep: he at firſt laughed at me, but after frequent ſolicitations, he complimented me with this elegant ſea phraſe, "*Dam your eyes, ſtow where you can.*" I attempted to go to the cabbin, but that was filled with the moſt loathſome and melancholy objects; which may be better conceived by thoſe who know what ſea ſickneſs is, than deſcribed: in ſhort, I was glad to get into a ſmall boat that was faſtened on the deck, where I indured cold and diſorder till morning. What would I then have given for a diſh of tea: but, alas! my very honeſt Captain took ſuch care of my ſtores, as never to let me ſee the ſmalleſt particle of them; ſo that, during a paſſage of ſeven days, had it not been for the hoſpitality of ſome other of my fellow ſufferers, who were more careful of their ſtores than I was, I muſt have been ſtarved with hunger as well as cold. At the end of that time, on a Sunday afternoon, we came ſafe into Dublin harbour; and after paying my half crown, and a ſhilling for a boat, I was landed with my ſmall cargo at Ringſend.

I immediately looked out for a houſe where there was a large fire, and after having exhaled the friendly heat, I refreſhed myſelf with a change of linnen and apparel,

which I never more ſtood in need of: I then called for ſome warm punch, and before I had drank two glaſſes, a tall middle-aged gentleman entered, with a bag wig and a ſword on. He began a converſation with me, by aſking if I came from abroad; I told him I had come from Cork by ſea, and related the particulars of my paſſage. When I told him who I was, he ſeemed to know me and my family exceedingly well, with which I was not a little pleaſed. In the courſe of ſome general chat, I mentioned my ſinging at the concert in Cork; upon this he eagerly ſaid, why, can you ſing? I told him I believed I could: he begged I would juſt hum a tune to give him an idea of my voice and manner; when I did, he cry'd, bravo! bravo! by G——d, I'll make your fortune: I thought this an odd adventure, and beſought him to explain himſelf, which he did in this manner.

You muſt know, Sir, that I am a gentleman who has run thro' a plentiful eſtate in ſchemes, for the publick good; and tho' ſome of them, thro' the inattention of the great, have miſcarried, yet I have at length hit upon one which will return me ten fold the four thouſand a year I have parted with; and that your own judgment will determine, when I explain it to you. In the more gay and happy hours of my life, I ſtudied muſick as an amuſe-

ment, and am, perhaps, the beſt maſter of harmony in the known world; of this I will give you an immediate demonſtration: ſaying ſo, he pulled from his ſleeve ſixteen large pins, and from his pocket a ſmall hammer; with this he drove the pins into a deal table, all ranged one above the other, and ſome almoſt in as far as the heads: he then took from his ſide pocket two pieces of braſs wire, and demanded what tune I would have: I told him the Black Joke: then lay your ear to the table, ſays he, hear and admire: I did ſo, and, to my infinite amazement, he played it with all its variations, ſo as to ſound ſomewhat like a dulcimer.

Encouraged by the applauſes I gave to this uncommon inſtrument, he took a parcel of drinking glaſſes, and tuned them, by putting different quantities of water in each: upon theſe he played a number of the neweſt tunes in the moſt elegant taſte, giving me delight and ſatisfaction. He then proceeded to inform me, that theſe were but ſcetches and outlines of his grand art and diſcovery; for, ſaid he, I have at home glaſſes as large as bells, of my own invention, that give a ſound as loud as an organ, but more delicate and pleaſing to the ear: now, Sir, as we are both gentlemen, and both poſſeſſed of excellence in the ſcience of muſick, if we unite them together, we muſt

make

make a fortune; for after we have exhibited in Dublin this winter, for which purpoſe I have already taken the Taylors hall, we may go to Briſtol, Bath, Scotland, and, to crown all, to London; and in order, at once, to ſhew you how much I prize merit, and how ready I am to encourage it, I will engage to give you a hundred pounds the firſt year, beſides your board and lodging, and afterwards encreaſe it, if you chuſe to continue with me.

Such a propoſal to a perſon in my ſituation, could not fail of a ready acceptance: I bleſſed the happy moment I left my uncle, and began to think providence had ordered it for my advantage. I conſidered myſelf already a man of an hundred a year, without the pains of ſtudying phyſic; and that for only amuſing myſelf by ſinging, which I thought no manner of trouble. I told the gentleman my opinion, who allowed I was extremely judicious, and added, that if I pleaſed I might go to his lodgings to-night, and that we would to-morrow have articles drawn, and ſet about the ſtudy of ſuch ſongs as were beſt adapted to his *Angelic Organ*, as he ſtiled it. He then told me in an eaſy familiar way, that he had brought out no change with him; but that if I had any, and would lend it to him, he would pay the reckoning, and treat me with a coach, I gave him every penny I poſſeſſed, and ſet out with

him to his apartments, which I made no doubt were equal to the appearance he made.

As we went along, he told me that the laſt houſe he lodged in he paid three guineas a week; but that his muſick, and the concourſe of the virtuoſi who came to ſee him, prevented other lodgers from ſtaying in the houſe; and therefore, as he would rather diſcommode himſelf than others, he had taken rooms at his taylors; that it was in an obſcure place, but then it was cheap, retired, and commodious for his buſineſs.

Soon after we were ſet down at a mean-looking houſe in Bride-ſtreet, and the Captain, for ſo he had been formerly called, was ſuffered to go up ſtairs in the dark. He left me at the outſide of the room till he ſtruck a light, which revailed to my eyes the moſt litter'd dirty hole I had ever yet ſeen: the furniture conſiſted of an old taudry bed, one ruſh bottom chair, a frame with a number of large glaſſes ranged on it, and the caſe of a violincelo. I believe the Captain obſerved diſmay in my looks, and in order to comfort me, ſaid, that he had made the people take all ſuperfluous things out of the room, and that he never ſuffered a ſervant to clean it, leſt their damn'd mops and bruſhes would break his glaſſes.

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He then ſet down and played Handel's water muſick, and ſeveral other pieces, on the glaſſes, that indeed made ſome amends for the wretched appearance of every thing about him. After this he called his landlord to provide a bed for me; this, after numberleſs obſtacles, was done in a miſerable garret, where nothing but the long want of reſt could have lulled me to repoſe.

When I came down in the morning, I found the Captain labouring hard with a broken pair of bellows, to blow about a handful of embers, on which a tin coffee-pot, without a handle, was placed for a tea-kettle; after great induſtry it boiled, and he took from the caſe of the violincelo before mentioned a broken delft baſon, with ſome coarſe brown ſugar, a paper with ſome naſty bohea tea, a courſe loaf, and a crock of ſtinking butter: all theſe appearances of the moſt abject poverty, after the ſcenes of plenty and delight I had juſt left, conſiderably abated the tranſports my hundred a year had given me; and though I had no conception of the character of a projector, yet I could not help thinking the man mad, to talk of a hundred pounds, who did not ſeem worth three-pence. I very modeſtly told him, I ſhould be obliged to him for a ſhilling of the change I lent him, to get a better breakfaſt, as I could not poſſibly diſpenſe with ſuch homely fare?

Why there it is child, ſaid he, that is the very rock I ſplit on: good God! to what end do we eat? To ſuſtain nature. Suppoſe this breakfaſt conſiſted of every thing nice in its kind, what difference will it make in my conſtitution to-morrow, nay, an hour hence? Or when I go abroad in the habit of a gentleman, who is to know whether I breakfaſted on Hyſon tea, or water gruel? Indulging the appetite is a meer brutal cuſtom, beneath the dignity of a prudent man, or a philoſopher; and a young man like you, who has all his faculties in the higheſt perfection, ſhould be quite indifferent about theſe matters. I will let you have a ſhilling with all my heart, but I would adviſe you to do as I do, and you'll find the comforts of it at the year's end.

His argument was enforced with ſuch reaſon and gravity, that I ſo far adapted his ſentiments as to take ſhare, for the preſent, of what God ſent; and the more ſo, as tho' he ſeemed ſo ready to let me have the ſhilling, yet I never obſerved he made the leaſt motion to put his hand in his pocket. After this ſplendid repaſt we fell to practiſing different ſongs, and the Captain perceived with great rapture, that my voice accompanied the glaſſes very well.

It may not be improper, before I proceed further, to give my readers the real ſtory, character, and diſpoſition of this perſon, as far as I have been able to collect from my own knowledge of him, or the accounts of different gentlemen of his acquaintance, particularly Mr. Newburgh, of Ballyhaiſe, in the county of Cavan, who has celebrated this ſecond Quixote in ſeveral humorous poems, particularly one called the Pockjead, wherein he explains all his numerous, unſucceſsful and impracticable projects; the one of which may give a ſample of the reſt. This was no leſs than a ſcheme for immortality upon earth, and his manner of obtaining it was this: that when any gentleman or lady came to be about three-ſcore, the blood than grew cold and ſtagnate; this occaſioned diſorders, which terminated in death. The Captain, in order to remove theſe obſtacles, propoſed, that perſons at that age ſhould have a vein opened in each arm, and at the ſame time a vein opened in the arm of a ſtrong healthy cook maid, or kitchen wench; and let an inflex tube be placed in the orafice made in her arm, and the arm of the old perſon; that then as the old decayed blood flowed out at one of the patient's arms, he would receive the young healthy vigorous fluid into the other, which muſt totally aboliſh the effects of age, and cauſe an utter rennovation of the animal ſpirits.

Whether

Whether the operation has ever been tried, or whether it might or might not be ſucceſsful, thoſe better acquainted with the human ſyſtem than myſelf are left to judge and determine.

Mr. P——h, at the age of twenty-five, found himſelf in the poſſeſſion of an unencumber'd eſtate of four thouſand a year, which was ſo far from anſwering his genius for ſpending, that in the end of a ſmall time he had ſold every foot of it; and what is more ſurprizing, he was never known to give one genteel entertainment, to do one benevolent act, or any thing that could obtain compaſſion at his fall, or friends to commiſerate his diſtreſs. He had plenty without the approbation of a ſingle mortal, and want without the leaſt pity. How he did laviſh ſo handſome a patrimony, has been an equal miſtery and wonder to his moſt intimate friends and acquaintance; as they do him the juſtice to declare, they were never the witneſſes of the leaſt extravagance in his equipage, houſe-keeping, or his other expences; nor can he to this day be brought to give any account of the ſteps he took ſo ſuddenly, to diveſt himſelf of all the comforts of life: for my own part, there appeared ſo much meanneſs and low breeding in all his words and actions, that if I had not had it from better authority than his own relation, I could never have believed

lieved he had received the education of a gentleman, or kept company with any above the degree of a journeyman mechanick.---For during my unhappy pilgrimage in his abode of famine, he made no ceremony of going to a cook's ſhop, oppoſite to his lodgings, for four pennyworth of meat, and diſputing learnedly with the cook woman for another bit of fat; from this, and ſome other inſtances of the like nature, I have drawn one maxim; That *where a gentleman can deſcend to be a blackguard*, he is always *of the worſt kind*; in ſhort, all ſenſe of ſhame leaves him with his title and fortune, and things that a reduced ſervant would bluſh to do, he tranſacts with all imaginable eaſe and ſerenity.

Colonel Newburgh, whom I have before named, and with whom I had the pleaſure to commence an acquaintance, thro' my connection with the Captain, told me, that he was endeavouring to give Baron Dawſon, a gentleman of true wit and humour, an idea of P——s inſtrument, by telling him he run two ſticks along the glaſſes, and by that means played diſtinct tunes; but, ſays the Colonel, except you were to ſee and hear it, you can have but little conception of its excellence: oh! but I have, ſaid the Baron, 'tis like a blackguard boy, trailing a ſtick along iron rails.

If the readers, from the foregoing pages, are the leaſt acquainted with me, they will judge how tedious and diſagreeable a life of this kind muſt have been. The firſt ſtep I took to the advancement of a better, was writing as pathetic a letter to my uncle as poſſible, entreating his forgiveneſs and permiſſion to return; to which I never received an anſwer, or indeed to many others, written to the ſame purpoſe: in the mean time, the Captain and myſelf laboured hard at our muſick. The ſongs I was to ſing at my firſt appearance were fixed upon, and every thing got in readineſs for the important event; when I hoped my patience and long ſuffering would meet ſome reward, for by this time two months had ſneaked away: at length the hour arrived. The Taylors hall was finely illuminated, the news papers filled with encomiums on the angelick organ, every publick corner was covered with large bills, and tickets diſperſed amongſt the nobility. About three hours before the concert was to begin, the Captain went to range and tune his glaſſes, when unfortunately ſtepping out for ſome water, a large unmannerly ſow entered, and, oh! gueſs the reſt!——threw down the whole machine, and covered the ground with glittering fragments; deſtroying not only the hopes of the publick, but ours of a preſent and future ſubſiſtence. When the Captain returned, and found his lofty caſtles in the air

reduced

reduced to an heap of rubbiſh, he looked juſt like Mark Anthony, when he beholds the body of Julius Cæſar on the earth, and ſays:

Oh! Mighty Cæſar, doſt thou lie ſo low?

He, however, ſupported the cataſtrophe with a dignity and heroiſm peculiar to great minds; and without ſtaying for the company, deſired the door-keepers would inform the world of this melancholy event, retiring himſelf once more to his gloomy abode. As ſoon as we came home, I made, I think, the only prudent ſpeech that ever flowed from my lips; namely, that I found in his preſent condition I could not be an aſſiſtant to him, and that I, therefore, thought it a pity to put him to an additional expence in houſe-keeping; that I was in hopes my uncle would receive me, if I returned to Cork; and, therefore, beſought him, if poſſible, to let me have at leaſt a part of the money I formerly lent him, to pay my paſſage there in a ſloop. He ſaid the firſt part of my ſpeech ſpoke me a youth of good parts, which made him lament his not being able to comply with the latter, becauſe child, ſaid he, I am not maſter of a ſingle penny. I recollected that I had ſome ſuperfluous apparel, which I the next morning diſpoſed of to a broker for half value, and took my voyage in the ſame

veſſel, to the place from whence I came. Tho' I had now brought no proviſions with me, made but a ſhabby appearance, and had conſiderably leſs money than when I entered his ſloop before, yet the Captain's behaviour was totally different: he gave me his own cabbin, made tea for me morning and afternoon, treated me with punch every night; and, in ſhort, by his kindneſs, endeavoured to obliterate the remembrance of his former uſage of me, which he told me, had I been his ſon, he could not have avoided, when he had ſuch a number of paſſengers: but the true reaſon of all this civility was, his knowing my uncle, and knowing, that if I related the manner of his firſt behaviour, he would not go unpuniſhed. When I came on ſhore, he would accept no gratuity for my paſſage, but brought me to his houſe, and made ſo much of me, that I concluded he was one of the honeſteſt fellows I had ever ſeen.

From the intimacy I had, thro' the intereſt of my uncle, with all the perſons of conſequence in this city, I imagined myſelf ſurrounded with friends, with any of whom I might have had a twelvemonth's board and lodging, if the worſt came to the worſt: this I had alſo ſtrong reaſon to judge from the ardent deſire they all expreſſed for my company, and the unwillingneſs they ſtill ſhewed to part

with me, as well as the moſt laviſh profeſſions of friendſhip made to me at a time when I needed not their ſervice. The Captain recommended me to a cheap little lodging, where I ſat down for the preſent to ſtudy the plan of my future operations, which I did not doubt would be attended with all the ſucceſs I could wiſh. The firſt viſit I made, was to a Roman Catholick widow, whom my uncle called couſin; a lady who had a good fortune, and who ſeemed, by the hoſpitality of her table, to live to the top of it. Here at leaſt I promiſed myſelf a hearty welcome, and elegant entertainment: indeed, conſidering how extremely cheap all kinds of proviſion are in Cork, what one moderate man can eat or drink in a family, becomes ſo ſmall an expence, that any good-natured perſon might afford it, without incommoding themſelves.

On my firſt entrance, the whole family ſeemed agreeably ſurpriſed at the interview, and congratulated me on my return to my uncle, whom they ſaid they all knew would never be happy without me. They were juſt going to dinner, and begged the favour of my company, an invitation very acceptable at that time; but as ſoon as I had let them know I had undertaken this journey without my uncle's knowledge, and that I was not yet certain

of

of a reception, I perceived a viſible alteration in every countenance, particularly two Jeſuits, who were the widows domeſtic chaplains: the one of whom began a very elaborate diſcourſe, upon the ill conſequences of children flying in the face of their parents, which was as impious as flying in the face of God; that the curſe of diſobedience attended not only the offender, but a curſe was likewiſe entailed on all who afforded them harbour or refuge. I am not ſaying, ſaid he, Maſter Pilkington's caſe is ſuch, tho' I cannot but conclude, he has committed ſome extraordinary crime, to turn ſo good a man as the doctor againſt him, and while he continues unreconciled to him, he is doubtleſs unreconciled to heaven; and under thoſe circumſtances a bleſſing will not attend thoſe who harbour or entertain him. This was the ſtrangeſt and the neweſt doctrine I had ever heard; in anſwer to which, I related the whole ſtory of my offence; but the pious zealot inſiſted, that my endeavouring to defend my innocence, was a proof of incorrigable guilt, and that he had now a worſe opinion of me than before: this jeſuitical manner of arguing put me entirely out of countenance, and made me look on myſelf in a very deſpicable light.

The lady of the houſe told me, that ſhe ſhould ſee the doctor the next day; and that both herſelf and thoſe worthy gentlemen would uſe their endeavours to obtain my forgiveneſs, with which aſſurance I left them. As I returned to my lodging, I met a young gentleman I had formerly known in the univerſity of Dublin, who was extremely glad to ſee me: he told me, that he had diſobliged his friends, and had betaken himſelf to the ſtage for a livelihood; that he had acted in Dublin with great applauſe, and was now come to ſpend the ſummer ſtroling with the Cork company. After telling him how I was ſituated, he aſked me if I had a lodging? Upon my anſwering in the affirmative, he told me, that he would be obliged to me for a part of it, and that in return, I might ſee a play as often as I choſe. I was pleaſed to meet with a genteel companion in my adverſity, and to have ſo high an entertainment as a play, which I then looked on as the greateſt enjoyment in life. I have no money, ſaid my friend, but I have good credit, of which you ſhall immediately have a proof; ſaying this, he led me to a tavern, where moſt of the comedians reſorted. I found the converſation of theſe men made up of buffoonery, effrontery, and quotations from plays; for all which I was ſo much at a loſs, that I appeared a meer novice amongſt them. At length one of them was requeſted by the reſt

of

of the company to ſing a ſong; which, after numberleſs entreaties and apologies for a cold and hoarſeneſs, he was prevailed on to do; but indeed his performance needed more excuſes than he had offered for it, being intolerably bad. After having received the thanks and compliments of the company, for his maſterly execution and judgment, my friend deſired I would favour the gentlemen with a ſpecimen of my ſinging, which I readily did, and was repaid by a thundering clap of approbation. The maſter of the theatre, who was preſent, told me, that if I would join the company, I ſhould have all ſuitable encouragement; to which my acquaintance earneſtly preſſed me, by way of ſhewing the old rogue, my uncle, how little I valued him.

Whatever reluctance my pride felt at entertaining a thought of appearing in the deſpicable light of a ſtroling player; yet when I reflected on my neceſſitous condition, I could not but be almoſt tempted to embrace the offer; nay, I was determined to have done it, if I found my uncle perſiſt in his reſolution: and therefore told the manager, that I would conſider of his propoſal, and give him an anſwer in a few days. After having ſupped and drank very hearty, my friend and I retired to our lodgings, he firſt having anſwered the reckoning.

As

As I determined in the interim, not to neglect the main chance, I went to the widows the next afternoon; but had no admittance farther than a back parlour, where one of the prieſts came to acquaint me that my uncle had been there; and as ſoon as he was informed of my being in town, flew in a great rage, not only ſolemnly proteſting he would never be reconciled to me by any intreaties, but likewiſe, that he would break off all friendſhip and connection with any of his acquaintance who received me. You know, Sir, ſaid he, what a regard and intimacy has long ſubſiſted between the doctor's family and this. You likewiſe know, that you are utterly a ſtranger to us, and were only acceptable as his relation. You cannot poſſibly ſuppoſe, that a family breach will at this time of day be made upon your account. When you conſider all this, you cannot be dipleaſed, or think it unreaſonable in the widow, to deſire the favour you will not come here again. She wiſhes you very well, and you have the prayers of the family for your better fortune, but that is the moſt you can expect. I told him, I could not blame the widow, or my uncle, and only hoped they would retain the ſame charitable opinion of me, if I made uſe of means for my own ſupport, without being a burthen to any one. He aſſured me, they always would, and earneſtly recommended to me to purſue ſuch meaſures as I thought

moſt conducive to it; concluding with your moſt humble ſervant, Sir. When I returned to my lodgings, I found my friend preparing to go to the play; I went with him behind the ſcenes, and either as good or ill-fortune would have it, the doctor and his family were in the pit, and ſaw me. When the play was over, the company went to their uſual rendezvous, where my friend brought me to ſupper. I told the manager I was now ready to embrace his offer, ſince I found I had no longer the hopes of being a *gentleman*. A gentleman! Sir, ſaid he; why, what do you take me for? there is not a man in the company, who is not a gentleman by birth and education. If we were not men of learning and parts, we ſhould be badly qualified to repreſent the human paſſions; but you are too young to make proper diſtinctions, therefore ſhould be forgiven for a ſarcaſm otherwiſe inexcuſable.

This leſſon had a proper effect on me, and perſuaded me, that players were gentlemen, eſpecially as by their dreſs and expences they aſſumed the character as much as could be; ſo that I was quite reconciled to be a gentleman player; upon which I received the congratulations of the company, and was to have ſung between the acts the Monday following.

The

The next morning after breakfaſt ſomebody rapp'd very hard at our door; my companion, who was apprehenſive of a bailiff, betook himſelf to a cloſet to hide. When I opened the door, I diſcovered the manager and ſome other of the principal actors: they aſked for my friend, who knowing their voices, ventured to make his appearance. So, ſays the manager, I have brought an old houſe over my head, thro' your acquaintance here; the mayor of the town has ſhut up the playhouſe, and we may now go thraſh in a barn for our maintenance. How ſo, ſaid my companion? Why, Sir, it ſeems this young man is doctor Vanlewen's nephew, and the doctor having ſeen him at the houſe laſt night, and judging we were going to entertain him, has made intereſt to deprive us of bread, until I was obliged to give very great ſecurity, that maſter Pilkington ſhould never appear on our ſtage: I am very ſorry for it, as I know it would have been mutually ſerviceable; but ſuch is the caſe, and there is no help for it.

My companion and myſelf were thunderſtruck with this relation, which utterly diſconcerted all the plans we had laid for the enjoyment of life; but to give me what comfort my condition would admit of, my friend aſſured me, that if I did not adjuſt matters with my uncle, he would

ſhare the laſt ſhilling with me, and therefore entreated I would keep up my ſpirits.

How inconſiſtent this part of my uncle's behaviour was with the reſt of his character, may ſeem extraordinary to a reader, who does not conſider, that with all his good qualities, he was haughty, poſitive, and inflexable. He would, perhaps, have as willingly beheld me going to make a hempen exit, as entering on the ſtage; and indeed I do not now wonder at it, as it certainly would have made him look very contemptable in the eyes of a people, to whom he had himſelf ſo warmly recommended me; beſides that, the diſſolute lives and idle diſpoſitions of thoſe men, their abſurd compoſition of pride and meanneſs, their impertinence and preſumption in all companies where they have the leaſt countenance ſhewn them, renders them but too juſtly the objects of univerſal deriſion; neither did I ever know a ſingle one of them, except the perſon above named, who was not laviſh, oſtentatious, ignorant, and ungrateful; whoſe vanity did not exempt him from all feeling of obligations, thro' an opinion, that whatever favour could poſſibly be ſhewn him, was a ſtipend juſtly paid to his diſtinguiſhed merit.

The generous offer of aſſiſtance, made me by my friend, by no means afforded me a quiet mind; to drag a dependent

dependent exiſtence from the labours of a diſtreſſed gentleman, did not tally with my ſentiments of life; I therefore went every day amongſt my former acquaintances, in the behaviour of whom I found all the coolneſs and reſerve that could poſſibly diſcourage me from viſiting one place a ſecond time; and diſcovered, that the true characteriſtic of the people of this country*, is to make extravagant profeſſions of regard to all thoſe who want no favours, and to treat with the utmoſt indifference all thoſe who do; for this they are indeed remarkable thro' the known world.

My apparel, which was but tolerable at my arrival here, daily grew more weather beaten; ſo that at length I was aſhamed to walk out, except at night. I began now to experience the pinching effects of want, in the midſt of which my ſpirit kept me from complaining even to my bedfellow. I have frequently been a whole day without food of any kind, and wander'd in the lonely fields to hide it. One evening about duſk I paſſed by the place where the concert was held, and concluding from a number of chairs and coaches about the houſe that there muſt be a great audience, I begged leave of the ſtage door keeper,

* The province of Munſter: if the criticks ſhould ſay here, that I contradict myſelf in the characteriſtics of the people of Ireland, I anſwer, there is no general rule without an exception; tis the genius of the province alluded to, to act as I have deſcribed, and I copy nature.

keeper, who knew me, to let me go behind the ſcenes, which favour I obtained. The firſt act of the muſick was then playing, and I obſerved that the boxes were fuller than uſual. When the act was over the gentlemen came out to take a glaſs of wine, and as ſoon as they ſaw me, unanimouſly ſollicited I would ſing a ſong in the next act: I excuſed myſelf on account of my dreſs. Oh! ſaid one of them, your ſinging will make amends for that defect: in ſhort, I found it impoſſible to refuſe them, and accordingly I began the ſecond act with a ſong. I had the pleaſure to be highly applauded, and enchored; I ſung it a ſecond time, and after ſaluting the company, made my exit. As ſoon as I retired behind the ſcenes, a gentleman came and acquainted me, that C—— O——, Eſq; and ſome ladies, who were with him, deſired the favour of my company to ſupper at the Cork arms tavern: I ſaid I did not know the gentleman: yes, Sir, ſaid he, but he knows you, and your family, and your going will be to your advantage. He has heard, ſaid he, of your affair with your uncle, and therefore you need not be uneaſy about your appearance. I promiſed to wait on Mr. O——, and in the mean time flew to inform my friend of my adventure. He was ſincerely rejoiced at it; and as he had no clean ſhirt but that on his back, even ſtrip'd it off, and lent it to me. By the time I had put myſelf in order,

order, the hour arrived for my repairing to the tavern: I was ſhewn up ſtairs directly, where the cloth was laid, and I found the gentleman with two ladies: he immediately aroſe and ſaluted me, introducing me firſt to Lady F——e, and then to Miſs B——k; both of whom were his wife's ſiſters.

After an elegant ſupper was over, Mr. O—— entered into a very ſerious diſcourſe with me, about my uncle's diſpleaſure, and the cauſes of it: I told him candidly the whole ſtory, gave my uncle an admirable character, and imputed the blame of it to my unguarded conduct. He confeſſed my ſincerity gave him as much ſatisfaction as my ſinging had done, and that he thought it a pity the Doctor could not be mollified; that, Sir, ſaid he, by all accounts he never will: but child, don't deſpair, for providence may raiſe you ſome other friend. After having drank a glaſs or two of wine, he humm'd a tune himſelf, and then requeſted a ſong from Lady F——e, who excuſed herſelf, by ſaying, ſhe would prevail on Maſter Pilkington to do it for her, and ſhe would, in return, play him a tune on the harpſichord, whenever he did her the honour to pay her a viſit. This polite manner of treating a perſon in my deſolate ſtate, appeared the higheſt pitch of good breeding and delicacy. There is no

merit in being complaiſant to thoſe who are upon an equality with us in fortune and ſtation; none but truly refined ſpirits are capable of making the diſtinction, or of beſtowing their favours with that becoming dignity, that leaves the moſt grateful impreſſion on a ſenſible mind. This perfection of ſoul eminently adorns the admirable lady to whom I have inſcribed this work; every mark of whoſe friendſhip is accompanied by a mark of her good ſenſe, condeſcention, and unlimited benevolence.

I readily complied with Lady F——e's requeſt, and ſung for her ladyſhip and Miſs B———k; withal declaring, that I found ſo much pleaſure in the hope of pleaſing, that I ſhould never be tired of ſinging till they were weary of indulging my vanity, by attending to it. Mr. O—— remarked, that I was the firſt obliging good ſinger he had ever met with; for pox on them, ſaid he, one has ſo much trouble to perſuade them to open their mouths, that when they do it, it is not worth a farthing.

After entertaining them with all the ſongs I could recollect, and receiving all the compliments uſual amongſt the muſical connoiſſeurs, they deſired I would come and breakfaſt with them next morning. Mr. O—— aſked me where I lodged, and with whom: this gave an opportunity

to introduce the obligations I lay under to my friend, and to picture him in the moſt amiable light, in hopes to procure him ſome recompence for his readineſs upon all occaſions to ſerve me. Mr. O——e was pleaſed to find the ardent expreſſions of gratitude I made uſe of on this ſubject; and while I endeavoured to promote the welfare of another, I actually promoted my own, by confirming in this inſtance, the good opinion had been conceived of me in other reſpects: we parted, I believe, thoroughly pleaſed with each other, at leaſt in appearance and conſequence it ſeemed ſo.

The reader will judge in what raptures I returned to communicate my good tidings; I found my friend amongſt the comedians, whom I now looked on in their proper light, and could not be prevailed on even to ſit down amongſt them. My companion, who was impatient to know the event of my ſupping with theſe great folks, preſently took his hat and accompanied me home: I related every circumſtance to him, which he heard with equal rapture, attention, and aſtoniſhment. You muſt know, ſaid he, that C——s O——e is a man of five thouſand a year; he is a perſon of extreme good ſenſe, penetration and judgment; tho' I only conceived he had ſent for you to ſing a ſong or two, and have given you a few guineas;

yet I was very uneaſy, leſt you ſhould have ſaid or done any thing amiſs. By the manner you have been received, and his inviting you to his lodgings, I conclude, he intends to make you a companion, which, if you make a proper uſe of, will be the eſtabliſhment of your fortune: I believe, my dear Jack, continued he, 'tis needleſs to remind you of my condition; no, I am perſuaded you'll think of me, when you are incircled with ſplendor and happineſs, which I plainly foreſee will be ſhortly your lot. I told him I never made proteſtations, it was ſo like the Munſter men, but he would find his expectations more than anſwered, in my friendſhip, if his prophecy was fulfilled.

I waited on Mr. O——e the next morning, at the hour appointed, and found the ladies with him at breakfaſt: after tea was over, he aſked me how I ſhould like to go to the North? I anſwered, I would be pleaſed to accompany him any where. Well then, ſaid he, you ſhall go with me, if you pleaſe, to S——s C——e; and tho' your uncle ſhould never come into terms with you, I have a fortune ſufficient to make you happy; but I hope you will not take offence at one requeſt I ſhall make to you, and that is, as you are too young to borrow money, and yet have occaſions for the uſe of it, that you will permit me to ſupply you for the preſent with ſuch things as you

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ſtand moſt in need of. My taylor is to be here preſently, and you may chuſe whatever dreſs is beſt ſuited to your fancy; in the mean time, as I have but a ſhort ſtay to make in town, theſe ladies have themſelves undertaken to make a few ſhirts for you. So much goodneſs left me rather ſtupified, than capable to ſpeak what I thought of it: all I could ſay, with tears in my eyes, was, that I ſubmitted every thing to his judgment. After this Mr. O——e went out, and left me with the ladies, who, in his abſence, congratulated me on my good fortune, in knowing their brother, who they ſaid was ſo much taken with me, that I might date my future happineſs from the hour I met with him.

Mean time the taylor came, with an unlimited order to equip me, but, to his entire diſappointment, I beſpoke no more than a ſuit of fuſtian, in which dreſs I perceived Mr. O——e generally went. After having been taken meaſure of, I again returned to my friend, who told me, that his benefit play was to be the Thurſday ſennight following; that he hoped I would be preſent at it, as he was to perform his favourite character that night. I took a bill and ſome tickets from him, which I brought with me when I went to dinner, as I ſhould have obſerved, that I received a general invitation in the morning.

Mr. O——e aſked what cloaths I had ordered? I anſwered, that having no emulation but that of reſembling him, I had deſired the taylor to make a ſuit in the manner of his: this pleaſed him extremely, and he aſſured me, that modeſty laid more claim to his friendſhip, than even the title I had to it from my converſation and condition; promiſing, that as ſoon as we went to Dublin, I ſhould have an elegant wardrobe, and every encouragement that could moſt conduce to my felicity.

After dinner, I took occaſion to introduce one of my friends play bills, and again to enumerate his good qualities; relating, without diſguiſe, all our paſt converſation on the happy omens of my better fate; not omitting the character he had given me of Mr. O——e: this ſucceeded to my wiſh. Mr. O——e ſent for the gentleman, and after taking about ten pounds-worth of his tickets, and paying for them, now, Sir, ſaid he, as neither myſelf, or any of my family, can poſſibly have the pleaſure to ſee this play, being obliged before the time mentioned to be out of town; whether will it oblige you moſt to give theſe papers away, or put them into the fire? But again, ſaid he, I need not aſk, becauſe, from what Maſter Pilkington has told me of your theatrical abilities, you will undoubtedly have a full houſe, excluſive of this trifling number; therefore

therefore Sir, ſaid he, to the flames they go: ſo ſaying, he put them in the midſt of the grate, where they were conſumed in an inſtant. My friend, at his departure, returned Mr. O——e many thanks. He very politely told him, that if there was any obligations ſubſiſting, it muſt be between himſelf and Mr. Pilkington. The gentleman was too much confuſed and overjoyed to ſay much on the ſubject, therefore he ſilently retired with a low bow.

Had Mr. O——e put me in poſſeſſion of his whole fortune, it could not have given me more rapture, than this inſtance of his humanity inſpired. Debts of honour are a moſt painful burthen to a heart abſtracted from the the ſordid ſelf-devoted principles that actuate the generality of mortals. Favours conferred without a view of recompence, demand of themſelves the fulleſt return. Good God! How often, in the tranſient ſpan of my life, have I prayed for an opportunity like this, of demonſtrating what an unlimited aſcendancy gratitude has over my boſom? How often wiſhed, that inſtead of ſoliciting one favour for myſelf, I could beſtow fifty on others; but, alas! I was born to be ſtill a poor dependent, in which light, all that even the muſe inſpires with truth, is looked on as venial; and tho' I endeavour that way to expreſs the ſenſe I have of the goodneſs of my benefactors, yet I am apprized that my

poverty makes many juſt comemndations of virtue and merit, falling from my pen, but too liable to be thought flattery; even by ſuch as are conſcious in themſelves, that much more might be ſaid on the ſubject by a man of fortune, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of it.

If my reader finds this work interſperſed with ſome panegyricks, they muſt do me the juſtice to own, they are addreſſed to ſuch as are unexceptionably diſtinguiſhed for the qualities I have aſſigned to them: that my pen, whether good or bad, has never been the proſtitute of party, or the preſs: that I never wrote a ſingle ſyllable in verſe, that was not literally true in proſe; and which, from the ſincerity of my heart, I did not believe: but ſtay, its time enough to talk of that when we come to recite the verſes; I had better now go on where I left of.

Our continuation in Cork, which was but a few days, afforded nothing but repeated marks of Mr. O——'s friendſhip and regard to me, in equipping me with all the abſolute neceſſaries for our intended journey; ſuch as boots, whip, hunting cap, and riding coat, together with ſome very fine linnen. He paid my lodging for the whole time I had been in it; and the next morning, about eight o'clock, we ſet out in a Phæton chaiſe, drawn by ſix dun horſes,

horſes, and a numerous retinue of ſervants in ſilver laced liveries, for Ballyanon, near Middleton, the ſeat of Mrs. B——k, mother-in-law to Mr. O——e.

As we paſſed thro' the town I eſpied my old cobler, formerly mentioned, in the ſpot, and about the ſame employment, I had firſt diſcovered him: this brought a long train of reflections to my mind, and made me for ſome time grave and ſilent. When we got into the clear air, upon a fine turnpike road, Mr. O——e requeſted to know the ſubject of my contemplations. I related to him the narration of my journey from Dublin, my adventure with the cobler, my reception with my uncle, and every thing I thought would entertain him, at which he expreſſed much ſatisfaction. You muſt know, ſaid he, the moment you came upon the ſtage, I diſcovered ſomething of je ne ſçai quoi about you, that convinced me you were above your appearance. I enquired of the gentleman whom I ſent to you, who you were: he told me your ſtory in a few words; upon which I turned to Lady F——e, and offer'd to hold a wager I would bring you to S——s C——e; having conceived pity for your diſtreſſes, and regard for your accompliſhments. I have, ſaid he, three children of my own, but they are as yet too young to make company of, the eldeſt being only ſix years old. The inſincerity of the

world

world makes me avoid intimate connections with any, ſince I was deprived, by death, of a faithful, moſt endearing, and ſenſible wife; who had variety of charms in her perſon, converſation, and ſkill in muſick; being ſuperior in that reſpect to any I have ever heard. You will find that Lady F——e and Miſs B——k play exquiſitely well on the harpſichord, but they were by no means equal to her. When we arrive at S——s C——e, continued he, I have a library of books, the beſt calculated to improve the underſtanding of a young ſtudent. I ſhould think myſelf rather an enemy than a friend, if I retained you meerly for any gratification of myſelf, or my acquaintances. I know it is now the time for you to enrich your mind with thoſe qualities, that will render you fit for any employment, your friends or your talents may procure you. It is only with this view I have received you, and be aſſured, that while you perſevere in virtue, humility, and obligingneſs, I will make it a principal point of my ſtudy to promote your preſent content and future enjoyment.

By the time he had made an end of this diſcourſe, which manifeſtly ſpoke the excellence of his diſpoſition, and awakened in my ſoul the moſt inexpreſſible veneration and tranſport, we arrived, juſt before dinner, at Ballyanan;

lyanan; a place where every thing ſeemed to conſpire to make ſolitude truly delightful. It is ſituated on an arm of the ſea, which waters its verdant bank, ſhaded with lofty limes, elms, and oak; whoſe ſhrubs are every were intermingled with honey-ſuckle and other odoriferous flowers, extenſive pleaſure and fruit gardens, fine ſummer houſes, turrets crown'd with ivy, and all the irregular beauties that charm the fancy and delight the ſenſe. It was about the end of July we came to this terreſtial paradiſe, when the blooming ſeaſon added all her ſweets to render it worthy of that name; and the inhabitants were ſo richly endowed with eaſe, elegance, hoſpitality, learning, wiſdom, and ſkill in the poliſhed arts which ſoften life, that I could ſcarce believe this terrene ſpot had been productive of ſuch homefelt bliſs, as was here enjoyed from roſy morn to dewy eve, without the leaſt interruption: I might truly have ſaid with poor Othello.

If I were now to die, 'twere now to be moſt happy,
For here my ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another pleaſure like to this
Remains in unknown Fate. SHAKESPEAR.

As ſoon as we entered the gate, we were received by the gentlewoman of the houſe; Lady F—e and Miſs B——k,

her two amiable daughters, who obligingly introduced me to Mrs. B——k; a lady in whoſe countenance appeared the tender mother, and ſenſible friend. There were no ceremonies made uſe of in our reception, but thoſe cordial embraces and unfeigned expreſſions that eloquently ſpeak a kind welcome. The moment we got into the houſe, Lady F—— e and Miſs brought me to a drawing room, where there were a fine chamber organ, a harpſichord, and ſeveral muſical inſtruments. You know, ſaid my lady, I promiſed to play for Maſter Filkington, which ſhe accordingly did in the moſt maſterly manner; while her fingers flew like lightning over the chords, diſplaying all the extatic ſweets of divine harmony, with the peculiar embelliſhments of an admirable taſte, and a fine ear.

When her ladyſhip reſigned the chair, Miſs B——k aſſumed it, bringing from the awful organ moſt angelic ſounds, fit to enwrap the ſoul in heavenly contemplation: in ſhort, I had here an epicurean feaſt of muſick, that might elevate the heart of a monarch.*

Mr.

* Leſt the lovely lady of my eſteemed friend, Colonel Newburgh, ſhould be jealous of theſe juſt commendations of the two ladies ſkill on the harpſichord. I acknowledge, that next to Lady F——e, ſhe is the beſt female performer I ever had the happineſs to hear.

Mr. O——e, in the mean time, went to take care that juſtice was done to his cattle, an office which he never neglected, or would intruſt to the moſt careful ſervants he had, without being himſelf a witneſs that his orders were duly executed.

When he returned to us, Miſs B——k accompanied me in the organ with two or three ſongs, and an anthem, at which alſo Mrs. B——k was preſent; who being unaffectedly religious, was particularly pleaſed with this part of our entertainment, which ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould frequently trouble me for, during our ſtay at Balyannon.

From this delicate repaſt of the mind we were called to the neceſſary one of the body, to dine: 'tis needleſs to recount the number of diſhes, or œconomy of the table; all who had the happineſs to know Mrs. B——k, will judge there was genteel plenty, without ridiculous ſuperfluity and oſtentation; which, in the opinion of the judicious, ſerves rather to diſguſt the appetite, and emaciate the conſtitution, than any thing elſe.

When dinner was over, Mr. O——e entreated I would entertain the ladies with the account of my adventures

I had favoured him with on the road. Happy in any occaſion of ſhewing a willingneſs to do all I could to pleaſe him, I began it, and though a twice told tale is ſeldom pleaſing, I obſerved he particularly attended to every occurrence, as if he had never heard it; and whether it was owing to the unſtudied manner of my rehearſing it, or the infinite good manners of the company, I had as much audience as if Cæſar had been relating ſome famous paſſage of his hiſtory, or Cicero haranguing the Roman ſenate.

When I had made an end, Mr. O——e complimented me on the ſimplicity of my ſtile, and the veracity to which I ſo minutely adhered: for, ſaid he, you have not differed in a ſingle point from what you told me in the morning; which evidences the truth of your relation to me, more ſufficient than if a train of witneſſes had atteſted every fact.

Mrs. B——k, who made no comment at any pauſe, but ſeemed deſirous I ſhould proceed till ſhe had learned the whole of my life, even as I have heretofore written it, deſired I would take a walk with her in the garden in the afternoon. As ſoon as we were there alone, ſhe addreſſed in this manner:

You

You ſee, my poor child, how infinitely good the Almighty has been to you; permitting his providence to guard you in the midſt of dangers and diſtreſſes; reſcuing you out of the hands of an obdurate father; giving you an opportunity of cultivating your natural underſtanding, by an education he would never have beſtowed on you, of recompenſing your want of real fortune; by endowments that, properly applied, will, probably, procure you one. Theſe are miraculous proofs, that the father of all things has intereſted himſelf in your behalf, and inſpired Mr. O——-e with that pity and eſteem which I hope your conduct will merit; I don't ſay I hope it from any doubts I entertain of your upright inclinations, but from a knowledge I have of the perverſity of human nature, and the long train of ſnares and alurements found in a bad world to deſtroy the ſoul and body. I would, therefore, my dear child, recommend it to you with a mother's ardour, firſt to ſeek the kingdom of God, and all things will be added to it. Let no proſperity that may hereafter attend you, make you forget the hour of adverſity, in which the Almighty ſtretched forth his arm to ſave you. When you behold the poor and wretched, conſider with yourſelf, that their caſe might now be yours; but for the peculiar bleſſings conferred upon you, treat your ſuperiors with reſpect, your equals with civility, and your inferiors

with

with mildneſs and humanity. I thought it my duty, continued ſhe, to make theſe remonſtrances to you, and to aſk you a few material queſtions, which the courſe of your ſtory gave me no inſight into, and thoſe are relating to your conception of the deity, and whether your father has taken any pains to make you a good chriſtian; theſe I expect you will anſwer me with the utmoſt truth and ſincerity.

Such precepts, delivered with a meekneſs, affability and candour, entirely ſuited to the purpoſe, and becoming the perſon by whom they were dictated, could not but affect me in the deepeſt manner. I told the lady, that though my ideas of the deity were but imperfect, being ſuch as I retained from the inſtruction of my mother, who was too early ſeparated from me to have left thoſe ſtrong impreſſions that might otherwiſe have been made, I was yet perſuaded, that every comfort I enjoyed here, or might hope hereafter, muſt proceed from the ſame hand who created me; that I religiouſly adhered to the doctrines of chriſtianity, as taught by the eſtabliſhed church, of which I gave as full an account as I was capable of doing, and endeavoured to apologize for my father's neglecting me in this point.

Though

Though my diſcourſe on this ſublime topic was far from being what I could have wiſhed it, yet I could perceive a ſeraphic ſmile of chriſtian benevolence diffuſe itſelf over her countenance, expreſſive of her ſatisfaction to find I was not altogether a Pagan; and the little I did advance, I believe, gave her a general good opinion of my morals.

When we returned into the houſe, we found Mr. O——e and the ladies, in company with his three lovely children, and Madamoiſelle, the French governante. I could not help admiring the exact proportion and ſymitry of theſe emblems of their father; the manly gracefulneſs of the two boys, and the feminine ſweetneſs of the little girl. *They too had loſt a mother*, but they had a father, whoſe tenderneſs was dealt in a double portion to them; alas! I had both, and yet neither; being miles and ſeas divided from the one; and aſſured the account of my departure from life, would be moſt acceptable news to the other. Filled with this thought, together with the diſcourſe I had juſt been attending to, a ſilent tear irreſiſtably fell from my eyes, which Mr. O——e taking notice of, earneſtly preſſed me to explain the cauſes of it to him: as it would be ungrateful to conceal the receſſes of my ſoul from ſuch a benefactor, I confeſſed I was thinking of my poor mother, the memory of whoſe tenderneſs and affection to me, this

ſcene

ſcene preſented to my imagination in full view; and that I was lamenting the uncertainty I was under about her fate, whether ſhe ſtill exiſted, or was now no more. Mr. O——e comforted me with a promiſe, that as ſoon as we arrived in Dublin he would himſelf make the ſtricteſt enquiry into that matter; and that if he diſcovered my mother was in being, he would put it in my power to ſhew the duty and regard I had for her. This was too delicate a point to dwell long upon, and the converſation was waved, by Mrs. B——k's calling Mr. O——e into another apartment till ſupper time. The mean while I employed in amuſing the children with little ſtories, which ſo much endeared me to them, that they reluctantly permitted my departure from amongſt them on any terms.

I was now about fourteen; and tho' that is a time of life when lads are moſt diſagreeable to the ſociety of men, and grave perſons in general, yet I had nothing of the ſchool-boy in my behaviour. I affected the man as much as poſſible in every ſerious reſpect, particularly attending to the converſation of ſuch as might improve my own, and always preſerving ſilence where I was not equal to the ſubject: by this means I conſiderably refined my intellects, and became ſufferable in the community. Tho' I was infinitely delighted with the addreſs and delivery of every perſon about me, yet I

found a peculiar charm in the converſation of Miſs B——k; a young lady whoſe age might have been twenty, and whoſe extreme good ſenſe was unequall'd by her every other accompliſhment, except her good-nature and politeneſs. She was not what the world calls a beauty, the ſmall pox having enviouſly ſtolen from her face ſome charms which might allure the eye; but not in ſuch a manner that there did not ſtill remain an ineffable ſweetneſs and grandeur of look, blended with condeſcenſion, modeſty and penetration.

The frequent opportunities I had of being alone with this young lady, from our mutual fondneſs of muſick and poetry, gave me more and more occaſions to admire her. The compaſſionate regard with which ſhe attended to the many affecting paſſages of my former life, that oft-times made a part of our diſcourſe, and the ardent deſire ſhe ſeemed to have for my future welfare, together with her ſtill outſtripping my wiſhes in any thing ſhe imagined might oblige me, created that kind of eſteem, which time or abſence can never remove; and ſurely, at this diſtance of years, the world and ſhe will forgive me, if I confeſs, that love, moſt ſincere love, was the conſequence of ſo much kindneſs on my part. How it was on the la-

dy's, ſhe only knows, nor dare I preſume to flatter myſelf ſhe entertained a thought of that kind.

A day or two after we were ſettled here, another daughter of Mrs. B——'s paid her a viſit. This lady was the widow of Colonel J——s, of B——y-C——, in this county; who had two ſons with her, the eldeſt of whom was about twelve years old, and had a great ſhare of knowledge for his years. With this young gentleman I contracted a ſtrict friendſhip, and run into all the boyiſh frolicks that could be thought of. The children in general were ſo fond of my company, that it frequently debarred me of converſation much more deſirable; however, there was no getting rid of them without offence, when Miſs B——k made one of our party, which frequently happened; in plundering the cherry orchard, gathering wood-ſtrawberries, or collecting beautiful ſhells on the ſtrand; in awakening the ſilent eccho with a ſong, or beguiling the tedious hours with a fairy or Peruvian tale (at which ſhe was truly eminent) I knew not how the ſmiling moments waſted; all was joy, tranſport and unſpeakable delight.

In order to give my readers an idea of this family, and the harmony that univerſally reigned in it, I will, as well as I can recollect, tell them the manner in which every day

day was paſſed, that we were not viſiting abroad. At nine o'clock in the morning there was a table ſpread, in a large room that commanded a delightful proſpect of the ſea, with tea, coffee and chocolate. Mr. O——e drank balm tea always, which I firſt, thro' good-manners, brought myſelf to, and afterwards really preferred to any other, from its high balſamic flavour, and medicinal qualities. It raiſes the ſpirits to the greateſt pitch, ſweetens the blood, and invigorates the nerves; in ſhort, if it came from Canton, and was twenty ſhillings a pound, I am perſuaded it would be univerſally in vogue.

Any of the family, who did not chuſe to be at this general breakfaſt, might have whatever beſt pleaſed them in their own apartment; but as they were no invalids amongſt us, it rarely happened we were not all preſent. From this till twelve we diſperſed in parties, to walk, to read, ſing, play or dreſs, without the leaſt formality or reſtraint; at that hour the bell tolled for prayers, which were read by Mrs. B——k's chaplain, and at which the whole family, ſervants and all, commonly appeared.

At three dinner was on the table, to which we were ſummon'd by a bell for half an hour; where the relation, of our different amuſements, the planning of ſucceeding

ones, wit and reppartee, blended with ſtrict politeneſs and good manners, commonly formed the table converſation.

The firſt party of pleaſure we embarked in, was an expedition to Ballycotten, an exploit that was near coſting me my life. This place is a fine harbour for ſhipping, and a large extenſive bay, covered by exceſſive mountains on every ſide; but it is ſo little uſed, that I could perceive no town or village near it; nor had a numerous company of us any place to be entertained, but in a cottage thatched with ſtraw. However, we brought all kinds of proviſion, wine and conveniencies with us, and likewiſe Mrs. B——k's cook to dreſs ſome fiſh, which was here in its higheſt purity.

While the company and ſervants were employed in breaking down fences, to make a road for carriages to this identical cabbin, myſelf, who was mounted on a very ſorry palfrey, endeavoured to find a ſhorter way; and having obſerved a path down a monſtrous promontary, whoſe ſide was covered with ſharp, craggy and dangerous rocks, juſt wide enough for one perſon to go down on foot to the ſtrand, I, with my uſual diſcretion, let my Roſinante ſaunter along this dreadful paſſage, which I believe the immortal Don Quixote himſelf would have endeavoured to

ſhun,

ſhun, except he was certain to find Dulcinea at the bottom. Mr. O——e, when he had compleated the road, at which he himſelf worked, turned round to look for me, but I was no where above ground to be ſeen: at length he caſt his eye down the mountain, and behold I appeared to him like one on horſeback, ſurveyed from ſome lofty ſteeple, as they after told me, ſcarce diſcernable. Mr. O——e, who never indeed thought to hear me ſpeak again, threw himſelf on his breaſt upon the earth, ſaying, Lord have mercy on him, I can behold no more. By this time I ſaw myſelf ſuſpended between earth and air, heard the wide billows burſting on the rocks, and ſaw nothing but the over-whelming ocean before me. I began to be frightened, and with a preſence of mind unaccountable indeed, got firſt on the horſes neck, and then got over his head; which was no ſooner done, and my hand happily diſengag'd from the bridle, than the horſe made a faus pauz, and fell precipitately down a thouſand and a thouſand fathoms, by which he was inſtantly daſh'd to pieces, ſmall enough for the ravens and gulls that ſcreecht the omens of his down fall.---Hearkye criticks, if this ſtile diſpleaſes you, or is inconſiſtent with your pragmatical rules, know, raggamuffins, that I will write as I think proper; 'tis the ſenſible and elegant I addreſs myſelf to; nor do I regard the formal pedantic maxims you lay down, to confine

every

every one in the ſame circle of dulneſs you move yourſelves: incorrigible men!

Contrary to the expectation of every one who beheld me, I came ſafe and ſound to the bottom; to the agreeable ſurprize of my friends, who all came to wiſh me joy, and join with me in thanks to the Almighty for ſo miraculous a deliverance.

It may be aſked, why Mr. O——e, who is known to poſſeſs ſome of the fineſt cattle in Europe, ſhould mount me on ſo ſorry a nag? The truth is, I am the worſt rider, perhaps, who ever croſſed a horſe, and conſequently would not venture myſelf on the back of one, whoſe value exceeded forty ſhillings.

Give me leave, indulgent reader, to digreſs one moment from the paſt to the preſent time, leſt I ſhould forget a circumſtance that certainly will produce admiration. There are in this opulent city a ſet of men, who hang out the ſign of the three blue balls at their door, and who are the readieſt perſons in the world at an emergency. They indeed take a little gratuity for their trouble, but that is ſo inconſiderable, that few perſons of

ſpirit

ſpirit would not more willingly pay it, than be indebted to their acquaintances; at leaſt I would, and I candidly own I have frequently had recourſe to them, when I have been moſt at a loſs which way to turn: one of them in particular, my ſervant frequently told me, was certainly a gentleman by his behaviour; nay, the other day ſhe peremptorily inſiſted, that ſhe was ſure he would ſubſcribe to my book, if I was to aſk him: I laughed heartily at the abſurdity of the propoſition, and gave it as my opinion, that a pawn-broker would as ſoon give me ten of his teeth, as ten and ſixpence for a ſubſcription. The girl did not diſcontinue her importunities to get rid of them, and, for once, to make an extraordinary experiment, I wrote the following lines:

To Mr. ———————

TO the higheſt and beſt, in each different ſtation,
For ſubſcription, we ſcribblers addreſs application;
By the dull, or the envious, it can't be deny'd,
That you at the head of your ſcience preſide;
Beſides, 'tis from frequent experience confeſs'd,
That of all the fraternity, —— the beſt.
To write is my trade, to take moveables thine,
As I help you in your's, give aſſiſtance in mine;

Then

Then to ages remote, I'll the wonder tranſmit,
That a pawn-broker lent ten and ſixpence on wit.

P. S. The bearer, my maid, perſuades me, that you will ſubſcribe to the encloſed propoſal; for my own part, I confeſs, I want faith to believe it: your anſwer is to determine, which of us has the moſt ſagacity.

J. C. P.

The manner of the above will ſhew, how little I expected a compliance with my requeſt, tho' I abſolutely never ſtood more in need of half a guinea. My maid told me, that the inſtant Mr. —— read it, he put his hand in his pocket, and paid her that ſum; ſaying, he was pleaſed in an opportunity to ſerve the ſon of the great Mrs. Pilkington, and many other civil things, too much in praiſe of myſelf to be properly repeated here.

I'll leave my readers to comment on ſo marvellous a paſſage in my hiſtory, and return to Ballycotton; from whence I have rambled all the way to London, in leſs than half an hour, becauſe I would make a kind of analogy between one miracle and another.

After

After having recovered from my ſurprize, we came along a beautiful level ſtrand, to the houſe of entertainment before mentioned, where we had indeed a moſt ſplendid repaſt. After which the converſation turning on accidents, reſulting from pleaſure and gaiety, Miſs B——k entertained us with the following ſtory, which ſhe aſſured us was a fact, and which I have ſince heard confirmed by ſeveral perſons of equal veracity.

Mr. and Mrs. C——n, of Old Bridge-town, near Drohadea, who had a liberal fortune and beautiful eſtate, ſituated on the Boyne water, juſt at the place where King William's army croſſed it, were patterns of hoſpitality, virtue, and conjugal affection. Their houſe was the continual reſort of both the indigent and the gay; the firſt found relief, and the latter pleaſure and entertainment, they were therefore venerated by all beneath them, and beloved as well by their equals as their ſuperiors.

Heaven bleſſed them with one ſon, who ſeemed from his infancy born to inherit their mutual good qualities, as well as their fortune: as this young gentleman advanced towards manhood, he advanced in all the politer arts that finiſh that character; but as this cannot be completely

done by meer precept or ſpeculation, it was neceſſary he ſhould take the tour of Europe, in order to know men as well as books.

So exceſſively fond were this happy couple of this their beloved and only offspring, that they imagined it not ſafe for him to go abroad without their accompanying him; ſo that if any accident happened at ſea, as their whole comfort was centured in his life, they might all periſh together.

After having made all the preparations requiſite for ſuch an undertaking, the whole family ſet out for Paris, at which place they arrived ſafe and in full health and ſpirits. After they had been there ſome time, they had an invitation to a ſplendid ball; upon which occaſion the young gentleman, very lovely in his Perſon, was ſo elegantly dreſſed, that he attracted the eyes of the whole company. A young lady, whom he approved more than any other preſent, he ſelected out to dance with him; but ſhe at firſt modeſtly declined it, and upon his further entreaties, abſolutely refuſed him. While young Mr. C--t-t——n walked to the other end of the room, his mother, whom the young lady did not know, and a gentlewoman whom ſhe was acquainted with, came to her, and aſked,

why

why ſhe, being the brigheſt female in the place, could refuſe her hand to ſo handſome a young gentleman? ſhe anſwered, that ſhe had her own reaſons, gave a deep ſigh, and endeavoured to avoid more converſation. This awakened all the curioſity of an affectionate mother, who concluded, that the young lady was in love with her ſon; ſhe therefore eagerly preſſed her to explain that ſigh, and likewiſe her previous behaviour.

Madam, replied the lady, I think, in my life, I never beheld ſo many unſtudied charms, as appear in that aimable foreigner; nor did I ever behold a youth my heart would ſooner incline me to give my hand to, if it were conſiſtent with the will of our parents. After telling you this ſo candidly, you will judge my refuſing to dance with him proceeded from no diſlike, either to his country, perſon or breeding; but, alas! Madam, I ſee with grief and horror, that, before this day twelve months, that aimable bloſſom of youth and comelineſs will die an untimely death.

Judge what an alarm this prognoſtication was to the attentive parent! who, though ſhe had a great ſhare of good ſenſe, could not be unalarmed at the dreadful preſage. However, ſhe paſſed it off with a becoming decency, and

did not interrupt the pleaſures of the company or the night, which ended in great harmony.

When the old gentleman and lady retired to their apartment, ſhe acquainted him with what had paſſed, in a very ſerious and pathetic manner. After having gravely attended to her, he burſt out a laughing, and told her he minded no ſuch fancies, and entreated ſhe would think no more of it: ſhe told him, he knew her too well to ſuppoſe her ſuperſtitions, but at the ſame time they could not be too careful in watching againſt accidents, where they had ſuch a warning given them; therefore, my dear, ſaid ſhe, as you never refuſed any favour requeſted by me, I hope you will now oblige me, by returning with our ſon to Ireland, where there is ſcarce a danger but we may be guarded againſt. The good man, already weary of travelling, was pleaſed with the motion, gave his conſent, and without letting the young gentleman know their motive, embarked in a few weeks for Ireland; where, after a ſhort paſſage, they landed ſafe, and again took poſſeſſion of their own fire ſide.

They continued in their uſual tranquillity eleven months, at which time Mr. C—— n began to banter his wife in private, about her Joan de Pucells prophecy,

as

as he termed it; nay, the young man was well and ſafe, till the night before the perdicted time was to expire; which night, ſhe ordered the ſervants to lock every door in the houſe, and bring her the keys: ſhe then went and ſaw every bit of fire and candle in the houſe extinguiſhed; after doing this ſhe retired to repoſe, and faſtened her bedchamber door. Young Mr. C——n was a keen ſportſman, and had made an appointment to go a hunting the ſucceeding morning, of which his mother had no knowledge: when he aroſe and found all doors faſt, he demanded of the ſervant the meaning of it? They informed him it was done by his mother's command: oh! very well, ſaid he, then I'll get out at the window, which he accordingly did. As ſoon as he came to the water ſide, he found the dogs and horſes were gone acroſs the river, therefore determining not to looſe game for a little obſtacle, he put himſelf from the ſhore in a ſmall cot or canoe. This was carried down by the ſtrong current for half a mile, when it overſet, and the youth was unfortunately drowned, in preſence of his friends and ſervants, who, for want of a boat, could afford him no aſſiſtance: ſo that the firſt object ſtruct the afflicted mother's eye, when ſhe aroſe in the morning to look out of the window, and thought her fears were over, was the corps of her ſon carried on a board by ſome of the ſervants. The lamenting

father

father, on hearing the news, inſtantly became a lunatic, and died raving mad in a few weeks after. The poor mother, unable to ſurvive the loſs of all that was dear to her, broke her heart with grief; ſo that a whole family, who might have promiſed themſelves years of comfort, were extinguiſhed by one fatal event in leſs than three months.

When the lady had finiſhed this tragic narration, with infinitely greater perſpicuity than I have repeated it, we returned home. Some days after we went to the races of Carricktohill, accompanied by Lady Freke, Miſs Broderick, Lord Battevant, and ſome others: as I ſat in a high phæton with Mr. Oneile, I commanded a fine proſpect of the ground, and had another advantage I did not then think of, of being ſeen per tout le monde. Before the races began we went into a tent, where, as the ladies were the majority of the company, they inſiſted on treating us with the beſt entertainment the place afforded. Mr. O——e, who is a known lover of horſe-racing, was not content to continue in one ſpot, but having fixed Miſs B—— and myſelf in the moſt advantageous ſituation, he mounted his horſe and rode up and down the field. During his abſence a gentleman on horſe-back came up, and ſaluted me by name, aſſuring me, that he was extremely glad to ſee me well; that he and his two ſiſters were come to ſee the

races,

races, and he entreated the favour of my company to the little iſland, where his houſe was. I could not but be amazed at this flow of compliments, from one of thoſe luke-warm friends, who had lately looked ſo coolly on my adverſity. This gentleman's name was H——y; he was one of thoſe, who, whilſt I continued with my uncle, was ready to devour me with careſſes and proteſtations; and who, upon my reverſe of fortune, was as careful to avoid me as a peſtilence. Though he was a man of ſome fortune, and a ſtudent in the temple, yet I knew he was not equal to the company I then was in, or the acquaintances I had now made; therefore I looked as indifferently on him and his invitation at this time, as I ſhould in my diſtreſſes have been proud to accept it: but yet my vanity and reſentment were equally gratified, by his ſeeing me ſo happily circumſtanced, and the more ſo, as Mr. O——, Lord B——, and ſeveral of the firſt rank in that part of the world, ſoon after came up and joined us. I told Mr. O—— of the invitation I had from Mr. H——y, and, as he was ſtill preſent, aſked if Mr. O——e would permit me to go. This Mr. H——y backed, by deſireing the favour of Mr. O——e to let me go for that night with him and his ſiſters, and he would himſelf ſee me ſafe to Ballyannon the next day. Mr. O——e, who did not know how much I was averſe to accept this offered civility,

civility, told Mr. H——y, that tho' he deprived himſelf and his friends of much pleaſure by it, he could not refuſe to acquieſe with any deſire of mine. Mr. H——y returned him many thanks, and took me off quite enraptured to his ſiſters, who were in a coach waiting for us, and who expreſſed as much ſatisfaction at my preſence as poſſible.

In the afternoon we arrived at the little iſland, which is very pleaſant and romantically ſituated, being ſurrounded by the river, except in one paſſage wide enough for a coach. Though Mr. H——s ſiſters were tolerably handſome, and played very well on the harpſichord; and tho' they exerted all their ſkill to pleaſe and entertain me, yet when I reflected on Mr. H——s former behaviour, I could not bring my ſpirits into a right flow. The image of the lady I had parted from was dearer to me, even in idea, than beholding in reality all the finiſhed beauties of chriſtendom: all my converſation was praiſes of her ſenſe, beauty and merit, particularly in muſick, which could not be very pleaſing to ladies who were emulous to excell in thoſe points themſelves; but one of them, in order at once to put me in temper, and to ſecure my good opinion, pulled a handſome diamond ring from her finger and placed it on mine, aſking me at the ſame time, if Miſs B——k had

ever done ſo much for me? Her brother and ſiſter were preſent, and as I obſerved they looked gravely at her, I was for returning it, but ſhe abſolutely inſiſted on my keeping it, and wearing it for her ſake. I confeſs it had an inſtantaneous effect on my ſpirits; I then began to ſing, dance, and enjoy the company, giving myſelf entirely to them. When all our paſtimes were over, and I retired to bed, I could not reſt for the thoughts of my ring. I knew it was valuable and ornamental, and imagined it would do me great honour at my return; but ſtill I was perplexed, leſt the lady ſhould repent of her liberality, and take it from me in the morning. No miſer, who ſuſpected any one had watched him to his hidden treaſure, ever ſpent a night with greater anxiety or leſs repoſe. Though I had taken care to lock myſelf into my bed-chamber, yet, when ever I dozed, I imagined the lady came to demand the ring: in ſhort, finding all my efforts to ſleep ineffectual, I aroſe by day break, and wandered about the iſland till the family were up. They were much ſurprized when I acquainted them I had no reſt, and more ſo to find I looked quite ſtupid. I was glad to take the hint of feigning myſelf unwell, to depart as ſoon as poſſible with my prize, for this reaſon: no perſuaſions, tho' many were made uſe of, could prevail with me to ſtay any longer; therefore, to get rid of my importunities, they found it

neceſſary to let me obey the impulſe of my mind, and they accordingly ordered a one horſe chaiſe and footman to conduct me: Mr. H—— making many excuſes for his not waiting on me himſelf, and I as readily accepting them, as I did not covet his company. After I had ſaluted all the family, and was juſt going into the carriage, the lady beſought me to return the ring, as it was a family trinket, and could be of no uſe to a young gentleman. I complied with her requeſt, but ſo covered with ſhame, diſappointment and reſentment, as muſt have been perceived by my countenance. I had ſome miles to travel, and amuſed myſelf with the gloom of my own thoughts; one time blaming myſelf for being ſo great a fool to imagine the lady intended me ſuch a favour; another, curſing my ſtars for not leaving the houſe when I firſt awoke; that again appeared too mercenary: upon the whole, I never met any one circumſtance that made me ſo completely miſerable for two or three days. When I returned to my friends, they perceived a viſible alteration in my countenance, which they humorouſly attributed to my being in love with Miſs H——y; whereas I might juſtly have ſaid with Mr. Bays, I was the fartheſt from it of any man in the world, and all that. I did not, however, ſubject myſelf to a ſeverer ridicule, by telling the occaſion of my dejection; but I tell it to my readers as an inſtance of my

credulous

credulous folly, at which they will frequently find occaſion to laugh.

And now drew on the melancholy period wherein I was to leave this dear ſpot, which contained all that I prized upon earth, in the perſon of Miſs Broderick. We ſet out from Balyannon for the North, after I had obtained a promiſe from the lady, that ſhe would honour me with a literary correſpondence as ſoon as we were ſettled in any place. As Mr. Oneile intended to pay a viſit to Sir C—— M—— on our way, Sir John Freke accompanied us. The firſt inn we ſet up at on the road the converſation turned on the family we had left, and, to my no ſmall ſurprize, I found the worthy B—t traduce almoſt every one of them, without being oppoſed by Mr. O——le: this was the firſt inſtance I had ſeen of the inſincerity of the great, I wiſh to God it had been the laſt.

Sir Charles Moore had a moſt elegant houſe, at which we arrived the next day, and were indeed ſplendidly entertained; nor was there any thing mean or contemptable about the place, except the little worthleſs poſſeſſor of it, who reluctantly forced me to be an eye witneſs of one of the greateſt pieces of brutality I ever beheld. There was a poor woman came to aſk charity from him, and beſought his honour very earneſtly to beſtow ſomething for the ſup-

port of her family. On pretence of enquiring into the reality of her diſtreſs, he brought her into a garden; now, ſaid he, here is a couple of guineas, which I'll give you, but not for God's ſake, no, you muſt gratify my curioſity in one reſpect, which is that of letting me ſee you quite naked: I'll give you my word and honour, added he, I will not touch you. The moment I heard the propoſition I would have retired, but he abſolutely inſiſted on my ſtaying. The poor creature made all the apologies modeſty and decency could ſuggeſt, but it was to no purpoſe, he would give the money on no terms but thoſe of her compliance. Two guineas ſeemed two thouſand to a perſon in her ſituation, and at laſt got the better of her ſcruples, and ſhe did what he deſired, tho' I aſſure my readers I turned my eyes a different way. The moment ſhe had ſuffered herſelf to be ſo impoſed on, inſtead of giving her the money, he called all his footmen, and deſired them to turn the whore out of doors. This he thought a finiſhed piece of wit, and repeated it as ſuch at ſupper; but he could find none to join him in the laugh. The company, except himſelf, were lovers of women, and his untimely fate ſince has proved his paſſions were for a different ſex. I was quite impatient, and perfectly teized Mr. O—— to leave this place, where nothing prevailed

but drinking debauched toaſts, and all the vices that poiſon the mind.

Soon after we ſet out for Dublin, where Mr. O——'s gentleman had taken for us very grand lodgings, and Mr. O——, according to his promiſe, provided me with an appearance ſuitable to the company he did me the honour to bring me amongſt, which were the firſt perſons in the kingdom.

Shakeſpear obſerves, that

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
But ſlighted the reſidue of their lives,
Is bound in ſhallows and in miſery.

I believe my tide was now in the flood; and if I had ſenſe enough to make a proper uſe of it, I might have arrived at a better fortune, than tagging of rhimes, or writing adventures, will procure for me: but, alas! I wanted the principal engredients of a great man's dependent: I could not flatter, nor could I ſpeak in any matter contrary to my own judgment, not conſidering that a poor man never has any ſuch thing: in ſhort, as I was quite ſincere in

every

every thing I ſpoke, I imagined every one I converſed with equally ſo. I looked on myſelf as a man of fortune and independency, from Mr. O—— friendſhip, which I imagined no time could alter; therefore I made no advantages of the frequent interviews I had with the great and powerful, all my hopes were centured in the one point of preſerving his good opinion.

I ſhould have obſerved, that before we left Ballyannon, Mr. O——e addreſſed me one morning after breakfaſt to this effect: That as the diſpoſitions of men were as variable as the winds, and that the object they moſt delighted in at one time, might be diſpleaſing to them at another, it was poſſible, that tho' he now had ſo thorough an eſteem for me, he might hereafter be tired of my company; and that, in order to ſecure me from any diſtreſs, he thought it the beſt way, while he found his heart warm in my cauſe, to make a ſettlement on me for life, that would put it out of the power of himſelf or the world to hurt me. I think, ſaid he, two hundred pounds a year will do that; and if you chuſe, you ſhall have it not only while you continue with me, but even if ever we ſhould part you may make yourſelf happy. Would any but the moſt infatuated dunce have rejected this as I did? I told him, that while I was his companion; I wanted no money and, beſides, a

ſalary

ſallary of that kind would make me a ſervant; that I hoped we never would part; but that if we did, I ſhould be very indifferent whether I lived or died, as I could not think Mr. O—— would ever part me except I tranſgreſſed in ſome ſhape, and that if I was capable of doing that I was unfit to live. He liked my argument and my ſpirit, and told me I ſhould not repent the confidence I placed in his generoſity: but to return,

When we had been ſome time in Dublin, I took an opportunity to remind Mr. O—— of his promiſe, with regard to my mother, whoſe abſence from me was ever a pang to my heart, and an anxiety for whoſe welfare was ever foremoſt in my thoughts. He told me he would endeavour to find out where ſhe was, and how ſituated; and if he found that ſhe had occaſion for money, would give me a handſome ſum to remit to her. He likewiſe adviſed me to take his equipage and go pay my reſpects to my father, and to invite him and my brother to dine with us. I knew my father too well to imagine this would be any advantage to me, but was notwithſtanding infinitely pleaſed with an occaſion to call on him in a coach and ſix.

The

The next morning I dreſſed myſelf very fine, and went in great ſtate to Lazor's-Hill; the footman knocked a loud peal at the door, and my father opened it himſelf: as ſoon as ever he ſaw me deſcend from the coach, he ran up ſtairs; upon which I walked into a ſtreet parlour, and rung the bell. The ſervants, it ſeems, were out, ſo that my brother was obliged to come to me. As I had never wrote a word to him about my condition, to which he was intirely a ſtranger, as well as my being in town, it appeared like magic to him, to ſee me come in a flaming coach, and the ſervants with laced liveries. He ſtood ſilent ſome time, till I ſaid, What brother don't you know me? Know you, ſays he, I know Jack Pilkington very well, but I can hardly think he is ſo grand a gentleman; but yet I'm glad to ſee you with all my heart, and I wiſh you would unriddle yourſelf a little. I told him I was come with Mr. O——'s compliments, to deſire my father and himſelf would do us the favour to come and dine, and to appoint their day. He ſaid, that my father was out of town (tho' I had ſeen him) but for himſelf, if it would be agreeable, he would come. I preſſed him to uſe his entreaties with my father to accompany him, but he gave me a ſign that he was liſtening, and then aſſured me loudly he was out of town I took the hint, and departed extremely ſatisfied at my adventure.

At

At my return Mr. O—— was impatient to know the event: I told him all the particulars: he ſaid, that if my father had condeſcended to come, it would have been both to his and my advantage; but that as he thought ſuch an invitation beneath his acceptance, I might order what I pleaſed to entertain my brother, but he would not ſee him. I was confounded at this, and ſaid, Sir, I thought you knew my father before; am I accountable for his diſpoſition? No, Sir, ſaid he, nor am I for my own ſometimes, I cannot be pleaſed at this treatment.

The entrance of a very ſilly Baronet, who is a relation to Mr. O——, broke our further diſcourſe. He entertained us with all the nonſenſe of the town, at which he himſelf laughed very hearty; and any one diſpoſed for mirth, would have found him a ſufficient ſubject for laughter. When he heard me ſing, he was quite captivated with it, which did not make me in the leaſt vain, as I would even then rather have had the ſerious attention of one true connoiſſeur, than all the fulſome compliments of a coxcomb. This gentleman was with us every morning, and uſed frequently to take me out with him: theſe opportunities he embraced, to endeavour to perſuade me to leave Mr. O——e, and go abroad with him. I aſked him how he

thought my friend would like to be uſed ſo? or whether it was conſiſtent with his regard for Mr. O——e to make ſuch a propoſal? Damn regard, ſaid he, every man is to do what pleaſes him beſt; and if you go with me, I'll make your fortune. I told him, if he gave me his title and eſtate, I would not part from Mr. O——e, whom I held in greater eſtimation than any one upon earth.

Though Mr. O——e perſevered in his good-manners, or rather encreaſed his politeneſs to me, yet I could plainly perceive there did not ſubſiſt the ſame cordial and eaſy regard I had formerly experienced, in his words and actions, ſince that unlucky invitation; however, I was ſtill extremely happy: and though Mr. O——e was not at home when my brother came, yet every thing was carried on with equal decorum, and nothing wanting to give him the higheſt idea of my felicity. After dinner I related my whole ſtory to my brother; and after diſplaying all my eloquence on Mr. O——'s goodneſs, generoſity and affability, I told him how much he was diſpleaſed at my father's not coming, and likewiſe that it was for that reaſon I could not have the pleaſure to introduce my brother to him. He was juſtly concerned, but told me he had ſaid ſo much to my father upon it, that he had not ſpoke to him for three days; and were I, ſaid he, as happy as you, I did

did not care if he never ſpoke to me more, for it is an Herculean labour to humour the caprice and peeviſhneſs of his diſpoſition. He would have been glad to ſee Mr. O——e on his own account, but could not think of making an acquaintance thro' your means. This, my dear Jack is the honeſt truth, and you, who know him ſo well, muſt pity my condition.

My brother and I parted, after mutual aſſurances of inviolable affection, and a promiſe to correſpond with each other. Mr. Oneile now prepared for our Northern expedition, and we were accompanied out of town by Arthur Hill, Eſq; brother to the Earl of Hillſborough, who is, perhaps, the moſt accompliſhed gentleman in Europe. There is in his converſation, eaſe, accuracy, and true humour; blendid with the moſt refined delicacy, and all the ornaments of education. A perſon of the ſmalleſt capacity might, from one twelve-months converſation with Mr. Hill, be made acquainted with all that is neceſſary to conſtitute the character of a great man. I can never ſufficiently thank Mr. O——e for introducing me to this great and good man, and to another whom I ſhall hereafter mention, whoſe friendſhip I have carried thro' all the rubbiſh of my misfortunes, which I eſteem as great an honour as I can poſſibly boaſt of.

The roads all thro' Ireland are extremely good, which makes travelling there very pleaſant; but I obſerved, that the farther North we went, the worſe our accommodations at the inns were; but this was amply recompenced by the ingenious converſation of our fellow traveller, who had ſomething peculiarly good to ſay upon every ſubject, and would make even his talk to the landlord, or the oſtler, a ſcene of humour and entertainment. The ſecond day we were upon the road, I made choice to go in a one horſe Dutch chaiſe with Mr. Hill's ſteward, to enjoy the fine air and proſpect. We had a footman to lead the chaiſe, as the horſe who carried us was an old offender, and apt to do miſchief when he conveniently could; but Mr. Hill's ſteward, juſt as we came to the top of a very ſteep mountain, ordered the footman to fall back, and undertook to manage the chaiſe himſelf. The moment the horſe found himſelf free from reſtraint, he ſet out in a full gallop down the hill, ſo that nothing could ſtop him till he had dragged the carriage after him for a mile and a half; and at laſt leaping over a large ditch of water, left the chaiſe behind him in it, with one of the ſhafts above a foot driven into the oppoſite bank, within a few inches of where my body fell, almoſt without life. The ſervants, who had all purſued us, by this time came

and

and found me in a moſt diſaſtrous plight, up to my waſte in water and mud, pale and trembling.

As ſoon as the two gentlemen came up, they ſaid and did every thing to comfort me; but as there was no inn for ſome miles, I was put into the chariot with Mr. Hill, and Mr. O——e rode on horſeback, till we came to Hillsborough, and there ſtop at Lord Hillſborough's houſe. The gentlemen would have perſuaded me to go to bed, but as I found that after taking a glaſs or two of wine I was as well as ever; I juſt comforted myſelf with a change of cloaths, and was fit to travel. I enquired ſeveral times what became of the ſteward who was with me, and how he had eſcaped; but received ſuch ambiguous anſwers, as gave me reaſon to conclude his brains were daſhed out.

Certainly no perſon living had ever two more extraordinary eſcapes from ſudden death than I, in this, and the Ballycotten affair before-mentioned; and yet there are two ſubſequent ones equally wonderful, the reflecting on which is ſometimes the moſt cordial antidote againſt deſpair.

For ſurely, as inconſiderable an attom as I am in the work of creation, I am, nevertheleſs, under the ſpecial protection

of an Almighty God, the ſole diſpoſer of all events; and I can't help perſuading myſelf, that unleſs he deſigned me for ſome better fate than I have hitherto enjoyed, it would have been more conſiſtent with his mercy and juſtice to have then let me find mortality, than to prolong a life of pain, ſickneſs and adverſity. Perhaps the divines may caval at this manner of arguing, if they do I cannot poſſibly help it.

From Hillſborough, we went directly to Mr. Hill's country ſeat, where we continued ſome days; and where painting, ſculpture, architecture, books, muſick, converſation, with the moſt hoſpitable treatment, conſpired to ſhew the greatneſs of the gentleman whoſe gueſt we had the honour to be.

From hence, without meeting any thing remarkable, we came to Shanes-Caſtle, a moſt dreary old manſion, ſituated on the banks of * Lough Neagh. The town or village about it is compoſed of miſerable little cottages, chiefly inhabited by fiſhermen, who make a livelihood of the

* To explain the word Lough to my readers, I believe it ſignifies a Lake, or large body of ſtanding water, without any communication with the ſea. This Lough is remarkable for its petrifying qualities, and will turn wood into hard ſtone, as I have been told, but never ſaw a proof of it.

the ſalmon, which is taken here in great plenty. In the inſide of this caſtle, which formerly belonged to the famous Shane Oneile, and which might in thoſe days have been a ſtrongly fortified place, the rooms are moſtly hung with old faſhioned tapeſtry, and the ſtairs and floors built of black Iriſh oak, which the ſervants keep clean by rubbing with bees wax and a hard bruſh; ſo that it reflects a gloomy gloſs, and is not altogether ſafe to walk upon: in ſhort, the whole ſcene brought Mr. Pope's lines to my memory.

She went to rivers, and to purling brooks,
Old faſhioned halls, dull aunts, and croking rooks.

Shanes Caſtle might inſpire veneration, like Henry the VIIth's chapel in Weſtminſter abbey, but was by no means calculated to inſpire delight. Upon our coming here, we were viſited by the Earl of Antrim and Lord Maſſerene, with their ladies; and whether the compliment of their approving me, and my ſinging, was paid to Mr. O——'s judgment, or to any real merit they found in it, I know not, but certainly I had great encomiums.

Mr. O——e had been at conſiderable expence to have a pleaſure boat built to ſail upon the Lough; which, tho' it

it is all freſh water, is as rough a ſea at ſometimes as the Bay of Biſcay, being near fifty miles in circumference, interſperſed with many ſmall uninhabited iſlands. I am to inform my readers, that, from my infancy, I have been of a timid temper and delicate conſtitution, unfittedby form or abilities for any athletic undertakings; and the dread I had of ſea ſickneſs, from my former experience of it, made me have no gouſt for maritime expeditions. Notwithſtanding the boat, as ſhe lay at anchor oppoſite to Mr. O——'s dreſſing room window, with her ſtreamers flying, looked very pretty, yet I ſaw no neceſſity for truſting the precarious element of water, more than I did for mounting one of Mr. O——'s running horſes. Therefore when a conſiderable party was made to go and take a few days recreation on the Lough, I heartily begged I might not be of the number, and gave my reaſons why I objected to it; but theſe had ſo little weight with the polite Mr. O——e, that he abſolutely uſed force to bring me, and completely to pull of the maſk of good manners, ſo long worn with conſtraint. As ſoon as the ſmall boat brought us on board, he obliged a contrivance to be made to hall me up to the top of the maſt, while four and twenty patteraroes were diſcharged: 'tis true, I ſuſtained no damage by it, but the horror of my danger, and the vexation of being ſo contemptuouſly treated, joined to my being extremely ſick. The moment

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the boat was unmoored, were ſufficient to take from any pleaſure I could poſſibly afterwards enjoy. When we caſt anchor before a beautiful iſland, and went aſhore, where there were tents pitched for us, and we had ſeveral ſalmon taken, and roaſted whole on wooden ſpits before a large fire of wood, beſides all ſorts of cold proviſions and wine; to complete this entertainment, Mr. Oneile would have had me ſing, but I abſolutely refuſed to do it; telling him, that if he brought me here for a buffoon and a laughing-ſtock, he ſhould never have made me his companion. He then paſſed a good many ironical ſneers on my greatneſs and dignity, which he was ſorry to have offended. 'Tis true, Sir, ſaid I, I am neither great, nor dignified by title or eſtate, but I am the ſon of a gentleman, whoſe diſtreſſes have brought him under your protection. Every inſtance of your friendſhip to me is gratefully regiſtered on my heart, but a few inſtances of this kind would be ſufficient to eraze them from it. Whether Mr. Oneile was really aſhamed of what he had done, or only affected to be ſo, is hard to ſay; but I had reaſon to believe he was, from his very ſeriouſly aſking my pardon, and aſſuring me if I was his ſon, he would have done the ſame, ſince nothing was ſo unbecoming in a young gentleman as cowardice; and as you know, Jack, I have ever behaved to you like a father, and ever mean to do ſo, it is my duty, when

I ſee a weakneſs in you, to endeavour to remove it. After I had given eaſe to my heart by a few tears, I accepted the treaty of peace, ſincerely forgot what had paſſed, and voluntarily offered to ſing. Upon this occaſion Mr. Oneile expreſſed great ſatisfaction; for, ſaid he, Jack, I find you have a proper degree of reſentment, and a ſuperlative degree of good-nature. Mr. Oneile is a gentleman of what the world calls extreme good ſenſe: he has learning enough to give him an inſight into all things requiſite for a man of five thouſand pounds a year to know, and prudence enough to manage both his fortune and knowledge, in ſuch a manner, as never to ſuffer either to be called in queſtion or impaired: for inſtance, when he is in company, where topicks ariſe, that ſeem difficult to him, he either acknowledges his deficiency, and deſires information, or elſe is entirely ſilent. Upon the other hand, with regard to his fortune, he pays all his tradeſmen himſelf; and as he conſtantly pays ready money for every article the moment it comes home, he has things conſiderably cheaper than moſt other gentlemen, and has beſides an unblemiſhed reputation. I obſerved, that whilſt I was at Shanes Caſtle, no man ever more zealouſly ſtrove to make his company *drink too much* than Mr. O——e, yet no man living was more careful to *avoid doing ſo himſelf*; for this reaſon, he always took care to

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have variety of bottles and glaſſes on the table, and perhaps, while the company were drinking deep of claret, he, under pretence of drinking champaigne, had a bottle of Briſtol water. He frequently endeavoured to faſten an extraordinary glaſs upon me, but without the leaſt ſucceſs; as I not only was averſe to all ſorts of liquor, but likewiſe knew the remarks he had made on others, who had ſuffered themſelves to be over-perſuaded in that reſpect. From this and what I have formerly ſaid, I fancy the general character of this gentleman may be gueſſed at by the diſcerning part of my readers. Mr. O——e is rather a ſportſman, than a man of taſte; rather a juſt, than a generous man; and rather a man of ſenſe, than a man of letters. There is one thing I am highly emulous to do in the courſe of my deſcriptions, and that is, to take my reader by the hand, and introduce him into the company and intimate converſation of the perſon I would have him acquainted with. There are ſome authors who have wrote volumes, call'd, The lives of the poets: The only information we receive from whom, is, that they were born at ſuch a time, wrote at another, and died at laſt; all which common reaſon lets us know, and as Shakeſpear obſerves,

"There needs no ghoſt come from the grave to tell us this."

I would rather hear one hour of a great man's unreſerved converſation with a friend, and be more capable to form an idea of him from thence, than fifty pages penn'd in the ordinary of Newgate's ſtile, about his life, parentage and education. Without a compliment to the memory of my mother, I think her bringing her readers to dinner with Dean Swift, has made them more intimate with the caſt of that great man's temper, than other noble efforts that have been made to give him to the world in a proper light.---As I never diſguiſed any part of my ſtory from Mr. Oneile, I was one afternoon giving him a humorous deſcription of Captain *Poekrich, the glaſs projector, and likewiſe what hardſhips I had undergone with him. Mr. Oneile knew the man, and told me, that if he was to come down to S——s C——e he would get him a large benefit at Antrim, entertain him at his own houſe, and withal, that he would be glad if I wrote to him to that effect. Tho' I had no regard for the Captain, I was fond of his performances, and as I knew his coming would occaſion a publick meeting, and likewiſe ſhew the Captain the influence I had here. I wrote him word what Mr. O——e mentioned, but did not receive an anſwer, as we the next day ſet out for Dawſon's bridge, in the county of Derry, the ſeat of Arthur

* This unhappy perſon was burnt in the late fire, near the Royal-Exchange, Cornhill, Saturday, Nov. 10, 1759.

Arthur Dawſon, Eſq; one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer, and brother-in-law to Mr. Oneile. On our way hither we ſtayed one night at a place, called the ferry, where there is a ſmall river, and where fine large eels are in ſuch plenty, that any quantity of them may be caught at half an hour's warning: as the place afforded nothing but this fiſh and ſome coarſe bread, we had ſome taken for us; as they were very delicate in their kind, we made a hearty ſupper of them, drinking ſome whiſky punch to waſh it down, the only liquor could be had.

I found my condition at Dawſon's bridge much happier than it had been at Shanes-Caſtle; not only as both the Baron and his lady received me with the tendereſt regard, but likewiſe, becauſe they had a ſon about my age, whom I found a very agreeable companion in. The Baron's manſion houſe was then out of repair, and going to be rebuilt; but his diſcourſe was a perpetual feaſt of nectared ſweets, thro' which were conveyed to his auditors, with modeſty, affability and manly grace, the abſtract of all human knowledge. The Baron had known my mother and her family in happier hours; and was ſo kind to repreſent her and them in ſuch an aimable light to Mr. Oneile, and to expreſs ſo much regret for the injuries had been done her in fortune and fame, that Mr.

Oneile

Oneile, who only knew her ſtory from general report, which is ſeldom partial to the unhappy, began to look on me in a different light from what he had heretofore done; and to compleat the whole, he aſſured Mr. Oneile that my mother was deſcended from as noble a family as any in Ireland; but the adherence of her anceſtor, Patrick Sarsfield (Lord Lucan, ſon to the Earl of Kilmallock) to King James the ſecond, whoſe General he was during the wars in Ireland, and who accompanied him to France, and afterwards loſt his life in Flanders, had impaired the fortune of the family, but not in ſuch a manner as to deprive thoſe who conformed to the preſent eſtabliſhment of eſtate and dignity.

The Baron was a gentleman of a grave, reſerved and penetrating aſpect, tho' extremely handſome both in his perſon and countenance; but he had ſuch an unbounded flow of real wit and true humour, that he ſaid more good things in half an hour, and forgot them the next, than half the comic writers in the world have introduced into their plays; and what added to the delight ſuch an entertainment muſt afford, was, that it was all genuine, unſtudied and conciſe; ſo that while he ſet,

Laughter holding both her ſides,

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He appeared himſelf with the ſame ſtedfaſtneſs that accompanied him on the bench as a judge; and ſo happy was this great man in the talent of unbending his mind, that he could even make companions of his ſon and myſelf, tho' both ſo young and giddy; nay, he would adapt his diſcourſe exactly to our degree of comprehenſion, and by that means become maſter of our minuteſt thoughts. He has wander'd with us for hours thro' his wide domains, leaped over ditches, looked for birds neſts, flown a kite, and played at marbles: he might in this reſpect be compared to that great Roman, who, when called on to ſerve the ſenate, was found toying amongſt his children.

I remember one day after dinner, when the company were inclined to be grave, he looked very earneſtly at me, and then addreſſed himſelf to Mr. Oneile: "I'm ſorry, dear brother, that my ſkill in aſtrology, has led me into one ſecret of the events of time; and that is, that Jack Pilkington will come before me to be tried for his life, the particular fact I am not acquainted with, but it will probably be for ſheep-ſtealing; very well, Sir, ſaid he, to me, when you hold up your hand at the bar, hold two fingers up and two down, in token of the promiſe I now make you, in regard to your family and Mr. O——e; though the proof ſhould be ever ſo home againſt you, ſuch as your having

having ſold the ſkin, made broth of the head, and candles of the tallow, yet have a good heart, I'll bring you ſafely off for this time. Since ever I was a judge, I never ſaved a criminal at one aſſize, that I had not the trouble to condemn the next; and as you ſeem of an aſpiring temper, 'tis moſt likely the ſecond effort of your genius will be made in horſe-ſtealing; very well, Sir, hold upon this occaſion but one finger up, and I'll ſave you: but the third time hold up your whole hand, for I cannot wrong my conſcience any further; hanged you muſt be, till you are dead; dead; dead! and the Lord have mercy on your ſoul.

I returned the Baron many thanks, and told him, the only perſon I would wiſh to rob, would be himſelf.---Hold there, Sir, ſaid he, I am exempted; what, rob a judge! if you begin that way I'll take you up on ſuſpicion. I mean only to take that from you, Sir, which you can ſpare without even miſſing, learning, taſte and eloquence. Upon my word, ſaid Mr. O——e, I never heard Jack make ſuch a ſpeech before.---I'll tell you, Sir, ſaid the Baron, he's flattering for a reprieve the third time; but he muſt uſe your intereſt for that, I have done for him all I can do.

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The Baron told us, that, when he was a templer in London, he uſed ſometimes to dine at an ordinary, whereto a Scotsman frequently came, who wore very dirty linnen. He was one day, after dinner, leaning on his elbow, and informing a French barber, who ſat next him, of what an illuſtrious pedigree he was deſcended: in the mean time, ſaid the Baron, a great black louſe frequently ſaunter'd out of the wriſt of his ſhirt along his hand; and the Scotſman ſlily looking round to ſee that none obſerved him, inſtead of throwing it away, or deſtroying it, as I expected, put it with his finger and thumb very tenderly up again. The barber, who had obſerved him, cried, le diable monamie, why you not kill de louſe, who plaga you ſo? D--n your ſaul, ſaid the Caladonian, he's the heed of a clon, and if I moleſt him, they'll come down by ten thouſands for revenge. I thought, ſaid the Baron, it was full time for me now to make my eſcape, and took care how dined with a Scotſman ever after.

Talking of the Scots brought another ſtory on the tapis, but by whom related I don't remember. The biſhop of Cork, a great virtuoſo, a learned and hoſpitable man, uſed whenever he ſaw a ſtranger at church, in the appearance of a gentleman, to invite him home to dinner. There happened a regiment to be quartered in Cork, ſe-

veral of whom were of that nation. An Engliſh gentleman, who was likewiſe an officer, but extremely fond of a jeſt, aſked a North Britiſh commander to go to church with him one Sunday morning, well knowing the Biſhop would invite them both? They accordingly went, and as they came out, the Biſhop, who knew the Engliſh gentleman, ſent his compliments to him, and if he and his friend were not engaged, ſhould be glad of their company to dinner. The Engliſhman preſſed the other to go, tho' he made ſeveral objections; at laſt he told him the Biſhop was a nobleman of great intereſt, and might be very ſerviceable to him. When he had gotten the better of his ſcruples, prevailed on him to come, and brought him within a quarter of a mile of the houſe, gads ſo, ſaid he, I forgot to aſk you one queſtion very material, and that is, whether you have your catechiſe beheart? for it is his Lordſhip's cuſtom after dinner to examine the company round. Deel rive my ſaul, quo he, gin I ken a word on't. Well, well, returned his friend, he always begins with the greateſt ſtranger, and if you can anſwer the firſt queſtion, it will hardly come to your turn again. Upon examining the prayer book, he found it was only to tell his chriſtian name; but, to make ſure work of it, he got the ſecond alſo, and was conning it in his mind till they arrived at the houſe; where his lordſhip received them with

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all imaginable politeneſs, ſhewing them his ſtudy, his cabinet of curioſities, his gardens, improvements, and, in ſhort, every thing that could manifeſt his own judgment and give them pleaſure. At length the bell rung for dinner; after it was over, the ladies retired, and the bottles and glaſſes placed on the table. The biſhop, who had a mind to drink the ſtrangers health, ſaid, Captain, may I crave your name? The Scotſman inſtantly ſtood up, and anſwered, William, my Lord; and, without giving the Biſhop time to ſay any more, run on with my godfathers and godmothers in my baptiſm, wherein I was made a member of Chriſt, a child of God, and an inheriter of the kingdom, &c. The biſhop, who had not a grain of fannacizm in him, ſtood amazed, and ſaid, Sir, I hope you think I'm too much a gentleman to catechiſe any one at my own table. The Engliſhman and the reſt of the company laughed immoderately, which completely put the Captain out of countenance. The other who was known to be a wag, honeſtly owned he had done it for a joke; but the Scot told him he forgot the motto of the Thiſtle, when he attempted to play upon him; however, there was no more ſaid about it, the evening was ſpent in great harmony, and the two officers went home together; but the Scotſman was ſo far from forgiving his acquaintance, that he challenged him to fight the next day, in ſpite of all the conceſſions a man

of honour could make, and terminated his revenge by running him thro' the body, of which he died, leaving a diſtreſſed family behind him.

This, ſaid the Baron, is a comi-tragedy, and would have made a good ſtory, but for the cataſtrophe. I wiſh the Scot had adher'd to his motto, and only prick'd him, inſtead of running him thro' the guts; but the true meaning of the Scot's motto is, Touch me not, leſt I infect you.

Some days after this, to the great ſurprize of the Baron and all the family, who never ſuſpected I had the leaſt itch for ſcribbling, I produced at breakfaſt the following paraphraſe in Mr. Dawſon's ſtory, called,

The Cautious Calladonian.

A Scotſman once in converſation
Was in a dreadful conſternation;
A louſe that brouſed about his neck,
Travelled abroad in ſearch of peck;
Down his gigantic arm he ſtrayed,
And from his wriſt appearance made.
The prudent Scot, though filled with ſhame,
Still puſhed him back from whence he came;

And

And talked as careleſs, gay and free,
Of his illuſtrious pedigree,
As if no ſorrow could invade
The brauny Calladonian blade.
A French monſieur, who next him ſat,
Preſum'd to give his friend a pat;
And ſaid, mon bein ami, pray kill
A louſe that bears you ſuch ill will.
The wary Scot, cry'd, ſilence mon,
He is the chieftan of a clon,
Wha in ten thouſands would deſcend,
Should I deſtroy their foremoſt friend.

The undeſerved applauſes this eſſay obtained from one of the moſt competent judges of poetry in Europe, was, perhaps, the moſt unfortunate circumſtance could have befallen me, as it has ſet me rhyming from that day to this. The compliment Mr. Dawſon paid me on it was: It's a wiſe ſon, boy, that knows his own father, nor could I myſelf ſwear you were Matt. Pilkington's; but any one who ſaw even this, would declare you the ſon of Letty Pilkington, which is, by the by, a much greater honour to you. It was cuſtomary in this family, inſtead of puſhing the bottle about after dinner, which is indeed too much practiſed in Ireland, ſo that a man, without keeping him-

ſelf

ſelf in a perpetual fever, by drinking to oblige his friends, is not thought a tolerable companion for them; inſtead of ſo deſtructive a method of at once killing time, reaſon, and ourſelves, we found the agreeable ſcheme of ſtory telling, in a rainy afternoon, as high an entertainment as Bacchus in the houſe, or Ceres and Pomona in the groves, could poſſibly have afforded to us.

Tho' I never was capable of being more than an humble auditor, yet, by ſtrict obſervance, and a good memory, I have brought off one, beſides what has already been ſaid, which, though generally known to my noble Hibernian ſubſcribers, may not be ſo to my illuſtrious Engliſh ones; ſo down it goes, and, as Falſtaff ſays, 'twill fill a page as well as better matter; that it is authentically true, may be depended on by all.

The late Earl of Roſs was, in character and diſpoſition, like the humourous Earl of Rocheſter; he had an infinite fund of wit, great ſpirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beau monde call pleaſures, and by thoſe means firſt impaired his fortune, as much as he poſſibly could do; and finally, his health beyond repair. To recite any part of his wit here is impoſſible, tho' I have heard much of it, but as it either tended to blaſphemy,

phemy, or at beſt obſcenity, it's better where it is. A nobleman could not, in ſo cenſorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confuſion, without being a general topic for reproach, and having fifty thouſand faults invented to complete the number of thoſe he had: nay, ſome aſſerted, that he dealt avec le diable; eſtabliſhed a hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork hill; and that one W——, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was indeed only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned; but what won't malicious folks ſay? Be it as it will, his Lordſhip's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the groom porter, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where none ſurpaſſed him for generoſity. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the Reverend Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordſhip was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his paſt life; the particulars of which he mentioned, ſuch as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaſpheming his maker, and, in ſhort, all manner of wickedneſs; and exhorting him in the tendereſt manner to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confeſſing his manifold tranſgreſſions, and ſolliciting

ſolliciting his pardon from an offended deity, before whom he was ſhortly to appear.

It is neceſſary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of K——e was one of the moſt pious noblemen of the age, and in every reſpect a contraſt in character to Lord R——ſs. When Lord Roſs, who retained his ſenſes to the laſt moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of ſpirits, read over the dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, ſealed up, and directed to the Earl of K——e: he likewiſe prevailed on the Dean's ſervant to carry it, and to ſay it came from his maſter, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. L——d K——e was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, inſomuch, that when he was married to Lady M——y O——n, one of the moſt ſhining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this ſingle inſtance may be judged, with what ſurprize and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing ſo many accuſations for crimes he knew himſelf entirely innocent of. He firſt ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he

delivered

delivered her the epiſtle he had juſt received. Her ladyſhip was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could poſſibly be, but withal, obſerved the letter was not written in the ſtile of a mad man, and adviſed him to go to the Archbiſhop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordſhip ordered his coach, and went to the epiſcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accoſted him in this manner: "Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blaſphemer, a whore-monger, a gameſter, a rioter, and every thing that's baſe and infamous? You, my Lord, ſaid the Biſhop, every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godlineſs and virtue. Well, my Lord, what ſatisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend Divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge. Surely, anſwered his Grace, no man in his ſenſes, that knew your Lordſhip, would preſume to do it; and if any clergyman has done it, your Lordſhip will have ample ſatisfaction from the ſpiritual court. Upon this Lord K——e delivered to his Grace the Dean's letter, which he told him was that morning given to his porter, by the Dean's ſervant, and which both the Archbiſhop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's hand writing. The Archbiſhop immediately ſent for the Dean, who happening to be at home, inſtantly obeyed the ſummons. Before he entered the room, his Grace adviſed Lord K——e to

walk into another apartment, while he diſcourſed the Doctor about it, which his Lordſhip accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace looking very ſternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter? The Dean anſwered, I did, my Lord. Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of ſenſe and prudence, but this unguarded action muſt leſſen you in the eſteem of all good men; to throw out ſo many cauſeleſs invectives againſt the moſt unblemiſhed nobleman in Europe, and accuſe him of crimes to which he and his anceſtors have ever been ſtrangers, muſt be the effect either of a diſtempered brain or a corroded heart: beſides, Mr. Dean, you have by this means laid yourſelf open to a proſecution in the eccleſiaſtical court, which will either oblige you publickly to recant what you have ſaid, or to give up your poſſeſſions in the church. My Lord, anſwered the Dean, I never either think, act, or write any thing, for which I am afraid to be called to an account, before any tribunal upon earth; and if I am to be proſecuted for diſcharging the duties of my function, I will ſuffer patiently the ſevereſt penalties in juſtification of it. Upon this the Dean retired with ſome emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord K——e went home and ſent for a proctor of the ſpiritual court, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be ſent to him as ſoon as poſſible. In

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the mean time the Archbiſhop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foreſaw that ruin muſt attend his entering into a ſuit with ſo powerful a peer, went to his houſe, and recommended to him to aſk my Lord's pardon, before the matter became publick. Aſk his pardon, ſaid the Dean, why the man is dead. What Lord K——e? No, Lord R——ſs. Good God, ſaid the Biſhop, did not you ſend a letter yeſterday to Lord K——e by your own ſervant? No truly, my Lord, the man can witneſs I ſent it to the unhappy Earl of R——ſs, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty ſo to do. Upon examining the footman the whole miſtake was rectified, and the Dean ſaw with real regret that Lord R——ſs died as he lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he ſent off the letter. The poor footman loſt his place by the jeſt, and was indeed the only ſufferer for my Lord's laſt piece of humour. But to return,

Some ſtrange gentlemen arriving at Dawſon's bridge, there was a hunting match propoſed, to which we all repaired by day break the next morning, and very ſhortly ſtarted a hare: when it was almoſt run down. Mr. O——e, who had a fowling piece charged with bullets in his hand, and who perceived by the courſe the hare took that it

would come within ſhot of him, aſked me if he ſhould let fly at her ? I adviſed him to do it by all means. He therefore ſtood cocked and primed, and juſt as madam puſs came near enough for her approaching fate, I run acroſs the piece at the inſtant it went of, and only had a little breach made in my coat at the hip, and a ſlight graze of a ball. Mr. Oneile, who knew the danger I had expoſed myſelf to much better than I did myſelf, was very much frighted, and proteſted I ſhould never run any more riſques of my life with him, in purſuit of pleaſure. This was the firſt of the eſcapes from death I formerly mentioned, the other is rather more ſurpriſing.

At our return to Shanes-Caſtle I found a very thankful letter from Captain Pooekrich, with a promiſe that he would immediately ſet out for this place. When I ſhewed it to Mr. Oneile he ſeemed ſurprized, and aſked me by what authority I had given ſuch an invitation? I reminded him of our converſation on that head, and ſaid I ſhould never have taken ſuch a liberty without it had been an abſolute requeſt of Mr. Oneile. He proteſted he remembered nothing of it, and he thought one encumbrance ſufficient. This was an unexpected ſtab, which I plainly underſtood, and warmly replied to, by telling him, his preſent incumbrance, if he meant me, was eaſily got rid of; that my misfortunes

misfortunes had not got the better of that decent degree of pride which every rational creature ought to have:--- but the truth was this, my voice now began to break into a hoarſe diſagreeable tenor, and I being no longer the object of amuſement, was likely to become the object of contempt. All the fine promiſes formerly made to me were entirely forgotten, and young as I was, I could not but feel reſentment at this behaviour, and penetrate into its cauſes. However, Mr. O——e, who had ſo recently recommended me to all his acquaintances, and told them his intentions were to provide handſomely for me, wanted a more plauſible pretext for an open breach than had hitherto preſented itſelf from the courſe of my behaviour.

As a mutual coolneſs from this day took place in us both, we ſeldom met, except at meal times, and then diſcourſed of nothing but the weather; and, in ſhort, began as politely to deteſt one another, as any well bred Lord and Lady in the world do; and that is ſpeaking largely, in an age where every refined paſſion of the ſoul, every beautious idea of the mind, every generous ſentiment of the heart, are ſhuffled up in a pack of cards; where the dupe who looſes, or the ſharper who wins, is the only reſpected creature in ſociety. Tell a fine lady that Shakeſpear wrote like an angel; ſhe anſwers, how did he play

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at whiſt? Nay, the name of *Pope* would have been inſipid, only that the Rape of the Lock ſhews how eminent a maſter of gaming he was. In ſhort, I take it for granted, that no ſubject will now pleaſe, but cards, cards, cards; and therefore I humbly propoſe to write a paraphraſe upon *Hoyle*, as ſoon as I have finiſhed this; which, neatly bound in Turkey, a lady may read at church inſtead of her prayer book; and it will prove of more ſervice to her in the buſineſs of the afternoon, namely, cards, than getting a whole ſermon by rote. The next puſh I intend to make for publick favour, is to write the pedigree of all the running horſes that ever exiſted, and their peculiar qualities, in heroic verſe, which will not make a larger volume than the profound Blackmore's Prince Arthur. 'Tis with the ſincereſt regret I confeſs, that I am at preſent unequal to ſo glorious, uſeful, and profitable an undertaking; tho' I might have had ſufficient knowledge of it, could I have reliſhed the company of grooms and poſtilions at Shanes-Caſtle, or indeed given a proper attention to the Squire himſelf, whoſe favourite ſubjects thoſe things were; but I don't deſpair, by drinking a butt or two of porter, and exhaling the aromatic flavour of a pound or two of tobacco, at ſome livery ſtable, to be an accompliſhed maſter of the ſubject in a year or two: if then I can cloſe the whole with an elegant eſſay on cock fighting, I ſhall at leaſt

leaſt be eſteemed the maſter-piece of the preſent age, tho' I fail to tranſmit my fame to future ones. If I ſhould not ſucceed in theſe laudable attempts as a writer, my familiarity with thoſe important affairs, will enable me to get my livelihood as a *Sharper*; many of whom are admitted into the beſt companies, and regaled on Ortalons and Champaigne, while the ſons of Apollo are left to drink the Hellicon ſtream, or ditch water if they pleaſe. After modeſtly aſking, "are not theſe things ſo?" I'll return from this digreſſion to finiſh my adventures at Shanes-Caſtle, wherein I ſhall be very conciſe, being already tired of the ſubject, and fearing my readers are ſo too. My life here began to be very inſipid, I had no company or books; for though Mr. Oneile had promiſed acceſs to his library, which in all probability was in Monde de la Lune, yet I never even ſaw a book in the houſe, and therefore have ſome cauſe to ſuſpect there were none.

One very calm ſerene morning I got up ſooner than any of the family, and taking a ſolitary walk by the Lough, that now appeared like a looking-glaſs, in which the fair face of the riſing day was reflected with bewitching love-lineſs, I took the ſmall boat that lay near the ſhore, and thought to have paddled myſelf on board the large one, about a quarter of a mile off. The boat was no ſooner adrift,

adrift than I perceived my own want of ſkill to pilot her, and began to endeavour to get on ſhore, but theſe efforts were unſucceſsful: a ſmall breeze from the land ariſing the boat drove before it, in ſpight of all my attempts, the wind encreaſed, and the water beginning to ſwell, I was obliged to relinquiſh my oar, and leave myſelf to the mercy of the waves, expecting every moment to meet that fate that ſo apparently threatened me. I continued in this dreadful ſuſpenſe till about ten o'clock, when Mr. Oneile was going to breakfaſt, and made enquiry after me; every place was ſearched, but poor Jack was not to be found. On ſome of the ſervants going to the pier, whereto the boat had been faſtened, they diſcovered it was gone: Mr. Oneile immediately went to his ſtudy, which commanded an extenſive proſpect of the water, and with a teleſcope diſcovered ſomething juſt diſcernable, a conſiderable diſtance from land. He immediately ordered all the fiſhing boats out, and promiſed a handſome reward to the firſt who found the boat, though he was not ſure I was in it. Accordingly ſix or ſeven boats ſet ſail, but it was paſt three in the afternoon before they overtook me, being by that time in the middle of the Lough: they found me lying flat at the bottom of the veſſel, almoſt dead with fear, wet, cold and hunger. The ſight of returning life to one on the brink of mortality, ſoon cheared my ſpirits, nor could

crowns,

crowns, ſceptres, or all the riches of the Eaſt, inſpire a greater tranſport in my breaſt, than the ſight of theſe honeſt fiſhermen. I embraced them with extacy, and beſought them, for Heaven's ſake, to put me any where on ſhore; if it was fifty miles from Shanes-Caſtle, I cared not. The fellows tugged luſtily at their oars, and by the time it was near dark brought me ſafely to the pier, where Mr. Oneile and all the family were aſſembled to meet us. The rapture I was in at finding myſelf once more on terra firma, prevented my taking much notice of the reproaches thrown on me by Mr. O——e, for my indiſcretion. I made the beſt of my way to the kitchen fire, where I had ſome comfortable things given me, and immediately went to bed. The next morning, when I came to breakfaſt, Mr. Oneile told me, that this was the fourth eſcape I had had from a ſudden death within twelve months; and that, as my family might impute any accident that happened me to his negligence, he thought it was high time to reſign his charge, and ſend me home to my father. As this was a ſtroke I had for ſome time expected, it did not much alarm me; nor did I indeed take any methods to evade it, being heartily tired of an indolent, inactive, and unimproving life; I therefore told him, that as I always had been ready to obey him in every reſpect, he would find me ſo in this, except that I abſo-

lutely would not return to my father, let my fate be what it would. I thought Jack, ſaid he, you would have expreſſed more concern for parting with me? In ſhort, Sir, ſaid I, it has long been beyond a doubt, that you will feel no concern for parting with me, otherwiſe this declaration of your intention to ſend me home, would have been more dreadful than yeſterday to me. There is not a man in the world I love, honour, or eſteem, half ſo much as Mr. O——e, and conſequently I cannot wiſh to make him uneaſy for the ſake of a dependent ſubſiſtance: beſides, Sir, as you never ſaw any thing immoral or indecent in my conduct, I can't but know, that if you had the ſmalleſt eſteem for me, this accident would rather excite your pity than reſentment; becauſe it was ſuch as might have befallen a perſon of more years and diſcretion than myſelf, and that I have ſuffered ſeverely for it.

As my arguments did not tend to promote my longer continuance here, but rather to ſhew that this ſeparation was more his will than my fault, he told me, that as he found I was weary of him, the ſtage-coach would leave Belfaſt in a day or two, and I might take my paſſage in it to Dublin, if I choſe; but, ſaid he, Jack, if you have a mind to ſtay, you are ſtill welcome, provided you will be a little more careful of yourſelf. I told him a hint to me

was ſufficient, and, without prolonging the diſcourſe, went and packed up all my things, which his valet, a moſt inſinuating deceitful fellow, took care to give him ſpeedy information of. When I came to dinner Mr. Oneile again acquainted me, that what he ſpoke of my going away was rather done to ſound my inclination, than with any ſerious intention that I ſhould quit him; but he could not upon mature deliberation but expreſs his wonder at my forwardneſs to do it, when my own ſenſe muſt acquaint me how deſtitute I was of friends, and picture to me the diſtreſſes ſuch a ſtep might involve me into; for believe me Jack, ſaid he, I will vindicate myſelf, by aſſuring every body, your going, if you do go, was the reſult of your own pride and obſtinacy; and that when I only gently chid you for expoſing your life to danger, and my mind to a whole day's pain and anxiety, you went and prepared for a journey, inſtead of endeavouring to palliate your fault, and promiſing a future amendment. I told him I could not look on it as a crime, nor thro' the fear of any diſtreſs deſcend to be a beggar for a maintenance. Well Jack, ſaid he, this ſpirit may be brought down, and you may again wiſh you had continued with me at any rate: I ſhall not further oppoſe your deſire of going, and hope you may never find cauſe to repent it; ſo, ſaid he, I'll order a ſootman and a couple of horſes to convey you to Belfaſt

to-morrow, from whence you may take the ſtage home; and if it will not be too great a piece of condeſcenſion, pray write to me when you get there, and let me know what you further propoſe to do. I told him he did me much honour in permitting me to be his correſpondent, which I was too ſenſible of to omit doing.

Early the ſucceeding morning a footman came to tell me every thing was ready, and Mr. Oneile waited breakfaſt for me. When I came down I found him reclined in a penſive manner, with his elbow on the table, and his hand ſupporting his head: he continued for ſome time ſilent, wdich made me enquire if he was un-well? He ſaid he had ſlept none all night, he was ſo much concerned for my future happineſs. I then gently reminded him how much it was in his power to promote it, by even doing what himſelf generouſly offered to me at Middleton. Jack, ſaid he, you ſhould have embraced it then; I told you my temper was changeable, and you now experience it. I anſwered, with tears in my eyes, it was but too apparent. I have, ſaid he, paid for your place in the coach, your expences on the road will not be great, and therefore I believe the ſum I ſhall give you will be ſufficient to anſwer the end: ſaying this, he ſlipt four half guineas into my hand, which I careleſsly threw into my coat pocket,

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and mounting my horſe, was ſoon out of ſight. Reſentment for ſome time kept up my ſpirits, but when I beheld myſelf in a bleak loneſome country, without a friend near me, or the hope of meeting one where I was going, and then my not having money ſufficient, as I thought, to pay my travelling expences, ſunk me into the deepeſt melancholy, which could only find relief from a flood of tears: they continued plentifully to flow till I came to Belfaſt, where Mr. Oneile's ſervant left me. Being called up before day break in the morning to take my place, the dawning light diſcovered me in company with two clergymen and two ladies, one of whom appeared a perfect beauty. The ſight of the lovely charmer, and the hope of being her companion for two or three days, diſſipated, for the preſent, all my gloomy reflections; and my having been ſo long converſant with the nobility, and perſons of fortune, made me talk ſo much in their ſtile, that I believe the company took me for ſuch, at leaſt the conſequence ſtrongly indicated it; for when we ſtop'd to breakfaſt, one of the Levites, whom I afterwards learned was Archdeacon Hutchiſon, now a prelate, ſaid, that it was cuſtomary, where there were more gentlemen than ladies in a coach, to treat them. To this, indeed, nothing but the narrowneſs of my purſe could make me have the leaſt objection, nor did I offer to do it publickly, whatever pannicks I felt

felt about it; but the other man, who was a diſſenting parſon, and as formal as a full-dreſſed old maid, or a methodiſt weaver in Spittal-fields, warmly oppoſed it, and ſaid, let every one pay their own quota, I will pay for no one but myſelf. This ſet us all on bantering the old gentleman, and the aimable and lovely Miſs Molly Wier began now to court him. He was greatly enraged at being made the ſubject of our ridicule, and neither liking the company or the expence, took his leave of us the next afternoon. Miſs Wier had a fine voice, and ſung very well and very freely for us. I had now but the ruins of my former voice, but made mine a foil to her admirable one. The Arch-deacon was fond of poetry, and repeated ſeveral beautiful pieces to us, which, with other chat, made our journey very agreeable: but, as we ſtill continued to pay for the ladies, my poor ſum was quite exhauſted before I came within a few miles of Dublin; and I ſhould certainly have been put to the bluſh on this occaſion, but that, as our laſt ſtage was at the man of war, an excellent inn about twelve miles from our journey's end, the ladies inſiſted on treating us, to an entertainment more elegant than they had ever received from us, and more expenſive, I am certain, than our mutual coſt upon the whole. We here revealed ourſelves to each other, and reciprocal invitations were paſſed and received for our

future

future better acquaintance. I was ſet down in Dublin with about eighteen pence in my pocket, moſt of which I had to pay for a coach to carry my baggage ſomewhere, but the deſtination of it, or myſelf, was undetermined till I was in it. My grandmother being then alive, and lodging within a few doors of my father, I deſired to be ſet down there, as I knew I might depoſit my portmantua with her, though I could not hope a night's lodging, that permiſſion I found; but indeed that was all, for ſhe ſeemed in pain the few moments I ſtayed, leſt I ſhould eat any thing; but under pretence, that if my father knew ſhe received me, ſhe might looſe a little allowance ſhe had from him for ſupport. My brother, who then lived with her, received me more cordially, and procured me a bed with a ſchool-fellow of ours, then a ſtudent in Trinity-College. He was a ſenſible good-natured lad, and as he became my bed-fellow, I told him all my affairs. He ſaid I ſhould be welcome not only to ſhare his bed but his commons, which he would have brought to his chamber while I continued with him. This he accordingly did, and though I had not an elegant life, I had a very happy one, as my companion was greatly beloved by all the young gentlemen that knew him, and received frequent invitations, always bringing me with him wherever he went. My brother, likewiſe, was frequently a ſharer in our little parties of recrea-

tion

tion and entertainment; and my being capable to dreſs extremely well, was far from making my company the leſs agreeable. My ſinging, which had hitherto rendered me an idler as to my reading, being now quite ſpoiled, I applied all my leiſure hours to ſuch books as my companion ſtudied (I know the critic will ſay here, "This young man's leiſure hours in the univerſity muſt have been very few") I tell you, Sir, legebam, I read or did read. If I did not improve, ſo as to pleaſe you, a pox of my bringing up and my bad memory, for not retaining ſome ſcraps of Latin, to lugg in by head and ſhoulders, and make my female readers want an interpreter.

My friend had a levy of young gentlemen every morning, who entertained us with an account of all their adventures and different ſchemes to raiſe money. There was one of them in particular, who did not belong to the college, as he had been educated in the Romiſh religion, but was a complete maſter of low humour, which will amuſe young hearers, though not create eſteem; he had frequently breakfaſted and dined with us, and as frequently promiſed that he would one day or other give us a grand entertainment at a tavern. We looked on him as a rattler, and had no hopes of his keeping his word; but one evening, that three or four of us were really at a loſs how

how to compaſs a ſupper, he thundered at the door, and jumping in, in full ſpirits, cry'd, come lads, come to Reyley's, I've money enough.---Without ſaying more he flew for a coach, as there was a ſtanding of them near, and hurrying us all into it, ordered to drive to the tavern. My dear lads, ſaid he, how I bleſs the occaſion that brings us together! Nectar, Ambroſia, Champaign, Burgundy, Turtles and Ortalons, are at your ſervice. Now regale my boys; I have, beſides the moſt extraordinary ſtory to tell you, that you muſt laugh at in ſpite of your teeth: any man that can hear it, and not burſt his ſides, will abſolutely give me offence. No, I'm determined to kill you firſt with good eating and drinking, and bring you alive with laughter. By this time we were ſet down, and Willy, for ſo the lads called him, ſtept majeſtically up to the bar, and ordered the coach to be paid for. Now gentlemen, ſaid he, walk to the larder, and let every man fix on what he likes beſt, as the place was well ſtocked with fiſh, fowl, beef, mutton, ham and tongues. A ſupper was ſoon concluded on, but when he heard there could no ortalons be had, he was quite out of temper with the waiter; not fellow, ſaid he, that I ever eat one, but that I'm told they are damn'd expenſive. Can't you let us have a pheaſant or a turtle? He aſſured him they could not be had. Well then, ſaid he, bring up Burgundy,

Champaign, Claret, Port, Mountain and Sack. It may be ſuppoſed his talking at this rate procured us the beſt room in the houſe, where we were no ſooner ſeated, than the waiter brought a bottle of each of the wines he had ordered. Go fetch them up by dozens you raſcal, ſaid he, and in the mean time order your maſter to make an inundation of rum, and a ſea of rack punch. He had talked all this without permitting us to utter our aſtoniſhment. We all knew he was kept very poorly as to his pocket, very ſeldom having two ſhillings to command, which made us quite impatient to know on what foundation this mighty fabrick was erected. He beſought us to ſuſpend our curioſity till we had drank one bottle a piece, which was done before ſupper was ready. In the mean time he exerted all his humour to divert us from coming to his fifth act, as he termed it, before we had attended to the firſt; ſo that other converſation ariſing, the bottle moving briſkly about, and the entrance of ſupper, a moſt welcome ſight to a parcel of hungry ſophiſters, kept us from further enquiry. Before ſupper was well over, a fidler, a harper, and a piper, came to know if our honours wanted muſick; and as the wine put our ſpirits a little more upon a par with Willy's, we unanimouſly voted the band of muſick into the room, where they ſtruck up immediately, and added much to our enjoyment, as they were ordered

not

not to play but ſuch tunes as were demanded. This mirth kept us awake till near four in the morning; at which time, having all drank too freely, it was neceſſary to come to an eclairciſſement about the reckoning. Willy called the waiter, who had made out our bill upwards of twelve pounds. After he had received this, he inſiſted on our drinking the parting bottle, and hearing the hiſtory of his acquiſition.

You muſt know, ſaid he, my mother is the moſt errand old hypocrite this day upon earth. She has money hid in every hole and corner of the houſe: ſometimes ſhe lends it out to uſe; and frequently in a morning, when ſhe is in the midſt of her devotion over her beads, ſhe calls my brother to be ſure to arreſt ſuch a man, and take care that the intereſt is paid for ſuch and ſuch ſums. She does not allow me a ſhilling from year to year, nor have I any comfort but what I induſtriouſly procure by ſtealing from her. She generally keeps her caſh in a chriſtmas box, which ſhe guards like the apple of her eye, and which I have made a thouſand unſucceſsful attempts to ſteal. Laſt night my better genius inſpired me with a ſtratagem, which, not to anticipate your pleaſure, you ſhall particularly hear: ſhe has been a long time teizing me to go to confeſſion, and to make my ſoul, as ſhe terms it, with father Murphy:--- and when I have refuſed her, ſhe cried, Jeſus, Mary and

Joſeph, take you out of my ſight; if you were but with Mary and Joſeph, my cares would be all over. I went home laſt night, and ſhe was juſt lain down in bed. I entered the chamber, and falling on my knees, beſought her bleſſing and forgiveneſs of all my crimes, as I had been with father Murphy, and he had enjoined me firſt to do that, and then faſt for three days, inceſſantly praying to Mary and Joſeph. The old woman was ſo delighted with this account, that ſhe ſat up in the bed, and beſought Mary and Joſeph to take me into their ſpecial protection. In the mean time, ſaid he, I loſt not the fair opportunity of diving into the pocket under her head for a Chriſtmas box, which I have triumphantly brought off without the leaſt ſuſpicion, and my dear mother has had a peaceable night's reſt through my deception. The moment I got the prize I flew to you, my dear boys, without ever examining the contents; ſo ſaying, he pulled out the box, threw it on the table, and deſired one who ſat next to him to count it out pro bono publico. The lad found it weighty, and concluded it contained at leaſt twenty pieces; but upon unſcrewing it there appeared, to our mutual confuſion, the lead of a woman's ſleeve, and about a dozen of large black patches. By G——d, ſaid Willy, we are totally ruined; the old woman has loſt her noſe, and theſe

are

are the patches ſhe puts on it, which I have miſtaken for a box of the ſame ſize that ſhe keeps her caſh in.

How the reckoning was to be paid became now ſeriouſly the queſtion, for five ſhillings was not in the company. Some of the lads took their hats and made the beſt of their way out, ſo that only myſelf and two others remained to ſee the cataſtrophe. He beſought us to go and leave him to his meditations, for I know, ſaid he, if the worſt comes to the worſt, the old woman will redeem me: But dam it, ſaid he, I'll try another ſtratagem. Upon this he called the waiter, and aſked where his maſter was? The boy told him, in bed. Well, ſaid he, go aſk him if he can change me a fifty pound bank note. The boy brought word he could not, but if his honour would ſign the bill, and leave his direction, it was the ſame thing. This he readily did, and departed in high ſpirits. He came to us the next evening, and told us his mother had paid the bill upon ſight, without the leaſt heſitation; from whence, ſaid he, I conclude ſhe is either gone mad, or elſe very near her end.

In my walks thro' the city I met the unfortunate Captain Poeckrich, who told me he was juſt returned from

Shanes

Shanes-Caſtle, which journey he took at my inſtigation, and had not got as much by it as paid his expences; however, he ſaid Mr. Oneile had entertained him, and ſpoke very kindly of me. Well, Captain, ſaid I, I am ſorry you had no better ſucceſs, but your diſappointment there was not more intolerable than mine in the hundred a year.

During my reſidence in the college I became acquainted with an agreeable ſet of people, ſome of whom it may not be improper to name. Colonel Newburgh, that I have formerly mentioned, is both a lover and profeſſor of muſick and poetry. He was intimate with Mr. Burroughs, then a *Maſter of Arts* in the College, and introduced me to that gentleman, who was upon many occaſions very kind to me. He has a fine *Poetical Genius*, and has publiſhed ſome *ſpecimens of it*. Upon the death of *Mr. Pope*, one Dalicourt, a clergyman, and an indifferent poet, wrote an elegy, in which he repreſented death in a charnel houſe, feeding his ravenous jaws on departed merit. Upon this occaſion Mr. Burroughs wrote the following epigram:

When Dalicourt ſhall yield to fate,
And death the hapleſs poet eat;

If

If merit be his chief regale,
Poor death will have a ſorry meal.

Amongſt this company I met with Mr. The. Cibber, whoſe late untimely end may render ſome anecdotes of him now the more acceptable to my reader; and as I ſtudy their entertainment more than regularity, I hope they will pardon my digreſſions.

Old Mr. Cibber, who knew the precarious life of a player, determined, by giving his ſon a good education, to qualify him for a better ſtate; and to this end he ſent him to a univerſity, and intended him for the law or phyſic; but Theophilus had ſo ſtrong a propenſity to the ſtage, that the firſt thing he ever diſobliged his father in, was becoming a player. That he excelled in ſeveral comic parts, has never been diſputed even by his enemies, of which I believe no man ever had more. The Mock Doctor and Scrub he was inimitable in, even to the laſt. Sir Courtly Nice, Sir Fopling Flutter, Sir Novelty Faſhion, and Lord Foppington, were parts in which he was generally applauded; and his being ſo ſeam'd with the ſmall pox, made the coxcomb more ridiculous by his playing it. Old Cibber frequently declared to my mother, that he

he would never have believed Theophilus was his ſon, but that he knew the mother of him was too proud to be a whore.

On his firſt arrival in Dublin he was very well received, and entertained in ſome of the beſt families, as I myſelf have been witneſs. The ſtory of his domeſtic ſtrife was little known in Ireland; and his being rather the gentleman than the comedian in private converſation, made him doubly acceptable. Mr. S——n had then lately made his appearance, whoſe being the ſon of a clergyman, educated in their own univerſity, and having a pretty knack at ſpouting, rendered him the favourite of the town in tragedy; nor was Mr. Cibber leſs ſo in his comic capacity. But Mr. S——n, being of a proud aſpiring temper, took offence that any one ſhould be applauded but himſelf; in conſequence of which he picked a quarrel with Theophilus, about a tragedy robe, that he was to have worn in the part of Cato, and made this a pretence to diſmiſs a numerous and polite audience. Cibber, who knew the nature of an audience much better than Sh——n, when he found they murmured about being treated in this manner, came from behind the ſcenes in the dreſs of Syphax, and offered to read the part of Cato, if they would permit the play to proceed. The audience accepted of him, and he acquitted himſelf to their ſatisfaction. In the mean time,

time, Sh——n goes to the college, and acquaints the lads there that Cibber had uſed him extremely ill, had the impudence to attempt Cato, and to keep the company after he had warned them to depart. This he alledged was done to undermine his intereſt with the publick, and to prepoſſeſs them in Cibber's favour, who wanted to have the management of the theatre in his own hands. The young gentlemen, irritated by theſe inſinuations, went in a conſiderable body to the theatre, the next night that Cibber appeared, bred a great diſturbance, broke up the company, and obliged Theophilus to procure the ſafety of his life, by making his eſcape through a window.

Upon this a literary diſpute commenced between Theophilus Cibber, Comedian, and Thomas S——n, Tragedian; which, on *Cibber's part*, was ſupported with true *wit and humour*, wherein he expoſed his *antagoniſt*, and fairly confuted all his arguments. S——n, who had neither *wit*, *candour or juſtice* on his ſide, had recourſe to malignity and *dirt*, bringing over in a cruel manner *Mr. Cibber's family affairs*, which, admitting the worſt, had no connection with the preſent conteſt. However, Cibber rallied him very genteely on this head; and though S——n was then perfectly idolized, Cibber got the laugh againſt him thro' the whole diſpute, as may be ſeen by looking

over a pamphlet, publiſhed in Dublin, called Cibber and Sh——n, or the Dublin miſcellany.

But the many diſturbances Mr. Sh——n's capricious, ſplenetic and haughty temper has ſince occaſioned in Dublin, and his frequently affronting perſons ſuperior to him in birth and fortune, as if he ſupported the town, inſtead of the town ſupporting him, at length cured them of their partiality to this theatrical baſhaw, and encouraged them to take arms and tare the houſe down about his ears.---Upon this he came to London, and practiſed all the arts of *puffing himſelf off* that had proved ſo beneficial to him in Ireland; but played a whole ſeaſon at Covent-Garden, with univerſal diſapprobation. He again returned to Dublin, and, upon a proper ſubmiſſion *to the publick*, was again permitted to play; but his ambition and envy made him decline admitting any one into the company, whereof he was manager, whoſe merits could ſtand in any degree of competition with his own, or who could at any time eclipſe his glory. This he endeavoured to gloſs over, by decorating the play-houſe with ſilver branches and new ſcenes: but as the nobility and gentry had too long indulged his vanity, they at once forſook him, and ſubſcribed to an entire new play-houſe, which is now under the management of Mr. Woodward and Mr. Barry, who have each

each of them merit to deſerve encouragement, and modeſty enough to make a proper uſe of it.

Poor Theophilus, after encountering a thouſand difficulties here, in endeavouring to eſtabliſh himſelf in the theatre in the Hay-market, was going over to Barry and Woodward, together with the ſurpriſing Maddox and others, who were altogether ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Scotland, 1758.

Mr. Sh——n, ſince his laſt defeat, is again returned here, and very modeſtly propoſes to talk four times in publick, on the ſubject of elocution, for which every hearer is to pay one guinea. Orator Henly would have talked on the ſame ſubject four hundred times for one ſix-pence, and he was a parſon himſelf, and at leaſt as good a ſcholar as Mr. S——n: how he then, who is only a parſon's ſon, can ſuppoſe a nation will be ſo infatuated as to countenance this project, is difficult to account for.

I cannot help taking notice here of a ſpeech made by Peter Daly, Eſq; an excellent Hibernian lawyer, who values himſelf on ſpeaking with the accent of his native country. He was employed for the defendant, in a ſuit which Sh——n had commenced againſt Mr. Kelly, a gentleman of fortune, for kicking him behind the ſcenes, and

pulling his noſe (treatment indeed a little too ſevere.) As ſoon as the cauſe was read over Mr. Daly ſtood up, and ſaid, my Lord, I am employed as counſhill for —— Kelly, Eſquire; but I don't underſhtand who thiſh Th——s Sh——n, Gentleman, is. Sh——n's council anſwered, it was Mr. Sh——n, patentee of the Theatre-Royal in Smock-Alley. Oh! ſays he, I underſhtand tiſh Mr. Sheridan the actor: well, I have heard of gentlemen ſhaylors and gentlemen taylors, but it's the firſht I heard of gentlemen actors or gentlemen merry andrews.

Some ſcribblers employed like me, in writing their own commentaries, would ſwell their pages with the moſt pompous characters of themſelves, and endeavour to make matter of the moſt trivial circumſtances of their lives: nay, there are ſuch as have drawn fictitious, minial and inſignificant perſons, and made their hours of riſing, going to bed, and recreation, ſubjects for the pen. For my own part, being ſtrictly confined within the peals of truth, from which nothing can induce me to deviate; I will rather paſs over ſuch paſſages of my ſtory, as ſeem dull to myſelf, than impoſe ſtupidity on my readers, meerly becauſe it is a part of my adventures. For this reaſon I ſhall briefly declare, that after I had been near half a year with my friends in Trinity College, I received a ſum of money from a lady formerly mentioned herein, to whom I communicated my

then

then preſent ſtate by letter, with a particular detail of what had befallen me at S——s Caſtle; but as the lady conjured me never to mention it, I have that regard to her memory, to be obedient to her commands, though I fancy any one who has read the foregoing part of this work will be able, through the characters I have drawn, to trace the ſtream from whence this bounty flowed. It behoved me to conſider, upon the receipt of this, that it was my all, and therefore I was to make the moſt provident uſe of it. I conſulted my brother on this head, and told him at the ſame time, I had a great deſire to ſee Scotland, where I was told proviſions and learning were exceeding cheap. He aſſured me, that if I could retire any where, till it was in his power to provide for me, he would then demonſtrate the ſincerity of his affection towards me: that it was very ſhocking to him, to ſee his family ſo cruelly ſeparated, and to find my father deaf to all his entreaties in my favour. In a ſtrange kingdom, ſaid he, you may poſſibly meet with ſomething to make you happy; in the mean time, what conſolation a correſpondence with me can afford you, you ſhall conſtantly have; and, my deareſt Jack, I will ſtrenuouſly exert all my faculties in the college, which I ſhall enter in a few days, to obtain ſomeproviſion, that may enable me to lighten your diſtreſſes by an allowance. Upon this I determined to viſit that kingdom,

dom, and in a few days after taking leave of my worthy friends, and returning them thanks for my paſt ſubſiſtence, over a little entertainment I had provided, they accompanied me on board a Scotch collier, wherein I took my paſſage to a ſea port of Scotland, and arrived there the next day.

Though the North of Ireland, which is ſaid to reſemble this kingdom very much, afforded a moſt gloomy picture of miſerable cottages, and hungry inhabitants, yet this tranſcended it in that reſpect to the higheſt degree; beſides, the ſharp biting air from the ſea procured a keen appetite, and the place afforded little or nothing to allay it. The Captain with whom I came brought me to the beſt inn in the town (though the worſt in reality I had ever ſeen.) There happened to be a Mountebank Doctor there at the ſame time, with whom I dined, and whoſe ignorance afforded me much entertainment. But I confeſs he made one remark that was not altogether abſurd; for, ſaid he, people may think me a fool, for expoſing the perſon of a gentleman on a public ſtage to a rabble; but I have this day picked up five pounds amongſt them for medicines, that never ſtood me in ten ſhillings. Now, Sir, am I, who receives money in this manner, more guilty of folly than thoſe who pay it to me? I could not but acknowledge

ledge the ballance of folly due to the people, which greatly pleaſed the imperick.

The firſt ſight of perſons, places or things, is apt to impreſs a laſting like or diſlike to them on the mind; and ſo little did I reliſh North-Britain, from its preſent appearance of poverty, formality and hypocriſy, that when I retired at night to reſt I reſolved to go back to Dublin with the firſt ſhip; but providence, the ſole director of all events, ordered it otherwiſe. I had in my portmantua, which was under my bed, ſome tolerable cloaths, about a dozen of fine ſhirts, and ſeveral pair of ſhoes, ſtockings and breeches, a little collection of the Engliſh claſſicks, and ſome other books; at the bottom of all which I had depoſited my caſh, having only in my pocket about one pound fifteen ſhillings. I went to bed at eleven o'clock at night, and at two in the morning was awaked by a terrible voice, crying, "The houſe is on fire, make the beſt of your way." My cloaths and breeches lying on a chair beſide me, I had preſence of mind enough to gather in my arms, and running down ſtairs, had no occaſion for a candle, the flames of the adjacent buildings ſupplying ſufficient light; and though I was almoſt ſuffocated with ſmoke, I made my way into the ſtreet, naked as I was,

where

where I beheld a great crowd, amongſt whom I mixed, and turning my eyes towards the inn, beheld it all in a flame. I thanked God for the preſervation of my life, and put on my cloaths, but my ſhoes and ſtockings were conſumed with the reſt of my baggage; nor did I grieve much at the accident, as I found enough in my pocket to keep me from ſtarving in a ſtrange country, till I could hear from Ireland. I got into a miſerable ale-houſe, where I was glad to find admittance into a dirty bed, being almoſt dead with ſtanding in the cold bare-footed. I could not, however, compoſe myſelf to ſleep, but lay in the utmoſt pain and ſorrow, eagerly wiſhing for the morning. When I had lain about an hour in this condition, the houſe quite ſtill, and no creature near me, I felt ſomething come like a man's hand, as I thought, on my breaſt, and then alternately over every part of my body. The melancholy frame of my mind made this more terrible than can be imagined: I covered my head, thought over my prayers, but had not power to utter a ſyllable, or to put out my hand to feel. Sometimes I conjectured it was a robber, other times I thought it a witch; at length I concluded it was the devil, and continued watching, ſweating and praying till day break; for this ſupernatural being laid itſelf all along behind me on the bed, and ſo continued till returning light gave me courage to undeceive

ceive myſelf, and behold it was a large grey-hound that belonged to the houſe. As ſoon as I had purchaſed a pair of ſhoes, ſtockings, and a hat, I went to enquire for my hoſt at the inn, and to pay my reckoning: I found the poor family in the ruins of their houſe, in the extreameſt confuſion. It ſeems a ſervant, who attended the ſtables, had dropped a candle in the hay-loft, and being afraid to mention it, after doing all he could to extinguiſh the fire, made his eſcape, and in his fright took the key of the ſtable door with him, by which means ſome horſes were burnt alive. The fellow returned when the fire had ſpread too far to be put out; and by his candid confeſſion, and aſſiduity to ſave what could be preſerved, removed any ſuſpicions that might ariſe of his having done it wilfully. The people of the inn ſaved moſt of their valuable effects, and were juſt going to abandon the houſe to the flames, when their daughter, a pretty girl about nineteen, recollected of me, and endangered her own life to preſerve mine, otherwiſe I muſt have periſhed in the fire.--- I thanked my fair deliverer, whoſe comlineſs I had before admired, and to whoſe reſolution and good-nature I ſtood indebted for life. The family enquired what loſs I had ſuſtained; but as mentioning money, they had not ſeen, might only induce them to think I boaſted of more than I poſſeſſed, I anſwered, I had in my portmantua

ſome cloaths and books of no great value. They would accept no payment for my entertainment the preceding day, and made me many tenders of ſervice, which, not knowing how to return, I declined accepting of. The young girl ſeemed more intent on my welfare than even the father and mother; and as I was obliged to continue in my bunting lodging, came in the afternoon and brought ſome tea to me, of which I told her I was very fond, and could get none in the town. She begged I would tell her if I had loſt my money with my cloaths, or had any about me. This led me to own to her, that I really had a trifle in my portmantua, which as I knew my ſpeaking off would nothing avail, and make me liable to be thought a deceiver, I imagined it moſt prudent to be ſilent about; eſpecially as I had, after buying the things I wanted, enough to ſuſtain nature till I heard from my friends. Then, ſaid ſhe, with ſome emotion, you'll continue in town. I told her I would not; for having had two ſuch terrible diſaſters, the very firſt night of my landing in a ſtrange kingdom, I was determined to go to Glaſgow, a city about thirty Scots miles from thence, and wait there in ſome obſcure place till I could make an appearance. She took her leave with looks that I was unwilling to underſtand, and promiſed to come in the morning with ſome tea to me. After her departure I ſat like a forlorn pilgrim in the chimney

corner,

corner, there being no converſable creature near me, nor had I even a book to make company of. I could not drink their ale, which is only bottled ſmall beer, that, when it is uncorked, flies a foot or two out of the bottle: but my landlord, unwilling that I ſhould take up his houſe for nothing, told me he had gid brondy, if my honour would have ſome; in compliance with my condition I called for half a pint, which coſt but two-pence half-penny, and which was indeed genuine. Having treated the family with the beſt part of it, I mixed the remainder with ſome water and ſugar, which I found a moſt comfortable cordial to my afflictions; and was enjoying myſelf with it by the fire ſide, when two brawny Highland-men entered, and called plentifully for ale and brandy. They ſeated themſelves next me, and talked Irs or Iriſh, which I no more underſtood than Arabec; nor indeed was I leſs at a loſs when they attempted to ſpeak Engliſh, their language abounding with ſo many quaint expreſſions, that it requires ſome time to comprehend it. As I ſat with my drink beſide me, more to entitle me to houſe room than from any fondneſs to it, I happened, unguardedly, to ſpurt a little through my teeth into the floor. The fellow who ſat next me, conceiving I had done it in deriſion to him and his friend, cried, damn your Eriſh ſaul, die blaw in my lugg. My not underſtanding him, and knowing I meant

no offence, made me burſt into laughter. Upon which, ſeeing him put his hand in his pocket, and draw out a large claſp knife, I ran to the other ſide of the houſe; and well I did, or I had been dead that inſtant, for he threw it after me with ſuch violence, that had it met with my body inſtead of a ſettle bed, wherein it quivered for ſome time, I had fallen the innocent victim of a proud ignorant fool. His friend, and all the people of the houſe, now got between me and him, and, I ſuppoſe, pleaded for me in his own damned jargon. When he was ſo far pacified as to hearken to reaſon, the man of the houſe told me he was a great Laird, and that blowing in a man's ear was, amongſt the highland-men, the greateſt affront could be offered; that when I ſpit out, his Lairdſhip imagined I had blown in his ear; and therefore would certainly have put me to death, but that they aſſured him I was a ſtranger, and an unfortunate young gentleman, who had loſt his baggage in the late fire. This I was obliged to confirm myſelf in the moſt ſubmiſſive and reſpectful manner, calling him my Lord at every word, though all his apparel was not worth a crown. He would then fain have had me drink with him, and told me, as I was a gentleman, he would permit me to keep him company, but I had too much terror on my ſpirits to reliſh the great honour he offered me, and therefore pleading incapacity to drink, and long want of

reſt,

reſt, I begged leave to retire to bed; but leſt I ſhould be again tormented with a ſuppoſed apparition, I beſought my landlord to let his ſon ſleep with me, which he obligingly did; and, to compleat my adverſities, I got the Scot's fiddle (*i. e.* the itch) which I continued to play moſt harmoniouſly, while I remained in that kingdom.

My fair friend failed not in her appointment the ſucceeding morning; ſhe brought with her a quantity of fine tea and ſugar, which ſhe inſiſted on my accepting of, and ſtayed to breakfaſt with me. In the mean time I told her the narrow eſcape I had from the Highland-man's vengeance. She ſeemed much affected at it, and ſaid, "I would I were a mon for his ſake." Then madam, ſaid I, I ſhould looſe the pleaſure of your being a woman. At this a modeſt bluſh ſpread itſelf over her cheek. Alas! Sir, ſaid ſhe, I fear that can be no pleaſure to you. Do you fear it, Madam? then may I hope you wiſh it were? She anſwered me with tears that deeply touched me, and made me apprehenſive ſhe would think me ſerious, whereas what I ſpoke was meerly words of courſe; but as I could neither think of marrying her, or taking any ungenerous advantage of a paſſion that I had unwillingly inſpired, I told her I was determined the next day to leave town. At this ſhe renewed her tears, which ſo effectually unmanned

me,

me, that though I knew not why, I could not avoid mingling mine with hers; and, for the firſt time, I tenderly embraced her, deſiring to know the occaſion of her ſorrows? You go away to-morrow, ſaid ſhe, and I ſhall never ſee you more; I wiſh I never had ſeen you. It became now, no longer a myſtery, that my departure was repugnant to her wiſhes; and willing at once to cure her of all her regard, I told her the unhappy circumſtances I was in, the uncertainty I had of receiving ſupplies from Ireland, and the certain ruin that muſt attend my ſtaying here; all which afforded her but a more ample ſcope to ſhew her diſintereſted regard. She ſaid ſhe was her parents only child, that they were able to give her a handſome fortune, that they had each of them taken a liking to me, and as they had now removed into another houſe, I might have all accommodations there till I was better provided for. In the mean time, ſaid ſhe, whether you do or do not ſtay, I inſiſt on your receiving a ſmall token of my good-wiſhes for you; ſo ſaying, ſhe pulled out a wrought purſe with ſome money, and preſented it to me. I abſolutely refuſed to accept of it, as I aſſured her I ſhould never have it in my power to repay what it might contain; that perhaps it might be her father's property; and to conſider that I was a ſtranger, and a vagabond for any thing ſhe could know

to

to the contrary. She aſſured me, that ſhe was convinced I was what my looks and behaviour ſpoke me, and therefore made no doubt I would return the trifle ſhe then lent me, when it was convenient; that it was really her own, which ſhe had been ſaving for ſome years, and was happy in an opportunity of diſpoſing of it to ſuch advantage. Upon this I accepted it, and found it contained two guineas and ſome ſilver, which I promiſed to repay, but told her I muſt go to Glaſgow the next day. To this ſhe very reluctantly conſented, conjuring me to write to her as often as poſſible, and recommending it to me to take leave of her parents, which I did that day. They procured me a very bad horſe to purſue my journey, and directed me where to ſet up when I came to Glaſgow. I ſet out early the next morning by the road I was directed to, and was told I might eaſily arrive that night where I purpoſed going. It was a moſt terrible day for wind, ſleet and ſnow, and having neither whip or ſpur, it would be as eaſy to find the perpetual motion, as to give any motion to my galloway; and indeed the road was ſo intolerably bad and dirty, that it was almoſt impoſſible for him to mend his pace: in ſhort, when he had ſauntered with me for five or ſix miles, wherein I neither ſaw houſe, tree, or any living creature, but beheld a proſpect as dreary as imagination can form, he made a full ſtop, and would by

no

no means proceed an inch farther. Had I no horſe I could have made ſome ſhift to walk, but I was under a neceſſity of lodging this lazy creature ſomewhere, or becoming anſwerable for him. I had not even a ſwitch or goad to drive him, and therefore in this tempeſtuous weather I had no remedy but to alight, and by throwing ſtones at his poſteriors, keep him ſtill before me: in the mean time every ſtep I took I was up to my ancles, and if I went from the highway to ſeek a cleaner paſſage, my gentleman would ſtand ſtock ſtill till I came back thro' the dirt to renew the battery of his bumb. At length, being extremely enraged, I came quite near his hinder parts to have one ſound blow at him for revenge; but he was even with me, for before I diſcharged my ſhot he lifted up his hind foot, and gave me a violent blow in my ſtomach, that quite ſtunned me for ſome moments. When I recovered myſelf, I found him like the wooden horſe in Don Quixote, in the ſame ſpot and without motion. Being no longer able to tramp after him I got on his back, and taking a buckle from my ſhoe, pricked him with the tongue of it. This made him a little more alert, and finding I had means to puniſh him, he began to trot on, but ſtumbled ſo frequently, that, being a bad rider, I was ſatisfied to let him pick his ſteps, leſt he ſhould break my neck. In this miſerable

ſerable condition I paſſed the whole day, and the approach of night became ſtill more dreadful; but it advanced, and before I ſaw any remedy I was inveloped in darkneſs; ſo throwing the reigns looſe, I committed myſelf to the œconomy of my carrier, who I imagined, for his own ſake, would find out a reſting place. At length I diſcovered a light at a great diſtance, and directed my nag towards it; but he now ſtumbled worſe than ever, being every moment on his knees, and he making one uncommon plunge, I found myſelf up to my waſte in water: I diſengaged myſelf from him as well as poſſible, and by God's providence got on land, and left him there to ſhift for himſelf. As I ſtill kept the light in my eye, I purſued it, not without a thouſand falls by the way; and at laſt, to my great joy, diſcovered an inn cloſe to the ſea ſide. As ſoon as I obtained admittance here, I obſerved a large fire in the kitchen, and a good ſupper dreſſing, circumſtances that added not a little to my felicity. I told my hoſt, in a few words, the tragic adventures of the day, and the cataſtrophe of my horſe, whom I concluded was drowned. He immediately ſent two men in queſt of him, and, as I was all wet and dirty, brought me ſome dry cloathing: this and the fire, with a large glaſs of brandy, ſoon brought me to myſelf. The men returned with the galloway ſafe and ſound, and the landlord aſſured me, that he was an

old ſtager there, and knew every ſtep of the road as well as a horſe could do, but that he always played thoſe pranks when he got a ſtranger or a bad rider upon him; for it ſeems he went into the lough only to get rid of me, and the men met him very ſeriouſly walking towards the inn.

The landlord told me there were ſome gentlemen in the parlour, and that if I choſe to ſup with them he would introduce me, which he accordingly did: they had a number of written papers before them, and ſeemed to be on ſome debate. When we entered, theſe, however, were ſoon ſet aſide, and a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco introduced: after two or three glaſſes paſſed about ſupper was ſerved in, and either it was the beſt I had ever partaken of, or the apprehenſions of ſtarving I had all day entertained, made me imagine it ſuch; ſo that it may be concluded I eat very heartily. I made the gentlemen extremely merry at the ill treatment I had received from my horſe, and they in return related many humorous adventures. By this time the bowl was again placed on the table, and one of the company propoſed for a toaſt, the King. Having let my glaſs ſtand ſome time, I was called on to drink it, and the toaſt; having never in my life known a profeſt Jacobite, I very innocently drank King George. After I had finiſhed my glaſs they inſiſted I had

not

not drank the toaſt, and muſt drink again. I told them I hoped I had underſtood the intention of the toaſt, though I had not repeated the expreſs words; for, ſaid I, it is not to be ſuppoſed we drink the King of France or Spain, with whom we are now at war. No Sir, ſaid one of the gentlemen, very gravely, when we drink the King, we drink the true and lawful ſovereign of Great-Britain. Well, Sir, ſaid I, I am right ſtill, I drank King George. You mean the Elector of H——r, Sir, ſaid he, we acknowledge no ſuch monarch in this part of the world: we never ſaw him, Sir, never even ſmoked a pipe with him; and therefore, Sir, we mean, by drinking the King ——-——, running on with the pretender's titles, if you'll drink our toaſt ſo explained, we ſhall look on you as a ſenſible young fellow, and a worthy member of ſociety: if not, Sir, you are only to drink three bumpers in a breath, by way of forfeit. I told them I'd ſooner drink the whole bowl than ſuch a toaſt. Upon my ſoul, ſaid one of them, he's a loyal ſubject, and ought to be encouraged: I dare ſay the Elector will bountifully provide for him, when he hears what great fatigues he would undergo for his ſake. Here, ſaid he, is a pretty ſmock-faced boy, heart broken all day with a bad road and a worſe horſe, and yet ſtill, to ſhew his zeal for the illuſtrious houſe of Hanover, he would drink a bowl of excellent rum punch, ſooner than a ſingle

glaſs to the moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant Prince J——, by the Grace of God, &c. The humorous manner in which all this was ſpoken, left me in ſome doubt whether the gentlemen jeſted; but, by the courſe of their converſation, it was evident they were ſerious. I told them, if they even harboured ſuch ſhameful principles, I wondered they would ſo freely divulge them, when they knew they expoſed themſelves to information and puniſhment. They laughed heartily at this, and aſked who in Scotland would take ſuch an information? I anſwered, any magiſtrate. No, no, child, ſaid one of them, the whole nation is of the ſame mind, and if you live but two years, you'll ſee that man, whoſe health you refuſed to drink, on the throne of England. I told him it was a lie, and I hoped to ſee him hanged firſt. By G——d, ſaid he, I'll be hanged if it is not ſo: but young man, ſaid he, don't be ſo apt to make uſe of thoſe two bad words, you lie, they have coſt many a better man than yourſelf his life. You don't know, perhaps, who you ſpeak to, or if you did, a man could only puniſh you with a birch rod. This put me in a violent paſſion, which only ſerved to raiſe a laugh againſt me; my ſmock face beſpoke me no champion, and they had too much diſcretion either to retort ill language or uſe me cruelly, which was intirely in their power. Their dialect

dialect did not ſpeak them Scotſmen, nor indeed their behaviour in this reſpect.

I ſhould have obſerved, that the landlord, who ſeemed to know theſe gentlemen, came in frequently and drank a glaſs with us. He was likewiſe preſent when I gave the lie ſo freely, and, upon that, ſuddenly left the room. In about half an hour after I heard a confuſed number of voices, in a riotous manner, crying, Charley, Charley, Charley; huzza from Charley; dam them that won't drink Charley. I began to be in a panick, and looking earneſtly at the gentleman I had offended, aſked what that noiſe meant? No harm to you, ſaid he, upon my ſoul; 'tis ſome drunken fellows, I ſuppoſe, but be it what it will you ſhall not be hurt, upon my honour. This gave me a kind of certainty, that mob meant me miſchief; and I was too ſoon confirmed of it, for ſuddenly about five or ſix of the moſt bloody-looking villains forced open the parlour door, and demanded the life of that traytor who had ſpoken againſt his prince. My adverſary in the conteſt now became an advocate for my life; for, immediately placing himſelf between me and the ruffians, he ſwore they ſhould kill him before they hurt the hair of my head; and, to prove he was ſincere, pulled out a piſtol from his ſide pocket, which he preſented to the breaſt of one of the

the aſſaſſins. Now, gentlemen, ſaid he, you are all embarked in a glorious cauſe, a cauſe that will do honour to our poſterity; do we draw our ſwords in juſtification of our Prince, and ſheath them in children and ſchool boys? This poor child here has had a wrong education, and imbibed principles of which he is not qualified to judge; muſt he, therefore, be murdered? No, let us perſuade youth to our cauſe by virtue and clemency, and not by ſlaughter and oppreſſion. Theſe are the inſtruments of tyranny, and not of juſtice; the boy has ſpoke raſhly, yet honeſtly as to what he believes. What one of you would hear your lawful Prince ſpoken little of? He looks on the Elector of H——r as his King, and while he thinks him ſo, is honourable in defending his cauſe; therefore, gentlemen, if you have the ſmalleſt reſpect for me, or the commiſſion I carry, depart from whence you came. I know you meant this well to me, but had I not been here, it might have proved a fatal night to our cauſe; eat and drink what you pleaſe, be merry amongſt yourſelves, and never attempt the life of an innocent man, who is not in arms againſt you.

After reſpectfully attending to this harangue they made their obedience, and departed one by one, with looks that

ſpoke

ſpoke the pain it was to them to depart without making me a ſacrifice.---When they were gone he told me, that though he had thus parlied with them, my ſleeping in the houſe would not be ſafe. He, therefore, deſired one of the gentlemen to go and amuſe them with liquor in the kitchen, while the other brought his two horſes to the parlour window: out of this we both went, and taking upon himſelf to ſee my reckoning paid, and my horſe ſent home, we ſet out about two o'clock in the morning for Glaſgow; and as we galloped every ſtep of the way, and had excellent cattle, we arrived there by day break. When he had put me within the walls of the city, he ſaid, young man, you are now ſafe, and for God's ſake keep yourſelf ſo, by having a watchful guard over your tongue, and never medling with matters foreign to your underſtanding, and inconſiſtent with your intereſt. Saying this, he turned his horſes heads about, and taking one by the bridle, rode off as faſt as poſſible.

This adventure will ſeem the leſs miſterious to my readers, when I obſerve, that it happened about a year or two before the late rebellion; and that this company, whom I fell amongſt, were ſome of the agents of that affair, who were collecting men and ſowing ſedition all over North Britain. I muſt confeſs they were not the worſt ſort of them,

them, and am amazed a gentleman, who was capable to behave in ſo noble a manner to me, could be led into ſo deteſtable a ſcheme.

Though my loyalty had nearly coſt me my life, yet it happily ſaved my money, which was ſome conſolation to me; and as a man who poſſeſſes that needs little or no recommendation in a ſtrange city, I made up to the firſt good inn I found open; and being unfit for any thing but ſleep, immediately went to bed, and never once ſtirred till about twelve o'clock at noon, when I was awaked by the ſound of bells playing a new ſong, called, " If 'tis joy to wound a lover." I imagined either that I had got a ſinging in my head by cold, or elſe was ſtill aſleep. I ſat up in bed and liſtened more attentively, and then heard a ſong out of Comus played, which to me ſounded ſomething like the Captain's glaſs muſick before mentioned. To remove all doubts I dreſſed myſelf as quick as poſſible, and went into the ſtreet, hearing it ſtill lowder. As I advanced near the priſon, I ſaw a door open at the bottom of it, and after aſcending a number of ſtone ſteps came into a little apartment, where a man ſet ſtriking with his fiſt pieces of wood, ranged like the keys of a harpſichord, which occaſioned the muſick from bells that were hung at the top of the houſe; each bell had a hammer

at

at the out-ſide, from whence there was a communication to the keys below by a wire; and the perſon who played this inſtrument wore gauntlets of leather on the ball of each hand, to prevent being hurt by the violent blows he was obliged to ſtrike.

When he left off playing he looked at his watch, and obligingly aſked me if I was a ſtranger? I told him I was, and meer admiration had brought me here. Then, Sir, ſaid he, have you a mind for any particular tune? I told him if he could play, "Was ever nympth like Roſomond," he would give me great pleaſure. He ſtruck it up directly, and though it is difficult even to ſing, performed it in a maſterly manner. When his time for this employment was expired we had ſome muſical chat, by which he diſcovered I was an admirer of that ſcience, and therefore gave me an invitation to dinner. As I was pleaſed to make an acquaintance, I embraced the offer, and went to his houſe, but was ſo extremely dirty, that I was quite aſhamed of myſelf when I ſaw all his family genteely dreſſed: to apologize for my appearance, needed no more than a recital of the accidents I had met with, and as truth carries conviction with it, my relation was readily credited. I told Mr. R——, that having loſt my linnen, I was at a loſs where to buy any, or how to get

them made up. His wife told me ſhe would ſerve me in both reſpects, for which purpoſe I gave her a guinea; and as their ſon was exactly of my ſize, and a ſtudent in the college, they for the preſent kindly ſupplied my wants from his wardrobe. Being thus in a capacity to go abroad, the gentleman, after dinner, brought me to ſee the city, and ſhew me all the moſt curious edifices in it; the principal of which is a fine old church, formerly a cathedral, but now converted into a kirk, where, as Swift ſays:

> The ſeats their uſual cuſtom keep,
> Of lodging folks diſpoſed to ſleep.

And I ſeriouſly aſſure my readers, that I have attended many ſermons in this kingdom, but cannot take upon me to ſay that there were ever four of the congregation five minutes awake, after the text was given out. That part, indeed, I obſerved the people in general took a memorandum of; and as if that had been the only purport of their coming hither, they laid their heads back directly to repoſe; ſo that I can compare a kirk to nothing but the deſcription given by Mr. Thomſon of the caſtle of indolence.

It is to be obſerved that I lodged hitherto at an inn, where the civilities I received from Mr. R—— and his family naturally led me to invite them; and as he introduced me to many of his acquaintances, who were lovers of muſick, we ſometimes had a little concert there, on all which occaſions the expence fell upon me. The man of the houſe finding me ready to pay his firſt and ſecond bills, made no objection to giving me credit for whatever I called. My never having been in debt, and an abſolute ſtranger to the nature and conſequences of it, made me too liberal in reſpect to anſwering reckonings. The man, however, finding I brought company to his houſe, was as obliging as poſſible, and gave me all imaginable encouragement, ſaying, "He loved to ſee a young gentleman generous and free-hearted, and obſerving, that all perſons from Ireland were naturally ſo."---Thus ſung the Syren, while I, with leſs fortitude than a Ulyſſes, placidly attended to the deluſive ſtrain. He perſevered in the moſt aſſiduous application of the myſteries of his callings, to lull me into a good opinion of himſelf and his family; told me how many extraordinary things he had done to aſſiſt his friends, and what ſatisfaction it gave him when any of them had occaſion for his purſe or his intereſt; cloſing the whole with telling me, he had a brother that died abroad, who reſembled me ſo ſtrongly, that he never ſaw me

 without

without tranſport, and looked on me with the ſame regard and affection he did on him.

Would not a perſon of riper judgment than myſelf believe all this? I ſaw no motive the man could have for theſe profeſſions, except ſincerity; but a little time furniſhed me with another explanation of them. He took no ſmall pains to fiſh out my dependence and connections; and as he learned my father was a beneficed clergyman, and my family in general reputable, he doubled his induſtry to get me roundly in his books. For this purpoſe, when I came home of an afternoon, if there was no company, he took care to have tea and coffee, of which his wife and himſelf partook; and likewiſe an elegant ſupper and punch, made ſo ſweet and ſo inticing, that at length I began to grow fond of it. Here I firſt experienced the Læthean qualities of drinking; I found it raiſed my ſpirits for the time, and obliterated the remembrance of all my vexations, though I generally paid for it by a terrible headach in the morning. One evening he told me, there had been an Iriſh clergyman at his houſe, who knew my family extremely well, and had been a tenant to my grand uncle; that he was to be there the ſame night, and would be glad to drink a bottle of wine with me. I was overjoyed at the news, and waited with the utmoſt impatience for

for the interview. At length my landlord told me the gentleman was in his parlour, and desired the favour of my company. I went, and was not a little surprized to see a mean-looking old fat man, dressed in black, with the breast of his coat embroidered with snuff: I say surprized, because a clergyman and a polite gentleman were ideas united in my mind; neither did I ever know a clergyman educated in Ireland who was not such. When I entered the room, father Luttrel, for by that name he passed, got up, and suddenly catching me in his arms, embraced me very eagerly, at the same time kissing me, by which I was near poisoned with the effluvia of brandy and tobacco. My dear child, said he, the divil burn myshelf, but I am glad to she you. When I disengaged myself from him, I turned to my landlord, and asked him where the clergyman was? He answered, this was the doctor, and a worthy gentleman as ever left the kingdom of Ireland: Oh! my dear, said the doctor (with a confounded twang of the foreigner, and the brogue upon his face, as Mr. Farquhar has happily expressed it,) I am no minishter as you think, I am an honest friar, and not ashamed to own it; and upon the word of a clergyman, I love your father's child, though I never saw your father to be shure; but your worthy grand uncle, brigadier Meade, I have drank many a bottle of wine with, and for his sake, the divil burn me,

but

but I'd go to Ithaly to ſerve you.---Come landlord, ſaid he, let's have a bottle of the beſt in the houſe; you have got a worthy gentleman for your lodger, let me tell you; he is the lawful heir to four thouſand a year, and if he could eat gold he might have it. This harangue he had delivered before he left me time to expreſs my aſtoniſhment. Sir, ſaid I, I fancy you muſt be miſtaken in the perſon, becauſe I am not heir to a ſhilling a year that I know of. Pſhaw, my dear, hold your tongue, replied the doctor, the divel burn me but I know you better than you do yourſelf. Landlord, make haſte with the wine, and my dear child want for nothing, I'll be the beſt friend you ever met with: if you want money let me know, and I'll ſupply you, though I'm only a poor prieſt, ſubſiſting here upon charity.---I did not know what to make of all this, but preſently the landlord returned with the wine, and ſome punch for me. As I was telling you, ſays he to mine hoſt, you have a man of conſequence in your houſe, and I hope you'll treat him as ſuch. The devil burn me, but I'll tell you a good ſtory about the brigadier: come, drink. When the brigadier was near ſeventy, and a fine luſty portly man he was, he complained of a black ſwelling in one of his legs; the doctors and ſurgeons ſaid it was a mortification, and nothing would ſave his life but cutting it off. How long will it be, ſaid the general, before it

will

will kill me, if I do not ſubmit to the operation? They told him in that caſe he could not ſurvive beyond twelve o'clock the next day. Very well, ſaid he, I'm ſatisfied; I have been in many battles and never loſt a limb, pleaſe God I'll go whole to my grave: I ſhall have time enough to ſettle my affairs, and take leave of my friends, that's ſufficient for a man of my years. Upon this he ſigned his will, and made all his eſtate over to his young wife, who afterwards married Blundel of Kilkenny; invited all his acquaintances to a ſplendid entertainment, the mirth of which he never interrupted, by telling them his condition, but drank his bottle and cracked his joke as freely as the beſt of them. The next morning he ſent for a clergyman, and ſettled his ſpiritual matters; after which he called his wife, and taking her tenderly by the hand, ſaid, my dear, I hope I have been a kind father to you, huſband I was too old to be; I am upon the point of leaving you, and would die quite contented if I could ſee you well married before I go. My dear, ſaid ſhe, why do you talk thus? You have no ailment. But I have, ſaid he, I now feel it, and ſo expired.---I muſt digreſs:

Thus a heart unconſcious of premiditated guilt, freely conſigns itſelf to the hands of a Being whoſe eſſence is mercy.---Happy the mortal who can obey the ſummons of his

his creator, however dreadfully arrayed on this ſide immortality.

Though we have many rare examples of heroic virtue in the annals of Britain, none has afforded a more ample ſcene for admiration, than the life and death of Major-General Wolfe; and I hope the little tribute I have offered to his memory in the following lines, will atone for the freedom I have taken of running away from my ſubject.

Try'd, prov'd and loſt, immortal Wolfe, thy doom
" Gives meditation ev'n to madneſs room;"
Juſt when we learned thy virtues to adore,
Alas! we learned, thoſe virtues were no more.
Had Gallic thouſands to thy manes bled,
'Twould ill compenſate ſuch a Briton dead;
Who, when Herculean labours he had paſt,
Reſigned exiſtence cheerfully at laſt;
Midſt deadly pangs, with fortitude admired,
Anxious the fate of Britiſh arms enquired,
Was told the Gauls precipitately flew,
Content, he cry'd---and bid the world adieu.

Well, ſays the critic, where's the connection? What has all this to do with the matter in hand?-- I'll tell you, Sir,

Sir, if you won't ſay I'm impertinent for the parallel, that I think the general, who died in his bed in the manner before deſcribed, ſhewed almoſt as much magnanimity in meeting his fate, as he who ſo nobly embraced it in the field of honour. Now, good Sir, if you'll turn over the leaf with your finger and thumb, you'll find the adventure of the friar laborioufly proſecuted. When he had finiſhed his ſtory, and about five bottles of wine, he took his leave of his dear countryman, and allowed me the felicity of ſtanding good in my landlord's book for that, and a ſupper, as I learned when I looked over the general account: he likewiſe every day favoured me with his good company, every day renewed his liberal proteſtations (particularly that he would go to Ithaly to ſerve me) and every day enormouſly encreaſed my debt; the laſt article indeed without my privity, as I naturally concluded he paid at leaſt for himſelf at the bar.

One morning at breakfaſt I diſcovered a kind of gloom overſpread the countenances of my hoſt and his ſpouſe: I enquired the occaſion of it, and received for anſwer, that a conſiderable bill had been drawn on them, and that they had no place to apply for money but where it was due; that to be ſure every one wanted their own, and therefore they would be glad if I ſettled with them. As I had not

three-pence in my pocket, the truth of which they were not ſtrangers to, I told them, that as to ſettling I was willing to do it, but as to paying it was not in my power. ---Pſhaw! Pſhaw! ſays the man, a gentleman of your dependencies can't want money or friends; you may draw a bill upon your father by any merchant in the city, and have an immediate return; or if you can get any one to paſs their word for you, you ſhall have credit as long as you think proper.---Theſe words were ſcarcely uttered, when Father Luttrel entered, with his uſual ſalute, the devil burn me but I'm glad to ſee you my dear child, I'd go to Ithaly to ſerve you: do you want any thing I can do? This I thought extremely fortunate at ſuch an exigence, and as the man and his wife politely left the room, told him the whole ſtory.---And how much do you owe him, my dear child, ſaid he? I really don't know, but will enquire. Well, well, make yourſhelf eaſy about it (here he called for a bottle of wine, and waved the diſcourſe) when it was finiſhed, he directed me to have my bill drawn out againſt night, and he would come and make matters eaſy. Highly enraptured at his behaviour, I communicated our conference to mine hoſt. Look you there, Sir, ſaid he, I told you the doctor was a worthy gentleman, and one whoſe word I'd accept for a hundred pounds; if he

he undertakes to ſee me paid, you ſhall be amply provided for.

Not to dwell too long upon trifles, he came at night ſure enough; but when the queſtion was put home to him, in relation to becoming ſecurity for me,---he ſaid, the devil burn him if he would, becauſe he had made a vow againſt ever doing it for mankind.---When the landlord upbraided him with encouraging me in extravagance, and flattering him with great expectations of his money, he ſaid, to be ſure, if he is the man he pretends to be, he may pay you for ought I know; but I am not clear in that point by any means. You know he is no friend of mine, or I'd anſwer for him upon the word of a clergyman; but the devil burn me if I can ſay any more now, than to adviſe you to get your money the beſt way you can. I would not have you put him in priſon, though that's certainly the ſureſt way, but God forbid you ſhould take ſo harſh a meaſure; yet if you did, his friends, if he has any, would not let him lie for any trifling demand, like yours. After much diſcourſe to the ſame purpoſe, he heartily wiſhed us a good night. Nothing but an abſolute inſenſibility of the impending danger could now have ſupported my ſpirits. My landlord, however, did not ſeem deſpondent, but only entreated me to write as

ſoon as poſſible to my friends, as fourteen pounds was a great ſum for a poor man to be out of pocket.---I promiſed I would, though heaven knows I knew not where to apply; yet I had reaſon to hope Mr. Oneile would, upon ſuch an occaſion, ſhew one laſt proof of his regard; and, therefore, I determined to addreſs myſelf to him the next poſt.---The ſucceeding morning very early I went to the coffee-houſe, and there met the muſician formerly mentioned, who inſiſted on my taking a dinner with him, as he was to have ſome agreeable company. I'm going to market, ſaid he, and if you'll ſtep to my houſe and divert yourſelf with the harpſichord till I come I ſhall take it kind, as my wife is quite alone:---pleaſed to avoid the importunities I expected at home, I embraced his offer.

Having fiddled away a few hours, he entered with a look of anxiety and importance, and demanded in a peremptory manner how much I owed at the inn? I told him I had not ſeen the account, but I heard the man mention fourteen pounds. Can you pay him, ſaid he? I anſwered in the negative. When do you think you can? I don't know till I hear from Ireland. Well, ſaid he, you may think my abruptneſs impertinent, but you'll excuſe it when I tell you I am an Engliſhman, and your friend; the ſcoundrel, your landlord, has taken a writ againſt you,

which

which I learned by meer accident from a name-ſake of his, who is a lawyer; and, therefore, I hope I ſhall have the good fortune to protect you from falling into his hands. The influence I have with the lawyer will prevent your being ſuddenly ſurprized, except you go into his houſe, which I hope you'll have prudence ſufficient to avoid after this advertiſement. Confounded at the melancholy proſpect of a yet unexperienced ſtroke of adverſity, I adviſed with my friend what was to be done. Nothing, ſaid he, but to keep out of the way till you can ſettle with your landlord; for he is one of the moſt artful and obdurate villains this day upon earth. But where can I ſtay, ſaid I, without ſixpence in my pocket? Leave that to me, and in the mean time pluck up your ſpirits, and think no more about it.--- I endeavoured to take his council, but the dreadful apprehenſions I entertained were viſible in my countenance.

I gave Mr. R—— a particular detail of the treachery of my worthy acquaintance the friar, for which he promiſed to afford me ample ſatisfaction; aſſuring me, that by the laws of Scotland he was liable to tranſportation.

Both his wife and himſelf exerted their good-nature in a peculiar manner, to make my condition ſit eaſy on me. Mr. R—— at night lent me half a guinea, and took a lodging

lodging for me at a friend's houſe of his near the water ſide, where he begged I would live with as much frugality and privacy as poſſible. Before he left me he called for a pint of wine, which lay before me at the fire-ſide, in a ſpacious cleanly kitchen.——N. B. It was an Engliſh houſe. My friend had left me Allan Ramſey's Works, which I was entirely taken up with, when ſome one ſaid, "My ſervice to you, Sir." Looking up, I ſaw a well-dreſſed jolly man, with a punch-bowl in his hand. Certain that I beheld the aſpect of a catchpole, I fell all of a tremble, having a ſympathetic averſion to the preſence of an Iſgram; but my confuſion was compleated when he ſat down oppoſite to me, and ſaid, "Pray, young ſpark, may I crave your name? I had not power to reply. Pray, ſaid he again, is not your name Pilkington? Sir, ſaid I, don't expoſe me further, I'll go where you pleaſe. Hoity, toity, ſaid he, are you out of your ſenſes? I only aſk you a civil queſtion. I tell you, Sir, my name is Pilkington, I know your buſineſs, and only requeſt you'll ſend for my friend, Mr. R ——, who brought me here, before you put me in priſon. Upon this he called for a private room and a couple of candles, and having deſired me to follow him, immediately ſhut the door. Pray Sir, ſaid he, whoſe ſon are you? I told him. Is your father living? I anſwered, he was. What brought you here? I replied as well as

horror

horror and deſpair would admit me to do. And pray, Sir, what did you mean by my taking you to priſon? I ſuppoſe, ſaid I, Sir, you know that too well to need an explanation. Why child, ſaid he, have you robbed any perſon? No, Sir. Have you killed any one? No, Sir. Then what do you take me for? A conſtable, Sir, ſaid I, for I knew no other appellation for thoſe blood-hounds, of whom London affords ſo many different ſpecies.---No, my poor boy, ſaid he, I am commander of a ſhip, and a near relation of Matt. Pilkington's. Do you know nothing of your couſin Dick Pilkington? As I had a retentive memory of paſt occurrences, I recollected, that when I was very young, ſuch a relation had taken leave of my brother and ſelf, and made us ſome handſome preſent, with a promiſe to bring us a black and a monkey at his return from the Eaſt-Indies, the expectation of which made me more particularly carry him in my mind for ſo many years.

After calling for a bottle of wine, and ordering ſome ſupper, he demanded a ſuccinct account of all my paſt proceedings, which, as Othello ſays, I delivered

From my childiſh days,
To the very moment wherein he bad me tell it.

After

After having liſtened to me with a paternal attention, and expreſſed his ſorrow for, and aſtoniſhment at the ſeparation of my father and mother, he inveighed bitterly againſt the inhumanity of the former, and ſaid, Now, my dear boy, I am tranſported to meet with you, as it has pleaſed God to enable me, without diminiſhing my own circumſtances, to make you happy. The debt you are ſo uneaſy about, I'll give you money to pay to-morrow, as I ſhall be obliged to attend buſineſs the whole day, or I fancy I have caſh enough about me; ſo ſaying, he pulled out a maſſy purſe, and throwing the gold all upon the table, deſired me to take as much as I wanted. This I declined. Come, come, boy, ſaid he, you are as welcome as my heart, take it freely. I ſtill refuſed. Nay then, ſaid he, if I muſt needs give it, there take it all, and ten times more is at your ſervice. Sir, ſaid I, I ſhould not know what to do with ſo much money, and, perhaps, might be robbed. Why, that's true boy, ſaid he, well, 'tis all your own, take twenty guineas, and I'll be your agent for the future. As my couſin was well known in the houſe, he made the man and his family come to ſupper with us; and, in ſhort, a univerſal joy took place, as they were ſocial agreeable people, and ſeemed really to participate in our ſatisfaction. The Captain ſat up pretty late, and enjoyed himſelf and company with unfeigned rapture. Before we

went

went to bed, he brought me into his chamber, and opening a large ſea cheſt, which contained things of immenſe value, deſired me to look over it, and take what I pleaſed; but as he could not prevail on me to comply with his generous requeſt, he took a handſome chaſed gold watch, and a cluſter brilliant diamond ring, and inſiſted on my accepting of them, as an earneſt of what he would hereafter do.---Theſe my vanity tempted me to receive, and my reader may conclude, I ſlept as little this night as I did the night of the apparition, or on that of the imaginary gift before-mentioned.

At breakfaſt the next morning the Captain told me, that while I was reading the night before he was contemplating my face, where the linements of my father were ſo ſtrongly marked out, that he who knew him a ſchool-boy would almoſt have ſworn it was himſelf, if he had not ſeen him ſince his maturity; but as he remembered his having two boys, he was confident I muſt have been one of them. As his occaſions called him out till three o'clock, I had that interval of time to ſettle my affair, and went with a light heart to my friend. He was greatly ſurprized to ſee me, and ſaid, with emotion, good God! Sir, why do you come abroad? I told him the danger was over. What, then you have paid the man, ſaid he?

No, Sir, but I have got money to do it. Oh! then you have heard from Ireland. Not a word, ſaid I. But, not to keep him in ſuſpenſe, I told him the lucky accident had befallen me, and returned him thanks, as the occaſion of it. He could ſcarcely credit my relation, but the watch and ring were authentic witneſſes in its behalf.——I returned him his half guinea, and entreated he would go and ſettle the affair for me, giving him money for that purpoſe. When he returned, he told me he never knew ſo monſtrous an impoſition, and that he would by no means pay for the parts of the account which properly belonged to the friar. He therefore inſiſted on their being ſubſtracted from the other charges, which were likewiſe exorbitant; yet admitting them, his real demand on me was only nine pounds. I repreſented to him, ſaid he, that if he perſiſted in claiming more from you, I would have the whole matter ſcrutinized in a publick court; from whence he might be aſſured of the total loſs of his reputation, and conſequently his chief cuſtom. Upon this I tendered him the money, which, after ſome prevarication, he has accepted, and has given me a receipt in full. He is now gone out to take a writ for the worthy gentleman that *would go to Italy to ſerve you.*

Having thus quieted my mind, by diſcharging a debt of neceſſity, I became impatient to diſmiſs a debt of honour

nour that hung over me, namely, the money ſo obligingly lent me in my diſtreſs, by the kind laſs at the inn before-mentioned; and as I could not think of returning the money without ſome inſtance of my eſteem, I aſked my friend's wife, what preſent ſhe thought would be moſt acceptable to a young girl, the ſtory of whoſe good-nature I related to her. She demanded what price I would go to? I anſwered, three or four guineas. Then, ſaid ſhe, I am acquainted with a jeweller, who ſhall bring you a box of trinkets, and you may take your choice. She accordingly did, and I ſingled out a ring with two hearts, the one a ruby, and the other a diamond, which coſt me four guineas. This, with the caſh I was indebted before, I ſealed up in a box, and ſent them the ſame day by a truſty meſſenger, who was going to that place expreſs on other buſineſs. At the ſame time I purchaſed, for my friend's wife, a handſome gilt ſilver ſnuff box, which, with great difficulty, I prevailed on her to take.

Having obſerved, that all thoſe who give the world their own hiſtory, break off at a period of time when they eſteem themſelves happy. I think, in compliance with ſo laudable a cuſtom, I muſt here, for the preſent, terminate my narrative; and though what I offer in the ſucceeding pages may have an equal chance of pleaſing with the mat-

ter that precedes it, yet I here apprize the readers, that they are to expect no more of that connection, that I have hitherto, in ſpight of the natural tendency of my pen, endeavoured to preſerve.---My ſubſcribers will poſſibly recollect, that, in my propoſals for this book, I promiſed them a new comedy, never offered to the ſtage ; I confeſs I was about five years ago weak enough to make an eſſay of that kind, before the numerous train of difficulties occured to me that attends ſuch an attempt: I fooliſhly took it into my head, that to write a tolerable play, was to be immediately entitled to the notice and patronage of the manager, and made no doubt that his own intereſt would lead him to foſter the firſt efforts of fancy.--- Filled with theſe Romantic ideas, and dreaming of nothing but a third night, I wrote a letter to inform Mr. Garrick that I had ſuch a piece, and to know when he would condeſcend to give me an audience? In anſwer to which I was honoured with the following meſſage, and I have preſerved it with all imaginable care from that time to this, that young gentlemen may, from my example, learn to ſuppreſs any deſire of writing for the ſtage, till they have ſecured ſome intereſt with the nobility; as I do aſſure them, that the Grand Seignior is not half ſo difficult of acceſs, or half ſo imperious as a manager, on receiving ſuch a tendre; and yet, conſidering that their whole

whole ſubſiſtence is drawn from dramatic writings, one would expect ſome abatement of their dignity on theſe occaſions.*

" Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. Pilkington, and he " ſhould gladly read his performance, but it is not in his " power to bring it out this or the next ſeaſon, he being " engaged to more than he can poſſibly bring out in that " time. Mr. Garrick will willingly peruſe it at the end of " this ſeaſon, and, if approved, will ſet it down to be done " in the courſe of buſineſs, and in its turn."

Here thoſe infatuated with the itch of ſcribbling, will be taught what they have to expect from the exertion of their faculties; for as this was written in Feb. 1755, I was to wait four months before the play was even looked at, and then to the ſeaſon after next ſeaſon, or indeed to perpetuity, before it had any chance of being exhibited. This was to my genius (if I ever had any) what the miſer calls a damper: It effectually cloyed my appetite for play writing, and, in conſequence of it, I have thrown the comedy into the condemned hold of my papers; nor can I even bear the ſight of it, much leſs offer it to the peruſal of the

* I have been told of managers, that have kept authors dangling after them for years; and when they have died for want in a priſon, have modeſtly adopted their performances.—But this is ſcarce credible.

the judicious; concluding, that Mr. Garrick knew by ſympathy it was good for nothing, though he never did ſee a line of it, nor never ſhall——So help me God.

Though experience has taught me, that to put a young writer out of countenance, and out of conceit with his productions, is the moſt delightful province, both of a bookſeller and a manager; yet I have never been able, by any means, to account for the cauſes of it; as it muſt abſolutely run counter to their own expectations of profit, which are generally pretty ſanguine. The great Mr. Garrick's behaviour, even to ſo inſignificant a perſon as myſelf, proves one part of my aſſertion; the other will appear from the following little anecdote, equally authentic. Mr. Garrick having, by his indifference, rouzed my indignation againſt the inoffenſive daughters of Apollo, I wrote a pamphlet in verſe, which I very indiſcreetly intitled the Poet's Recantation.——I dedicated it to the late munificent Duke of Marlborough, who ſent me an anſwer in his own writing, which, for his ſake, will ever be dear to me.——The words are expreſsly theſe:

"By the bearer I ſend five guineas; though I have no fault to find with your poem, yet I muſt deſire it may not be dedicated to me."

As

As I owed the receipt of many unmerited favours to Sir Edward Montagu (who is an honourable branch of that illuſtrious family, and who retains the laſt, and only ſurviving ſpark of that generoſity, that endeared to the world, a Churchill, a Spencer, a Tyrconnel, and an Ormond; the poſſeſſion of whoſe virtues, is as inherent to him, as their deſcent of blood,) I intreated permiſſion to place my fugitive eſſay under the ſanction of his name; and though he did not abſolutely give me the liberty of doing it in his polite letter, yet as he did not thereby poſitively prohibit it, I reſolved, at all events, to lay hold of that occaſion of appearing on the ſame page with a gentleman ſo univerſally beloved; and as Sir Edward was ſo kind to encloſe five guineas in his letter, I thought myſelf with that ſum, and the Duke's liberality, qualified to look a bookſeller in the face. Therefore, inſtigated by vanity, and not having the fear of a repulſe before my eyes, I went to one in the city, with whom I had ſome former dealings, and deſired him to publiſh the pamphlet. He hum'd over the title, ſhook his head, and returning it, told me he was too much taken up with other things, but would recommend me to Mr. Robinſon, in Ludgate-Street; to whom he gave me a note, though I was well dreſſed, and had no ſymptom of the garreteer in my aſpect.——He came out after a full half hour's pauſe, and

with

with an ironical ſmile on his countenance, ſaid, well, Sir, what may your commands be? (Though he knew from the note that was ſent to him.) I delivered the manuſcript ſubmiſſively into his hands, and told him I deſired to have it publiſhed.——Publiſhed, Sir, ſaid he, ha, ha, ha---you are a young author I find; why it is not printed yet; but it won't do for me, Sir, your humble ſervant, ha, ha, ha, and ſo left me to my meditations.——Nothing but being ipſo facto maſter of ten pound ten could have made me perſevere in this buſineſs. He never read a tittle of it before he made that abrupt concluſion; therefore I fancied that ſtupidity and dulneſs muſt have been written on my viſage, or it would be impoſſible I ſhould meet two ſuch rebukes.——To this identical Mr. Robinſon my mother told me ſhe had communicated her firſt volume, long before ſhe went to Ireland; and he gave it as his opinion, that it would not anſwer the expence of paper and print; for, Madam, ſaid he, what's one Doctor Vanlewen, or one Parſon Pilkington to us? Or who can be entertained with anecdotes and characters of perſons utterly unknown in this part of the world?——How much even a bookſeller might be miſtaken for once, the great ſale of her productions has declared.

The

The third and laſt effort, to get a fair hearing for my piece, was made in this manner: I went to a printer with the money in my hand, who inſtantly ſet a chair at the fire ſide for me. Sir, ſaid I, ſhaking the guineas, will you pleaſe to read this? Yes, Sir, ſaid he, but---Nay, Sir, but me no buts, read it; at this I gingled the caſh.—— Well, well, pretty enough, pretty well indeed, ſaid he.—— But, Sir, what am I to do with this? It's out of my way to purchaſe any thing. Sir, it's not out of your way to take money, I hope? No, Sir, by no means. Then, Sir, in few words, if you print this I'll pay you for it. Oh! your moſt humble ſervant, Sir---it ſhall be elegantly done. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you mean to pay before-hand, becauſe—— Nay, Sir, make no apology, I have the money here. Why the truth is, Sir, we have ſo many reams to ſend to paſtry-cooks every month, that it would amaze you, and faith ſome ſmart pretty things to; but the age is depraved, Sir; ah, Sir, the age is taſteleſs. A bargain being thus concluded, to the ſatisfaction of both parties, the piece ſoon after made its appearance, and the writer of the Monthly Review took notice of it in this manner:

The POET's RECANTATION, &c.

" What right this gentleman has to call himſelf a " poet we don't know, except his claim is extrajudice

" from his father the Rev. Mr. Matthew, or his mother
" the ingenious Lætitia Pilkington; however, the youth
" tags his rhimes daperly enough."

Pleaſed that I had not a ſeverer cenſure paſſed on my piece, I was once more reconciled to the muſes; to give my readers ſome idea of it, I tranſcribe from memory a few of the lines, as I can't endure to keep a copy of any thing I write.—The firſt part was declaiming againſt the nine, and only uſed as an introduction to ſubſequent thoughts.

Oh! Marlbrough, did a ſoul like thine
In ev'ry noble boſom ſhine;
Were ev'ry peer in Britain grac'd
With like munificence and taſte,
Dejected merit would be ſought,
And genius cheriſhed as it ought:
Or could Northumberland impart
The various virtues of his heart,
They might amend perverſe mankind,
Yet leave ſufficient ſtock behind.

A great man's porter, I inſiſt,
Muſt ſtill be a phyſognamiſt,

And taught by inſtinct to declare
What motive brings each mortal there.
No men alive can tell you better
The real purport of a letter;
And ſome from dire experience know
'Tis by this gen'ral rule they go.

In England, Italy or Greece,
Few poets cloaths are of a piece;
Tho' pitying providence had lent
A coat and hat for their content;
Tho' with a countenance ſerene
They viewed their ſhirt and neckcloth clean.
The porter ſpies, in heat of talking,
A gaping chaſm in their ſtocking;
Or if by chance the ſtocking's whole,
Beſure the ſhoe's without a ſole:
From whence he, cautiouſly diſcreet,
Commences judgment at the feet;
And if the bard is faulty there,
The porter leaves him to deſpair.

In early youth they thought it good
To bid me pray for daily food;

So I, from day to day, was fed,
And juſt received diurnal bread;
Ye great this laſt petition hear,
And grant me bread for all the year.

In order to make ſome compenſation for ſuppreſſing an unlucky abortive comedy, I ſhall here preſent to my readers a collection of letters, that paſſed between the late Lord Kingſborough and my mother; for as I was her amanuenſis, ſhe dictated her thoughts to me, and from thence tranſcribed her own fair copies. Upon the other hand, before ſhe delivered his lordſhip's original letters to him, as has been mentioned in her third volume, ſhe made me exactly copy every one of them; the truth of which I can ſatisfy any of my ſubſcribers in, who have a curioſity to be more fully informed, by referring them to ſome perſons of diſtinction and veracity, who ſaw the letters, and knew both his lordſhip and my mother at the time the correſpondence was carried on.

A

COLLECTION

OF

LETTERS,

BETWEEN

Mrs. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON, deceaſed,

AND THE LATE

Right Honourable Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

LETTER I.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH, in the country, to Mrs. PILKINGTON in Dublin.

Abbe Boyle, March 22, 1748.

MADAM,

I SHOULD be as inſenſible not to feel, as I ſhould be ungrateful not to own the pleaſure I receive from your moſt agreeable correſpondence; and ſhould think myſelf ſtill happier, had I the ſmalleſt

claim

claim from my own merit to the praiſes you are kind enough to beſtow upon me; however, Madam, I am ſo vain as to believe you think what you ſay of me, as Mrs. Pilkington's ſincerity has never yet been called in queſtion.

Should I attempt to comply with your requeſt, in correcting any thing that fell from your pen, I muſt arrogate to myſelf a title I know I am unequal to; for had Longinus ſeen your writings, Madam, he muſt, as a man of taſte, have admired them; but, as a man of prudence, would never have preſumed to alter what was ſo inimitably elegant.

As I find I have undeſervedly acquired the good opinion of the only lady I am ſollicitous to pleaſe, I ſhall make it my ſtudy to act up to the character the happineſs of your imagination has given me, by a perſeverance in which I may poſſibly attain a path to that glorious ſummit you have placed me upon, and be in reality what Mrs. Pilkington is ſo generous to think me.

In compliance with your deſire, I have ſent back the *poem, though I confeſs with reluctance; but in this, as in

* This was the dedication to her ſecond vol. beginning,

" To thee within whoſe heav'n illumin'd breaſt
" Reſides each virtue that adorns the bleſs'd."

in every thing elſe, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew that obedience and reſpect wherewith I've the honour to be,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

and ever devoted,

humble ſervant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. I have taken the liberty to encloſe notes for thirty pounds, could I have found one for twenty more would have ſent it; but own I delay it till next poſt with ſome pleaſure, as it will give me another opportunity to pay my reſpects.

LETTER II.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH, at Abbe Boyle.

My LORD,

EVERY inſtance of your highly valued favour gives me new reaſon to condemn myſelf for having judged ſo uncharitably of my own ſpecies, as to believe it not productive of one great, noble, or diſintereſted ſoul: 'twas

a

a faith experience had bigotted me to, till my illuſtrious Kingſborough, like a ray of brilliant light, diſperſed the gloom from my fancy, and diſplayed every grace, excellence and virtue, that ever adorned the human race, conſpicuouſly ſhining in one young nobleman.

When a baſe world I labour'd to deteſt,
And baniſh ſocial feelings from my breaſt;
When a long train of falſhood and deceit
Taught me myſelf and human kind to hate;
To look on promiſes as vain diſcourſe,
And kind profeſſions only words of courſe;
'Twas thine alone my frenzy to remove,
And call me back to friendſhip and to love;
Make me again my fellow-creature truſt,
Becauſe one man is excellent and juſt:
Were my opinion by the world eſteem'd,
In that, the world, is by yourſelf redeem'd;
My arms again to friendſhip I'll expand,
And give my heart as freely as my hand.

You ſee, my Lord, what a tautoligiſt you have to deal with: I firſt tell you my thoughts in proſe, and repeat nearly the ſame in verſe, but you have kindneſs to overlook my failings; and all I am ambitious of in this life, is being

being able to ſay or do any-thing that may expreſs the gratitude and eſteem you have inſpired in the boſom of,

My Lord,

Golden-Lane,
Dublin, March 23, 1748.

Your Lordſhip's,

moſt obliged

humble ſervant,

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LETTER III.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH, to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle, April 5, 1748.

MADAM,

I SHOULD ſooner have acknowledged the receipt of your agreeable letter, but that it is the fate of us idle people to be always moſt hurried when we are leaſt able to tell how; but you will naturally judge in what manner I am circumſtanced, when I tell you, that I have ſtolen from company who can be happy with a bottle, to enjoy the more rational felicity of converſing with Mrs. Pilkington. I am not in the leaſt ſurpriſed, Madam, you ſhould

reproach a world, who could be ſo long blind to ſuch exalted merit. The compliment you honoured me with on that head, not only makes me vain, but happy; and you may believe me, Madam, that no wiſh of Mrs. Pilkington's ſhall be unobtained, that is within the compaſs of my abilities to gratify. There is nothing ever endeared fortune ſo much to me, as the power it gives me of demonſtrating, beyond profeſſions, how ſincerely I eſteem and regard you.---But I am juſt called from this pleaſing taſk, I muſt entreat you to forgive this haſty ſcrawl, and be aſſured of the unalterable friendſhip of,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

humble ſervant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. If Mrs. Pilkington will let me know by her anſwer, which I impatiently expect, any thing wherein my fortune or intereſt can ſerve her, ſhe may command both.

LET-

LETTER IV.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My LORD,

AFTER many attempts to write your Lordſhip a proper anſwer to your laſt flow of angelic benevolence and greatneſs of mind, I have ſat down to write you a true one, and to you, as to my guardian angel, pour forth all my ſoul; ſince to anſwer you as I ought demands both the pen and the ſpirit of a Kingſborough.

Whoſe hand as prompt the indigent befriends,
As wakeful nature to creation tends.

I may ſay on the receipt of ſo many undeſerved tenders of ſervice, from one who is ſo amply qualified to aſſiſt me, as Henry the fourth did, when he heard his ſon had conquered the rebels.

And wherefore ſhould this good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full?
But write her faireſt words in blackeſt ink.

Had my ſtory been known to my moſt munificent patron, before repeated griefs had overcome my ſpirit, and made me incapable of enjoying any thing on this ſide of the grave; had he then ſo nobly offered to reſcue me from further diſappointments and afflictions; perhaps it might have had the effect his generoſity now wiſhes: but, alas! my Lord, I have no reliſh for life, and that goodneſs that would endeavour to raiſe, but ſinks the expiring flame; as if one ſhould profuſely ſhed oil into a lamp, where the wick was burned to an inch. I confeſs to you, my Lord, I have had philoſophy enough to ſmile at the rudeſt ſhocks of adverſe fortune; but this unſolicited, unthought of proof of manly virtue covers me with tears: yet I have a child, a ſon, who merits that name, by a moſt aſſiduous duty and conſtancy to me. He was nurſed at my boſom, and is now my only joy. If Lord Kingſborough will think of a proviſion for him, inſtead of his heart-broken parent, he will let my eyes behold what only can elevate my heart.——You know him, my Lord, that is, you have ſeen him; but forgive the partiality of a mother, when ſhe ſays you do not know him, becauſe your Lordſhip could not experience, as I have done, the worthineſs of his diſpoſition.——That his father has cruelly abandoned him on my account, makes it a double duty on me

to

to exert my prayers to heaven, and intereſt upon earth, to gain him a ſomething that may guard him when I am no more, from what Shakeſpear terms

The ſpurns
That patient merit from the unworthy take.

But I have ſurely exhauſted your patience, though 'tis impoſſible, my Lord, to wear out your good-manners; therefore, leſt you ſhould conclude, I have quite taken leave of my own: I muſt, however, reluctantly break of, with appealing to your own ſuperior ſenſe for a deſcription of that nameleſs reſpect, with which

I am,

Dublin, April 9, 1748.

My Lord, &c.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LET-

LETTER V.

Anſwer to the foregoing, from Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Abbe Boyle, April 13, 1748.

MADAM,

YOUR letter found me alone, I expected a fund of humour and entertainment on the receipt of it; but, good God! how much was I affected at your alteration of ſtile. Surely, Madam, you are troubled with vapours, and this muſt be the effect of them. When I laſt had the honour to ſee you, you were in full health and ſpirits; neither did I ever ſee more vivacity in any perſon living. For heaven's ſake, Mrs. Pilkington, be yourſelf, and think no more of quitting a world, wherein the longer you live the more you will be admired.---As to your ſon, who I believe is a deſerving young gentleman, you may reſt aſſured, that my inclinations are, and warmeſt endeavours ſhall be to ſerve him; which Mr. Pilkington will be convinced of as ſoon as I come to town.

You were ſo obliging to promiſe, in one of your former letters, to entertain me with a tranſcript of your humorous epiſtle from C—— D——m, I ſhall take it extremely kind,

kind, Madam, if you will, at a leiſure hour, ſend it to me; for though nothing can equal the native flowings of your pen, yet when you court the tragic ſiſter, you win her ſo effectually to your aſſiſtance, that, as ſomebody ſays, you beguile us of our tears. It is needleſs to repeat to you, Madam, what I have before ſincerely ſaid, becauſe yourſelf muſt confeſs, that nothing can do me ſo much honour as promoting the welfare of Mrs. Pilkington; to whom

I am, &c.

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. I beg, dear Madam, you'll ſend ſomething to raiſe my ſpirits, which your laſt has much depreſſed.

LETTER VI.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Dublin, April 18, 1748.

My LORD,

AS you deſire me to be merry, whether I will or not, my duty obliges me to comply with your injunction, and rattle out every thing I think entertaining, without once conſidering who I am prating to. I aſſure you, my

Lord,

Lord, if I was not old enough to be your mother, the world would ſay we carried on an intrigue; nay, thoſe who have not ſeen how roughly maſter time has handled me give ſhrewd inunendoes, that it is not for nothing ſome people are ſo great. Your Lordſhip's hand and ſeal is already known in the poſt-office; and, but for the cauſes aforeſaid, there might poſſibly be an action of damages againſt you, or a formal citation to appear in Facie Eccleſiæ, and good reaſon. Why, forſooth, if a reverend gentleman of the gown choſe to diſtreſs his wife, why ſhould any flirting young nobleman take upon him to protect and defend her?---But you aſk me, my Lord, for the Colonel's letter, whoſe character, as well as decency would permit, I have drawn in my ſecond volume; the moſt of which your Lordſhip has ſeen in manuſcript, and I hope ſoon to have the pleaſure to preſent to you the whole in print.

I wrote to the Colonel ſome time before I left London, at an hour when a trivial aſſiſtance would have been highly acceptable. I addreſſed him in the moſt ſolemn ſtile, and endeavoured to awaken his pity by a true and pathetic recital of my ſtate. I took care to remind him of his promiſes to me, which had at his ſerious hours been very liberal;

eral; and the moral certainty of his own end being not remote, he anſwered me thus:

You old D——l,

WHEN you were ſomething handſome, I told you I loved you, as I told every woman came in my way; but, by G---d, my dear little creature, I never cared a half-penny for you; and ſo you now begin to talk to me like a death's head, or a mementi mori. I thought you had more ſenſe than to preach that to me, when I am like yourſelf, obſtinate and old, which I always deſpiſed, as you know. You tell me you are in diſtreſs: very well; I am not.---And pray, Madam, what's your misfortunes to me? Muſt I break a ten guinea bet at White's, to give you one, becauſe you are unfortunate? That would indeed help to make me ſo, as I ſhould repent it all my life.---Oh! thou beautiful ruin! thou admirable antique! thou venerable matron! thou poetical ſybill! in ſhort, thou dear fine worthy antient gentlewoman!

Your moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

D——.

P. S. You want to go to eat, I want to go to game; once more your humble ſervant.

Having ſatisfied your Lordſhip with what you requeſted, I leave you to admire at the brutality of the writer, but do aſſure you the Colonel wrote his genuine ſentiments. During the time I was favoured with his viſits, he aſked me one day if I ever heard how my brother Grub-ſtreet, the laureat, had like to have his neck brought into a halter? I told him no. Why, ſaid he, our Britiſh Mecænas, as you term the E—— of C——, was about twenty years ago forbid the C——t, and very juſtly too; for G—— owed him money, which he never meant to pay.——You muſt know, that, previous to the birth-day, Colley ſends his Ode, finely done up in gilt paper, or leather, or ſomething, for the R——l approbation. The E——, who from his intimacy with C——y knew all this, took care to have the ſtart of him, one day at leaſt. He likewiſe knew the laureat's hand-writing; and, therefore, having a book done juſt after C---bb---s faſhion, he dreſſed a footman in the ſame livery to deliver the ſuppoſed Ode. It was immediately handed to the Q——n, and run thus:——

An

An ODE.

I.

I C---ll---y C---bb---r, right or wrong,
Muſt celebrate this day;
And tune once more my tuneleſs ſong,
And ſtrum the venal lay.

II.

Heav'n ſpread thro' all the family
That broad illuſtrious glare,
That ſhines ſo flat in every eye,
And makes them all ſo ſtare.

III.

Heav'n ſend the P—— of R——l grace,
A little whore and horſe;
A little meaning in his face,
And money in his purſe.

IV.

And as I have a ſon like you,
May he Parnaſſus rule;
So ſhall the C——n, and laurel too,
Deſcend from fool to fool.

The Q——n, ſaid the Colonel, burſt out a crying after reading this; but yet was ſo covetous, that ſhe would neither pay poor C——d his wife's portion, nor ſupply her own ſon with means to ſupport the dignity of a P——e. You muſt know, you little devil, continued the Colonel, I am juſt come from White's, where I heard an excellent paſſage.---There's a ſmock-faced lad, who has been introduced amongſt us, that we all know has no means to ſupport the appearance he makes, or the expence he runs into. He was at play with L——d B——, and having a run of very ill fortune, cry'd, well, I believe if I played for my b---kſ---de I ſhould looſe it. L---d B—— very gravely anſwered,——indeed, Sir, that would be a loſs to you.

Juſt after this, L——d B —— engaged in play with young H——, who is known to be a natural ſon; but the tables turned on him, and he loſt every bet he made. Loſers have always leave to ſpeak: L---d B—— therefore cried, with ſome heat,——I never yet knew a baſtard but what was a ſon of a w——e. The young gentleman, with great ſteadineſs of countenance, ſaid, indeed then, my Lord, I did; for my ſiſter is a baſtard, and yet not a ſon of a whore; which intirely raiſed the laugh againſt L---d B——.

Now,

Now, my Lord, you find how much I can deviate from myſelf, when inſpired by the proſpect of giving you a tranſitory entertainment; but having filled my whole ſheet, I muſt wiſh your Lordſhip a good night.

L. PILKINGTON.

LETTER VII.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle, April 29, 1748.

MADAM,

I HAVE the honour to tranſmit this to you by my brother, and ſhall, in a ſhort time, have the happineſs to thank you in perſon for the infinite delight your laſt has afforded to myſelf and friends, who unanimouſly join with me, in confeſſing you are, as I have ever eſteemed you, Madam, unrivalled in wit, eaſe, and vivacity.

I entreat you will forgive my not entering upon all the particulars I long to communicate, as I reſerve them for

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a whole afternoon's diſcourſe with you in Dublin; in the mean time believe me,

Dear Madam,

moſt reſpectly,

your obliged,

humble ſervant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. I make bold to ſend the twenty pound bill I formerly mentioned.

LETTER VIII.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON.

My LORD,

THIS morning C——t K——g did me the honour to come with your Lordſhip's letter; and though I had not the happineſs of his acquaintance, yet I imagined it poſſible to detain him a few moments, as I concluded every perſon allied to Lord Kingſborough muſt be eaſy and affable. When he had favoured me with your

obliging

obliging epiſtle he was for retiring; but I intreated he would condeſcend, as his noble brother had frequently done, to bleſs my humble abode with his preſence; and would you believe me, my Lord, I put your dear letter into my breaſt, and ſuſpended even a woman's curioſity to know its contents, in hopes to engage him in a little chat.---But he pulled out his watch, and told me he was abſolutely obliged to go in ten minutes. I told him I hated a watch, and could not ſee how that machine was uſeful to any, except thoſe who were tied to hours.---Well, Madam, ſaid he, but I am one of that number, and therefore muſt depart. In ſhort, my Lord, he left me; and as I will not attempt to veil my opinion to you, I take him to be what Falſtaff merrily deſcribes Lord John of Lancaſter to have been, "A cold blooded boy, that makes many fiſh meals, and has contracted a kind of male green ſickneſs."---Your Lordſhip will certainly think me impudent for making compariſons, which are ſeldom found to pleaſe, whatever degree of ſimilarity may ſubſiſt; but certainly Lord John was a brave man, notwithſtanding the freedoms this fat knight took with his character; and the cornet may be extremely communicative and entertaining, though I had not the luck to take him in the vein.

You

You ſee, my Lord, how I ramble from my point in view, which was to thank your Lordſhip for this laſt proof of your liberality. I have laid it out in ſome plate, on which I have ordered your Lordſhip's arms to be engraved, and upon that account only ſhall be extremely vain of it. In the mean time, my Lord, as you ſeldom deny any requeſt of mine, I muſt beg your acceptance of a half length picture, which a painter lately prevailed on me to let him draw; becauſe, though the man is not eminent, he has made a ſtrong likeneſs; in which no perſon ever ſucceeded before, except Mr. Hone, in London.——If your Lordſhip can find one ſpace at Abbe Boyle, that the elegance of your taſte has not filled up, give my poor reſemblance a place there, that it may ſometimes reveal to your Lordſhip your own virtues, which every one but yourſelf ſufficiently know and admire, and be a memorial of that gratitude wherewith I am,

My Lord,

Dublin,
May 2, 1748.

Your Lordſhip's,

moſt devoted

humble ſervant,

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle, May 12, 1748.

MADAM,

I AM honoured with your letter, and enraptured at the picture you promiſe me, ſince any thing that reſembles Mrs. Pilkington muſt give pleaſure: I ſhall place it where I would the original, might I have the happineſs of her company, in my beſt apartment, and hope the contemplation of it may better qualify me to hold a correſpondence with you, by inſpiring me with ſome of that wit which ſo laviſhly diſtils from your pen. I often wonder, Madam, when I receive your letters, how I have the courage to anſwer them, and expoſe all my errors to ſo accurate a judge; and this nothing but a confidence in your good-nature could poſſibly tempt me to do.---I thought, by this time, I ſhould have ſeen Mrs. Pilkington, and thanked her myſelf for all the marks of eſteem ſhe is ſo obliging to honour me with; but as inavoidable buſineſs will engage me ſome time longer in the country, your writing frequently, Madam, is the only relief I can hope for.——I have juſt received an epiſtle from our poor friend

* John Brown, I heartily wiſh he may get the better of his unhappy affair. He tells me you have been kind enough to viſit him in his confinement, and ſpeaks of you as all gentlemen of true taſte generally do. I think it extremely good of Mrs. Pilkington to give him her converſation, which muſt render even a priſon delightful. Do me the honour, Madam, when you next ſee him, to tell him he is attended with my beſt wiſhes, as I really have not time to write my thoughts to him; and if you have charity for me, who am equally confined by being far from Mrs. Pilkington, write me a whole ſheet the firſt opportunity, with as many of your own flights as poſſible: reſt aſſured, dear Madam, I am, and ever will be,

Your ſincerely devoted,

humble ſervant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

LET-

* This gentleman is John Browne, of the Neal, Eſq;

LETTER X.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My LORD,

WHAT will you think of your friend, Mr. Brown, when I tell your Lordſhip he has abſolutely made love to me, and wrote a ſonnet in my praiſe? He conjured me not to mention a ſyllable of it to Lord Kingſborough, from which moment I have been ready to die with impatience to let your Lordſhip into the ſecret; and after tranſcribing ſome of his ſtanza's, I deſire the favour of your Lordſhip's determination, whether his ſtile is Platonic or otherwiſe.

I.

Fortune's malice I defy,
While my beautious fair one's nigh;
Let Euphroſine encline,
Are not both the Indies mine?

II.

Oh! were both the Indies mine,
From the Ganges to the Rhine,
With a world what ſhould I do,
But give all to purchaſe you.

III.

Riches, honour, health and eaſe,
All without you cannot pleaſe;
But with you the world's my own,
And an humble turf a throne.

IV.

Smile, then ſmile, my fav'rite fair,
Crown a paſſion ſo ſincere:
Oh! reward me, and 'tis odds,
But you lift me to the gods.

I need not tell Lord Kingſborough where Mr. Brown has borrowed his laſt ſentiment, becauſe I know he is too converſant with Horace not to find it readily out; but I can't imagine how my ſmiling could raiſe our author ſo high, even if I was young and handſome. Upon the whole, my Lord, I fancy it was written more to ſhew

our

our friend's wit and politeneſs, than to make a conqueſt of an old woman. One thing indeed renders it ſomething uncommon, that a gentleman, who owns himſelf he expects to receive ſentence of death in a ſhort time, ſhould be ſo very volatile; but this may ſerve as a proof, that his conſcience does not accuſe him of murdering his antagoniſt, whom I really believe, from all accounts, had as much fair play for his life, as gentlemen uſually have who fight duels; I could myſelf aver, from what I know of Mr. Brown.

That he would place honour on one hand, and death on t'other,
And look on both indiff'rently;
Nay, I'll venture to affirm,
That he loves the name of honour more than he fears death.

Don't imagine, my Lord, I ſpeak thus of Mr. Brown becauſe he has written in my praiſe; for I aſſure your Lordſhip, I have received compliments of the kind from men whom I very heartily deſpiſe, particularly A——w F——t, Eſq; who, ſince I have removed to Fownſes-Street, is placed directly oppoſite to my window every morning, and whoſe preſence is ſufficient to damp the genial inſpirations of the muſe,

muſe, when it brings inceſt and murder ſo ſtrongly in view. This worthy gentleman, whoſe amour with his ſiſter muſt render him deteſtable to all poſterity, ſuppoſed, that, by a few fulſome panegyricks, he could ſilence my pen upon that ſubject: but really, my Lord, there was not the leaſt occaſion for all this, becauſe I never meddle with thoſe who don't meddle with me; and tho' I ever looked on F——t as the laſt abject wretch upon earth, yet I thought him too incorrigible for the laſh, and his crime of too henious a nature to be even thought of without freezing the blood.

I preſented your Lordſhip's commands to Mr. Brown, and though he was pleaſed to find his adverſity had not diveſted him of your Lordſhip's good wiſhes, yet he was ſadly mortified at not receiving a letter.——Upon this a a controverſy aroſe between us, whether Lord Kingſborough loved him or myſelf beſt. The conteſt was very warm, but a nobleman juſt happening to come in, kindly ended the diſpute, by adviſing both parties to appeal to your Lordſhip for a deciſion of this debate; ſo, my Lord, it lies in ſuſpenſe till I am favoured with your anſwer.—— In the mean time, I fear my viſits here will be ſeriouſly attended with one very bad conſequence; for there is a lady diſtinguiſhed by the name of Dirty Daly, who I am told

told will pull my cap: however, there is no virtue without induring perſecution, and if the gentlewoman ſhould fall foul of my head-cloaths, ſhe won't foul her hands; but I ſhan't venture to return the compliment, leſt I ſhould dirty mine, for, by all accounts, ſhe has not had a clean cap on theſe twelve months.

The perſon who came to our friend brought a very uncommon piece of news with him; namely, that L——n, the brewer's ſon, was actually going to be created a P——r of this realm. Having Mr. Brown's diamond pencil in my hand at that inſtant, a fine pane of glaſs in the window was ſpoiled with this inſcription:

The ſon of a brewer created a P——r,
Wine makes L——ds, I've been told, and pray why
ſhould not beer?

But when I get leave to prate this way to your Lordſhip, I never know when to leave off. 'Tis now full time to cloſe all this with two lines, that are very applicable to my wiſhes,

Bleſſed be the father from whoſe loins you ſprung,
And bleſſed the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung.

Dublin,
May 13, 1748. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LET-

LETTER XI.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle, May 20, 1748.

MADAM,

I Confeſs I don't think Mr. Brown's verſes Platonic, and cannot but admire at his fortitude to write in his preſent ſituation; but I find, Madam, you are as happy and generous, in defending thoſe you honour with your eſteem, as your pen is fatal to ſuch as deſervedly fall under its cenſure. Mr. F——t is a gentleman whom I really do not know, nor do I wiſh for his acquaintance. I am ſorry poor L——n has diſobliged Mrs. Pilkington, and hope the epigram may not be underſtood or publiſhed, as I think him an inoffenſive creature; beſides that, I have a particular regard for C——t P——n, his brother-in-law. As to Mr. Brown, who has known me from my infancy, I have a great value for him; but when a lady is put in competition with a gentleman, let him aſk his own breaſt on what ſide judgment is to be decreed.

I ſincerely concur with you in opinion, Madam, that our friend is innocent of the murder, though unluckily

guilty

guilty of the manſlaughter; which I am certain himſelf, as well as his friends, wiſhes had never happened. Your quotation from Shakeſpear on that matter is very juſt, and a true character of Mr. Brown, in a few words. I have wrote a long letter to him this poſt, by which he will know I have not forgot him.——I hope his anſwer will bring me the pleaſing news of his enlargement, as the trial, I'm told, comes on in a few days.

I entreat the favour of you, Madam, if you ſhould have any occaſion for money, during my abſence, to let Mark White, my agent, know it; who is deſired by me to ſupply you without limit, and you cannot more effectually oblige me than commanding my fortune.---All I hope on my part is, that you will ſtill think me worthy of being eſteemed.

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. You were ſo kind to repeat ſome verſes you wrote on an unfortunate lady ſome time ago; ſhall be much obliged to you for a copy of that admirable poem.

LETTER XII.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My DEAR LORD,

FOR ſo you muſt permit the moſt obliged creature upon earth henceforth to term you. If your recent bounty of fifty pounds were already exhauſted, I muſt certainly have been extravagant, and that, the treaſures of the Eaſt could never make me. I would be liberal, had Providence entruſted me with the means, but never profuſe or oſtentatious. I have no paſſions that could lead me into expence. I neither like publick or private amuſements. I neither ſtudy dreſs or faſhion, but wear what is decent and convenient. If I am ſuperfluous in any point, 'tis in dreſſing out my ſon, for which I know how I am cenſured; but I do it as much to mortify his father and his partizans, as to ſhew the world what your Lordſhip's goodneſs can enable an afflicted mother to do.

The permiſſion your Lordſhip has given me to call on Mr. White, is a proof of your unlimited kindneſs; yet I can't help thinking, my Lord, it would manifeſt great want of modeſty in me to make the leaſt uſe of ſo noble

an

an indulgence. I know no advantage money could be off to me, but to ſerve thoſe who are in diſtreſs; and I have no need to be an agent for your Lordſhip in that reſpect, who finds ſo much felicity in doing it yourſelf: in ſhort, my dear Lord, I want nothing but a ſight of you; and if ever I receive a favour, it muſt be immediately from your own benevolent hand.

The verſes your Lordſhip demands of me, are very incorrect, as they were written like a letter, and never intended to ſee the light. I know your Lordſhip will overlook their imperfections, as you do thoſe of their author; and therefore, ſans reſerve, I ſhall ſubmit them to your ſuperior judgment.——I believe I told you, my Lord, that when I lodged in Green-Street, Groſvenor-Square, the moſt beautiful and accompliſhed young lady I had ever beheld came to entreat I would write a letter for her; but before ſhe could tell me the ſubſtance of it, ſhe fell into an agony of tears, from which ſhe was with difficulty recovered: in ſhort, ſhe was obliged to go home in a chair, without being capable to tell me what ſhe came about. It was the third morning after ſhe had firſt attempted to ſpeak, that, with the mildeſt exhortations to repoſe a confidence in one who ſincerely pitied her, and aſſurances of friendſhip, ſecrecy and aſſiduity to ſerve her,

ſhe told her ſtory in a ſimple but eloquent manner, which I the ſame day put into the dreſs I here tranſcribe it.

To heav'n and you repentant I confeſs
At once my ſhame, contrition and diſtreſs;
And, oh! if pity may await a crime
That ſully's honour to remoteſt time,
Judge from this faithful picture of my ſtate,
Whether that pity ſhould my crime await;
Covered with crimſon bluſhes while I tell,
From white-robed truth and virtue, how I fell;
From ſpotleſs innocence, from meek-eyed peace,
A prey to horror, victim to diſgrace.

Four ſummers paſſed ſince this dejected frame
Was clad in ſweetneſs, and enriched with fame;
Within my breaſt no ſentiment aroſe,
That veſtal maids might ſcruple to diſcloſe;
The beſt of mothers, laviſh'd on my mind,
Each heav'n taught precept to improve deſign'd;
Bid guiltleſs joy on all my moments wait,
Blind to a thought of my ſucceeding fate.
Oh! had my ſoul each bright perfection ſhar'd,
Had all the beauties of my form been ſpar'd,

A noble fortitude had ſteel'd my breaſt
The ſerpent wiles of mankind to deteſt;
To guard my virtue from the fatal ſtain,
Theſe tears attempt to waſh away in vain.

A youth by nature and by art poſſeſs'd
Of all that melts the ſympathetic breaſt;
Such ſweet perſuaſion on whoſe accents hung,
That while he ſpoke I thought an angel ſung;
Whoſe kneeling vows, in fond profuſion giv'n,
Appear'd to me the regiſters of heav'n;
With all the arts deception cou'd inſpire,
Taught me to love, to pity, to admire;
Eternal truth each broken ſentence fill'd,
Thro' ev'ry vital boundleſs rapture thrill'd:
My honeſt ſoul each abject doubt diſdain'd,
Yet roleing years his ſuit was unobtain'd;
Till imprecations, hermits might deceive,
Made me to endleſs infamy a ſlave;
Dáſh'd the rich cup whence ſocial comforts flow
And left me heir to everlaſting woe.

Can I forget the ſtill, the ſolemn night,
Scene of my joy, my ruin, my delight?

When

When modeſt Cynthia veil'd her ſilver face,
Too chaſte to evidence my ſad diſgrace;
When with affected piety of look
His impious hands unclos'd the ſacred book,
And join'd our hearts with that celeſtial chain
Which death can only diſunite again;
The miſtic ring upon my finger plac'd,
Emblem of love, unchangeable and chaſte;
Then Tarquin-like to my embraces flew,
While ev'ry angel from my ſide withdrew.

Own wretch obdurate, tho' you can't relent,
Your preſent ſtate is diſtant from content;
Her you abandon'd in purſuit of wealth
Had eaſe, good-humour, ſprightlineſs and health;
Had love to cheer, ſhou'd ev'ry comfort fail,
And temper gentle as the ſouthern gale;
Unlike they canker'd, thy miſ-ſhapen bride,
Fraught with detraction, enmity and pride;
Who while her coffers burſt with gems and plate,
Grudges each taſteleſs morſel that you eat;
Whoſe friend-like ſoul aſpires at no content,
But the infernal pleaſure to torment;
Whoſe converſation may prevent my curſe,
Since hell contains no puniſhment that's worſe.

Here

Here wou'd I cloſe the grief-awaking tale,
And o'er the ſequel caſt a ſable veil;
To dumb obſcurity the ills conſign
That adverſe fortune deſtin'd to be mine;
But tho' my heart at every ſentence bleed,
My ſexes welfare prompts me to proceed.

With hope and fear alternate conflicts ſpent
Two tedious days ſince my deſtroyer went;
I ſigh'd, I lov'd, I look'd, I long'd in vain,
And ev'ry moment was an age of pain;
No ſtreaming tear cou'd give my woes relief,
Tears the poor refuge of a common grief;
The third a fevers burning heat expreſs'd,
The potent fury of a flame ſuppreſs'd.
Vain was recourſe to tenderneſs or art,
Sorrow and ſhame was written on my heart;
And wild diſtraction let my tongue reveal,
The fatal ſecret reaſon wou'd conceal.

Life from the great, the rich, the happy flies,
But grief's immortal, and it never dies;
Elſe why ye powers did I this ſtroke ſurvive?
Why am I ſtill in miſery alive?

Perhaps

Perhaps the hour new vigour I acquir'd
Some hero periſh'd, or ſome bard expir'd;
Some whoſe benevolence the world had ſhar'd
Have fall'n, whilſt wretchedneſs itſelf was ſpar'd.

When new-born health her balmy influ'nce ſhed,
And o'er my cheek a vermil-tincture ſpread,
A tender mother, to compaſſion wrought,
The fatal cauſe of my affliction ſought;
Told him in words that might a Nero melt
The ſtings her daughter in his abſence felt;
While from her eye the tear of pity ſtole,
That ſpoke the kind ſenſations of her ſoul;
But to her pleadings no regard was ſhewn,
The wretch was callous as the frigid zone:
Then 'gainſt her life her trembling hand ſhe bent,
Nor e'er return'd to tell me the event;
No longer worthy her eſteem to claim,
She left me full of agony and ſhame.

Oh! thou to nature's viſitings unknown,
From whom theſe evils took their riſe alone,
This tragic tale unſhaken who can hear,
Nor pay the gen'rous tribute of a tear;

Know

Know that when worldly artifice ſhall fail,
To aweful heav'ns tribunal I'll appeal;
Of joys eternal, let thy ſoul deſpair,
For clad in terrors I'll arraign you there;
My bleeding mother ſhall confront thy ſight,
And furies ſnatch thee from the realms of light.

You ſee, my Lord, the whole piece is irregular and indigeſted, ſo that nothing but your deſire could induce me to give it under my hand. If there is any thing in it pleaſing to Lord Kingſborough, I muſt intirely impute it to his partiality to me.

I am this inſtant going to mortify Mr. Brown with your Lordſhip's laſt letter; for as he is now at liberty, it might give him a flow of ſpirits that would endanger his health, if I did nor take them down a little, by letting him know I have the uppermoſt place in your Lordſhip's heart; which to deſerve is the only wiſh of,

My Lord,

Dublin.

Your moſt dutiful

humble ſervant,

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LETTER XIII.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

Abbe Boyle.

MADAM,

I HAVE been guilty of an indelicacy in my laſt, for which I can hardly forgive myſelf, but that I know Mrs. Pilkington is too gentle to miſunderſtand what I wrote without reflection. I could ſcarcely ever come into her preſence, after preſuming to mention Mr. White. I ſtand moſt genteely corrected by your anſwer Madam, and again aſſure you, upon my honour, I wrote without thought; and though this is but pleading guilty to one crime, in order to wipe out another, yet I had rather be looked on giddy than unpolite: in ſhort, Mrs. Pilkington, this is the only excuſe I can make. How can you be ſo blind to your own excellence, to condemn the moſt pathetic and poetical piece that ever fell from the pen of mortal? I never offered to differ in opinion with you, Madam, except in this;---and I challenge even Mrs. Pilkington herſelf, to ſhew a line in it, that is not replete with that eaſe, harmony and ſweetneſs, peculiar to * Euphroſine,

* A name by which Mrs. Pilkington was known among her correſpondents.

ſine, and which the Leſbian poeteſs was never equal to. Certainly, Madam, ſome taſteleſs perſon has put you out of temper with that poem, for were it the work of another, a lady of your candour would undoubtedly commend it.

You know, Madam, I am neither connoiſſeur or critic, yet I certainly can feel what enraptures my ſenſe, and melts my ſoul to a feminine weakneſs. I have conceived from your poem the warmeſt eſteem for the deluded fair one, and the utmoſt indignation at her betrayer; and as 'tis more than probable, from what you ſay, Madam, that the aimable creature is not even now above indigence, your doing me the honour to encloſe her the two fifty pound notes herein will unſpeakably oblige me.

To enumerate the many unparalelled beauties of that piece is impoſſible, tho' I have read it ſo frequently as to have it by heart: what you modeſtly call irregularity, I think the chief ſpirit of ſuch a performance, as we naturally ſuppoſe you wrote in the ſtile the unhappy lady ſpoke; and we know that in this, as in painting, bold, free, and maſterly ſtrokes, are the evident proofs of an original.

I can't help obſerving, that the abruptneſs of the concluſion adds much to the dignity of the piece, though I wiſh the lady had not carried her reſentment ſo far, as to put him in eternal puniſhment; ſince ſhe confeſſes that allotted to him in a wife, was ſufficient even for the worſt of crimes, and I am heartily of her opinion. The mother was very precipitate to her own deſtruction, for had ſhe held her tongue, the lady might have paſſed for a maid with any old batchelor in England, and the good woman have had a handſome revenue to keep the ſecret inviolable; a taſk really hard on an old woman.

I aſſure you, Madam, I ſhould not have ſaid ſo much on this topic, but I have been labouring to fill a whole ſheet of paper with ſomething; but even my nonſenſe may ſhew Mrs. Pilkington, I have ſenſe enough to aſpire at the reputation of her

Real admirer,

and moſt obliged

humble ſervant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

P. S. If you ſhould not readily hear of the lady, do me the favour, Madam, to diſpoſe of the bills as you think proper.

L E T-

LETTER XIV.

From Mrs. PILKINGTON to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

My LORD,

TO evade your bounty, is as impoſſible as to parry Jove's thunder, and I have met it when moſt I ſought to ſhun it. I ſhall not teize your Lordſhip with endeavouring to expreſs what I think of you; for this, my Lord, would be but giving pain to your virtues, and ſhew how defective both my thoughts and our language is. For my part, I can find no words to dreſs the ſenſations of my ſoul in, and therefore muſt be ſilent about them, hoping that the heart which is capable of inſpiring them, may define what I own myſelf unequal to; but I ſincerely declare to you, my Lord, I have had ſo much money of late, that I have been at a loſs what to do with it. B——ps, P——ts and D——ns liberally ſupply me, without my being at the pains to ſollicit their benevolence. I receive ſums of money from unknown hands; nay, even the ladies now begin to honour me with their correſpondence and contributions.---I went the other day to my printer to receive ſome arrears, and ſaw there a formal

ſtiff

ſtiff fellow in black, with his own lank hair, whom I concluded was a parſon. I aſked Powel who he was? He told me the great Dr. W---ſ---y, and that he was certain I ſhould be highly delighted with his converſation, if I would do him the favour to ſtay to dinner.

As my curioſity was up, I conſented to the invitation; but tho' I ſtarted every ſubject that could poſſibly ſeduce him into a general converſation, yet I could not, for the ſoul of me, wrench a ſentence from him, more than that it would give him all imaginable pleaſure if he could prevail on me to go and hear him preach. Yes, Sir, ſaid I, but I would fain hear you talk firſt: I am told you are a gentleman and a ſcholar. For my part, Sir, when I go to church, it is to that eſtabliſhed by law; to which, notwithſtanding that ſome of her clergy are little better than they ſhould be, I am ſo heartily reconciled, that it will be a hard matter now to make a Methodiſt of me.--- Well, Madam, ſaid Mr. W---ſ---ly, if you'll let me wait on you at your houſe, we will then, over a diſh of tea, converſe of this matter. As I was impatient to hear what this ſanctified levite had to advance, I ſaid I ſhould expect him at breakfaſt the next morning. Madam, ſaid he, if God is willing, I will go, and I am not without hopes of ſeeing you a ſiſter in Chriſt.

He

He came according to appointment at eight o'clock, and at his entrance made me a very courtly bow. I was ſurprized, even before he ſpoke, to ſee the extraordinary alteration in his countenance; the muſcles of which were the preceding day dropt to that flatneſs, that his viſage was a perfect blank; but they were now braced up to their proper functions, and he appeared a ſprightly young fellow.

I never ſuffered more pain, Madam, ſaid he, than I did yeſterday, leſt Mrs. Pilkington ſhould believe me the ſtupid animal I affected: but I may be ſincere enough to tell you, Madam, this ſeeming ſadneſs and ſolemnity is of the utmoſt uſe in my vocation; and you know, Madam, as Falſtaff ſays, "May not a man labour in his vocation?" Powel and his wife were Anababtiſts, but are now followers of me; and 'tis natural to ſuppoſe I'll obtain as many as I can, as well as Mrs. Pilkington endeavours to fill her ſubſcription liſt; upon which, Madam, I beg to be in cog; and ſo ſaying, he preſented me a couple of guineas.—Now, Doctor, ſaid I, do you conſider what you have been about? How do you know, that the moment you depart, I may not take the pen and publiſh all this? Madam, ſaid he, I know by your writings, that it is not in your nature to do a premeditated injury to one

one who has repoſed a confidence in your honour and underſtanding; and beſides, not one of my followers would believe a ſyllable of it, I have ſo effectually gained an aſcendency over their faith. I told Mr. W---ſ---ly, his opinion of me was juſt as

" I'd not betray my truſt to gain the univerſe."

He then talked of books, plays, muſick, painting, ſtatuary; and in ſhort, every ſubject that could convince me he was a man of taſte and true breeding. Now, Madam, ſaid he, as I've been ſo candid with you, it is intirely in your power to ſerve me, by ſpeaking kindly of me to Powel's family.---I promiſed to ſpeak the truth, that I never received more ſatisfaction from the diſcourſe of any divine in my life, nor ever knew one who was half ſo honeſt and ingenuous.---Upon the whole, my Lord, I ſaw no difference between this prophet and other gentlemen, but that he drank for breakfaſt milk and warm water, inſtead of tea and milk.---What I ſay to my honoured friend, Lord Kingſborough, will, I am certain, go no farther; eſpecially, my Lord, when it is a deſire of mine that this interview ſhould be ſecret.

Mr. W---ſ---ly had ſcarce departed, when I was viſited by another clergyman, who firſt ſubſcribed very generouſly

to

to my writings, and then ſaid,——I hope, Mrs. Pilkington, you have made no mention of me?---Of you, Sir, ſaid I; upon my word I don't even know you. My name, Madam, ſaid he, is J——b; I had the favour to ſee you at the Archbiſhop of Dublin's, at Tallow, many years ago. Oh! Sir, I now recollect you; you came home with me in a coach. Yes, Madam, ſaid he, and I hope you will never repeat the indiſcretion I was guilty of at that time. Indeed, Sir, it never once entered into my head; but now you have been ſo obliging to remind me of it, I ſhall be able to make two or three admirable pages on the ſubject. For heaven's ſake, good Madam, ſaid he, don't intirely ruin me; I have a wife, who is already jealous, and ſuch a thing might be the parting of us. After bantering the parſon a little more, I promiſed to be as ſilent as the grave.--Having made his mind eaſy, he ſat down and gave me the following little hiſtory of his marriage:

You muſt know, my Lord, he is an Engliſh gentleman, and conſequently has a good living in Ireland. As he was on his road from London to Cheſter, he happened to be taken ſuddenly ill, and ſtopped at a neat little houſe, ſome ſmall diſtance from the highway, where he was very hoſpitably received by a young gentleman and his ſiſter, who kept the houſe. They prevailed on him to ſtay all

night, and amongſt other diſcourſe, the young gentleman told Mr. J——b, that his ſiſter and himſelf had ten thouſand pounds a piece, and lived very comfortably upon the intereſt of it; ſo that by carefully avoiding extremes, they were always able to entertain their friends genteely. The parſon is a luſty jolly fellow, not endowed with any qualities that may prevent his riſing in the church, ſuch as wit, or too ſtrong perception, therefore he ſaid but little, and retired to reſt. In the morning, he prepared to purſue his journey, but the young lady inſiſted on his ſtaying one day more for her ſake: this he accordingly did, but never, as he aſſured me, made the leaſt tendre of love to her. The third morning he ſet out, and got as far as Park-gate; but being detained there by contrary winds, was overtaken by the young gentleman, who ſpoke to him in this conciſe manner:

Sir, my ſiſter, who is a worthy modeſt girl, has taken a fancy to you, and ſays ſhe can't be happy without you. As I love her too well, not to do all in my power to make her eaſy, I have myſelf come to aſk you in marriage for her; ſo, Sir, if you will accept my offer, do me the favour to go back with me.---Mr. J——b, who had a great liking to the lady, readily received his propoſal, went back, and was married the next day.——He received her fortune

very

very juſtly, and, but that her extreme fondneſs makes her liable to jealouſy, they would be the happieſt couple upon earth.

Pray, my Lord, when I grow like the Archbiſhop of Sangrada, in Gil Blas, a little tedious and dull, and ſo forth, be ſo obliging to tell me of it, before I expoſe myſelf; for though I have ſcribbled ſo much here, I am in the humour to write as much more.

I am,

My Lord, &c.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

P. S. The pane of glaſs the epigram was on I broke, and ſhall never think of it more.

LETTER XV.

From Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Abbe Boyle.

MADAM,

I HAVE been extremely happy in the characters of the two clergymen, and Mrs. Pilkington may depend on it, I'll never impart any paſſage in her letters ſhe would wiſh concealed.——I can't help admiring how your head can poſſibly furniſh ſuch variety of publick and private entertainment; for I take it for granted you have a number of troubleſome correſpondents beſides myſelf, who are, like me, perpetually ſending you ſtupid letters to provoke you to write good ones; and this, Madam, you certainly do, beſides ſupplying the publick with an elegant repaſt in your Memoirs. I am pleaſed to find the world ſeems penitent for the injuries it has offered to the greateſt and beſt of her ſex, and endeavours to make ſome atonement for its former malignity. I wiſh to God, dear Mrs. Pilkington, you would write a panegyrick on the world; I'm certain it would ſell, and I could promiſe you five hundred ſubſcribers to it.

If

If it were poſſible for Mrs. Pilkington's genius to flag, there would be no neceſſity for my being the firſt to tell her of it; that truth, I have been told, Madam, authors firſt learn from their bookſellers.---The longeſt letter Mrs. Pilkington ever wrote ſeemed to me, who feel the graces of her ſtile, an epigram, or a ſpecimen of ſomething excellent that created a thirſt for more.——I'm obliged to you, Madam, for obliterating the two lines, though it's a pity any thing of your's ſhould be loſt. I will make it my buſineſs to let L——n know how much he is indebted to your goodneſs, and I dare anſwer for his gratitude.—— Pray, Madam, in your next, let me know how you approve my ſcheme for a new ſubſcription. Mrs. Pilkington, who can render the minuteſt trifles agreeable, will have a fine field to diſplay the brilliancy of her parts, when ſhe has all the world for her ſubject, and convince the univerſe that ſhe was ſent upon earth as a pattern of vivacity, for dull authors to imitate and improve by. I've the honour to be, in great haſte,

Madam,

Your moſt devoted,

humble ſervant,

KINGSBOROUGH.

LETTER XVI.

Anſwer to Lord KINGSBOROUGH.

Dublin.

My LORD,

YOU deſired me to write on the world, I took the pen, and theſe lines came from the very bottom of my ſoul.

I.

Call me not to a world I hate,
Call me not to perverſe mankind,
Move me from folly and deceit,
Content and virtue let me find.

II.

Know all ye ſplendid rich and gay,
Know all ye wretches, worldly wiſe
Like mine your ſpan is but a day,
And flatt'ring hopes are meer ſurmiſe.

III. I

III.

I know you all, you know not me,
Beneath your ken, by fortune plac't,
My ſorrows with diſdain you ſee,
And my diſtreſſes with diſtaſte.

IV.

Curs'd be the head that firſt devis'd
A bar from each ſublimer tie;
Bid wealthy knaves, and fools be priz'd,
And merit in oblivion lie.

V.

Is it a boaſt to ſay thy hand,
Almighty guardian of the juſt,
Made me the ſtrokes of fate withſtand,
While e'er in thee I plac'd my truſt?

VI.

No---let me to an age deprav'd,
An age of infidels declare,
Thy ſervant never was deceived,
When fondly ſhe confided there.

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An age of infidels declare,
Thy ſervant never was deceived,
When fondly ſhe confided there.

VII.

I ſeek the cot, I ſeek the cell,
I ſeek the mountain, ſtream or grove;
Lead me contentment where you dwell,
With concord, piety, and love.

VIII.

Lead me to ſome inſpiring vill,
Near a romantic ſtructure rear'd;
Where virtue and religion ſtill
Bloom by corruption unimpair'd.

IX.

Where health and jollity robuſt
Spreads a rich glow o'er ev'ry face;
Where not the meaneſt ſold his truſt
For title, grandeur, wealth or place.

X.

If there be ſuch a ſpot on earth,
Oh! God of an all-ſearching eye;
Tho' not from ſuch I drew my birth,
In ſuch contented let me die.

I am intirely of Hamlet's opinion with regard to the world. "Fie on't, oh! fie.

"'Tis an unweeded garden that grows to weeds. Things rank and groſs in nature poſſeſs it meerly."

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

If any thing ſhould be found offenſive in the foregoing letters, I hope it will not be imputed to me; as I declare I am altogether ignorant of what is meant by the initials and the daſhes.

Various have been the poetical eſſays that I have occaſionally written, but few I eſteem worth preſenting to my readers; for as I find ſo great a genius as Dr. Swift has been ſeverely cenſured for inſerting trifling pieces amongſt his collection, what could I expect if I preſumed to do it? when it may with propriety be ſaid, that my beſt attempt in that way, muſt be inferior to his worſt; however, I confeſs I wiſh this reflection had fallen from one, who profeſſed leſs friendſhip for the Dean than Lord Orrery.

Such pieces I have diſperſed in the magazines and news-papers, and ſhall only ſelect thoſe, where the choice of the ſubject may make ſome atonement for my defects. I think it was in June, 1755, a report was ſpread and publiſhed, that Lord Ligonier (then Sir John) died ſuddenly; a gentleman to whom mankind in general, and myſelf in particular, ſtands largely indebted. This furniſhed me with an opportunity of writing the following lines:

Who cou'd forbid the burſting tear to flow,
Or ſtop the impulſive energy of woe?
When baleful murmurs rung in ev'ry ear,
That ſpoke the death of gen'rous Ligonier?
Depriv'd of him, our warlike legions pine,
Whoſe preſence chear'd the terror-ſtriking line;
Whoſe dauntleſs courage, and reſiſtleſs hand,
Won admiration, from each foreign land.

Receive our incenſe, ye protecting pow'rs,
That heart-afflicting ſorrow, is not ours;
For unborn ages be that ſtroke reſerv'd;
Yet ſpare thoſe virtues we've but ill deſerv'd.

See at his name the ſoldiery revive:
Hear how they eccho, Ligonier's alive!

See they invoke their matchleſs hero forth,
Warm'd with a ſenſe of his experienc'd worth;
Whoſe animating ſoul inſpires them all,
And with confuſion ſtrikes th' inſulting Gaul.

If yet for Britain, or her ſons repoſe,
Benignant heav'n, accuſtom'd mercy knows,
To a long period of ſucceeding years,
Protract his fate, protract a nation's tears.

And when that pow'r, which calls the juſt away,
Invites his ſpirit to the realms of day,
Above the tomb, where he and goodneſs lies,
May fame ſtill hover, and may laurels riſe.

To this nobleman, I had likewiſe the honour (by his own permiſſion) to inſcribe the following eſſay, on the death of that beloved Prince, Charles Spencer, Duke of Marlborough, which was publiſhed in the Univerſal Magazine, ſoon after the lamented event that occaſioned it.

SUSPIRIA ardens evixit ad æthera virtus.

NOT the dread pangs that nature diſunite,
E'er urg'd by death the ſpirit wings her flight;
When dire convulſions ſhake the human frame,
Glow on each limb, and ev'ry nerve inflame:
Not lateſt groans of all I deareſt prize,
Or pendant ruin hov'ring o'er my eyes;
Could grief ſincerer in my ſoul create,
Than noble Spencer's, unexpected fate.

When ſleep aſſumes dominion o'er the ſenſe,
And horrid dreams alternately commence,
What new born joy the riſing morn attends,
When 'midſt a conflict, the deluſion ends?
Oh! could ſome angel to my ſoul proclaim,
Thy death lamented hero! but a dream,
Thy life, Britannia's choiceſt jem reſtore,
Loſt on a bleak,* unhoſpitable ſhore;
This loath'd exiſtence, for a while endear,
By fond perſuaſions, virtue ſtill were here;
That ſtill a patron, injur'd worth might find,
Still thy example rectify mankind;
Loſt in a torrent of unbounded joy,
I'd chace theſe griefs, that my content deſtroy.

* Germany, where his Grace died.

Not

Not ever honour'd Malbro' that thine ear,
Was prompt as providence my plaint to hear;
Not that thy bounty like the rapid main,
No limit learn'd, its ardour to reſtrain:
'Midſt ruin'd fortune helpleſs genius priz'd,
Nor my afflicted mother's woe deſpis'd;
To know thy virtues by minute detail,
Bids us at once to human-kind appeal:
Each day, each hour, each interval of thine,
Diſplay'd ſome inſtance of a ſoul benign;
Whether you wip'd the agonizing tear,
Or bid dejection be of better chear;
Plan'd patriot ſyſtems, in Britannia's cauſe,
Or gave to ſcience ſuccour and applauſe;
Shone in domeſtic, or in ſocial light,
In acts of tenderneſs, or acts polite.
To form the whole unanimouſly blend,
The patriot, hero, gentleman and friend.

While fame and conqueſt all their laurels ſpread,
With deathleſs garlands to enwreath his head;
While waſteful ruins on the * Gallic plain,
The recent marks of his ſucceſs remain;
While earth rever'd, and wond'ring pow'rs above,
Hail'd him the pattern of connubial love;

* Cherburgh deſtroyed, under his grace's command, Auguſt 8, 1758.

By

By all regretted, and by all admir'd,
From earth immortal Marlborough retired.

Bear him ye cherubs to eternal reſt,
A bright, angelic, unpoluted gueſt;
Fitly adapted to adorn that ſphere,
Who gain'd the ſummit of perfection here.

Having occaſion a few days after the above appeared, to pay my reſpects to Sir Edward Montagu, I brought one of the Magazines in my pocket, and had the honour to preſent it to him: he was ſo obliging to read the verſes over, and to tell me that he approved of them; and as Sir Edward knew my circumſtances, added to theſe civilities a handſome preſent: But pray, ſaid he, Mr. Pilkington, have you ſent it to any other of the family? I ſaid, I hoped they would ſee it. Why, ſaid he, the preſent duke is a moſt worthy and liberal young nobleman; and I think if he ſaw this, he would do ſomething to ſerve you, and ſo I likewiſe believe would the Earl of Pembroke. I hinted the difficulty of obtaining acceſs to thoſe noblemen; and Sir Edward generouſly ſaid, make uſe of my name, ſay you came from me. Accordingly the Sunday morning ſucceeding, I tore the pages on which the lines were printed, out of the pamphlets, and encloſed them

in

in a letter to his grace, making uſe of the paſſport I was favoured with, left my letter with his grace's porter, and told him I ſhould be at the Smyrna coffee-houſe, juſt over the way, for two hours. But, oh! tempora mutadi erant, the moments elapſed, without affording an anſwer good or bad.

This, however, did not prevent my taking the ſame method with the Earl, except with this difference, that as I imagined the letter might not have been given to his grace, but to ſome Steward or Secretary (which is indeed too frequently the caſe) I made my ſervant wait for his Lordſhip at the Opera-houſe, and give it into his own hand. When he called for an anſwer, he was told there was none; but as both the Duke and the Earl have ſubſcribed to this book, 'tis poſſible, whatever miſtakes have been committed by their ſervants, or mine, may be rectified; if not, ſum in loco quo ante fueram.

I had, however, the honour to preſent the Magazine to Lord Ligonier, at St. James's, who received it with an affability peculiar to thoſe that are exalted by their own virtues, and afterwards made me a compliment equal to the greatneſs of his ſoul. It was indeed kindly reported, that I received a preſent of ſome hundreds from one of his grace's

grace's family, upon this account; which ſerved to make a troubleſome and perſecuting ſet of creditors, ten times more aſſiduous than uſual to ruin and oppreſs me: But it has pleaſed the Almighty hitherto to protect me from their ſanguine and deſtructive emiſſaries, which mercy, I hope, he will continue, till his providence enables me to prove, that not the want of principle, but the want of means, has for ſome time diſenabled me to ſettle with them, or tranſact my own affairs, which has given riſe to a thouſand calamities.

I confeſs, I'm inclined to believe the anſwer delivered at Lord Pembroke's, was one of thoſe which ſervants are very liberal in giving to every meſſenger who comes without a laced livery; and the more ſo, as upon my formerly encloſing the following little ode to his Lordſhip, which I had addreſſed to the late Duke of Marlborough, on the marriage of his amiable daughter with that nobleman, it was kindly received by them both, and was an introduction to my adding their illuſtrious names to my liſt.

An ODE to his Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

I.

THE floriſt with delighted eye
Views the carnations various dye,
And twiſting woodbine ſpring;
All ſummer's pride his joys excite,
Reward his labours with delight,
And cheer his voice to ſing.

II.

With what tranſcendent comfort bleſs'd,
Is then the kind paternal breaſt,
When all his hopes to crown;
He ſees the object of his care
In each ſublimer virtue ſhare,
That may demand renown.

III.

See * Churchill from the realms divine,
The ſpreading glories of thy line,
Like Nile's diffuſive ſtream;

* The great John, Duke of Marlborough.

A thouſand diff'rent courſes take,
Its bounty's while the world partake,
And hail thy aweful name.

IV.

Not the emblaz'ning herald's art,
Can ſuch effulgent rays impart,
As virtue can beſtow;
For this to Spencer's godlike race,
While the fix'd planets hold a place,
Shall praiſe ſpontaneous flow.

V.

To thee illuſtrious Pembroke's giv'n,
All we believe of promis'd heav'n,
Taſte, purity and truth;
Cæleſtial harmony of mind,
A graceful form, a temper kind,
And roſy tinctur'd youth.

VI.

*Pembroke, of whom each purling ſtream
And haunted grove reſounds the name
To all the muſes dear;

* The Counteſs of Pembroke's Arcadia.

From

From whoſe auguſt illumin'd race,
The ſweet Arcadian tale took place,
Which lovers rapturd hear.

VII.

When Hymen lights his ſacred brand,
And beauty yields her trembling hand,
To ſupplicating love;
Exulting joy takes inſtant place,
Unbidden ſmiles deck ev'ry face,
While heav'n and earth approve.

VIII.

Even I, my Lord, a bliſs partake,
That willing gratitude wou'd ſpeak,
Were flowing numbers mine;
Fit each perfection to impart,
That e'er enrich'd a princely heart,
For then I'd picture thine.

As I have glanced at the inconveniences that ariſe from ſervants opening their maſter's letters, and dictating anſwers to them, I ſincerely wiſh that the ingenious author of High Life Below Stairs, had added one ſcene to his ex-

cellent ſatire, where he has happily diſplayed the abſurdity and impertinence of a ſet, whom in his preface he terms, "a very large and uſeful body of people," large they are to infinity, but uſeful in general, as little as they can poſſibly render themſelves; and I know, that the inſolence of ſome of thoſe mercenary dependents, has diminiſhed the luſtre of many of the nobleſt names, that ever enriched the hiſtoric, or poet page; for if they are entruſted by their maſters to confer any favour, they will be certain to annex to it a groſs inſult, or ſarcazm of their own, in order to abſtract from any comfort a benefit might inſpire.

I will not be ſo cruel as to deſcend to particulars in this caſe, as it might deprive ſome perſons of bread, who may from this admonition learn to demean themſelves with leſs brutality; for as the writer of the ſatire, has given room to ſuſpect thoſe important members of ſociety wear their maſter's cloaths, and aſſume their titles, it is poſſible they may likewiſe read their books; and in that caſe I ſhould, perhaps, find ſome of their Graces to be bruiſers, or have the ſtreet door ſlapped in my face, while their maſters were purpoſely waiting to ſee me.

Nevertheleſs,

Nevertheleſs, to ſhew my dramatic abilities, I can't help ſuppoſing the drum ſcene, in the farce, continued a little longer, before the alarm comes that promiſcuouſly lodges their Ladyſhips in the pantry, and his Grace in the coal-hole. To any one who has read the farce, it will be intelligible; to any perſon who has not, I wiſh it may prove an incitement to do it; as I look upon it as a proper monitor for every noble and every truly generous being in England to have by them, till the enormous vice and iniquity there laſhed at, is utterly reclaimed and driven out of exiſtence.

I think the beſt place to introduce a circumſtance that, perhaps, eſcaped the writer's knowledge, is in the ſecond act, before the merriment commences, and juſt after Lovel, the liberal maſter of the houſe, has made his exit.

Enter Phillip in a great paſſion, with a letter ſealed in his hand.

PHILLIP.

This houſe is peſter'd with letters, it would employ ten porters to anſwer them; yet I take great care they get nothing by it, for the fool, my maſter, would ſoon put it

it out of his power to regale us, if he ſaw one half of them.

DUKE.

Is that a ſpeciment in your hand, Mr. Phil? Prithee let's ſee it, it may afford us a laugh before the fidler comes.

PHILIP.

Ay, ay, per bonum publicus, your Grace may divert the company with it; a ſhabby fellow brought it, and had the impudence to tell me he was a gentleman.

Sir HARRY.

A journeyman gentleman, I ſuppoſe, the moſt contemptable caracature in nature. When our blockhead came firſt to his eſtate, he uſed to be at the pains of anſwering thoſe troubleſome gentry, and ſent me with a devil to him to ferrit them out, in places that diſguſted my nature; but I ſoon cured him of it, by putting his anſwer in the ſinking-fund, and giving the more rational reply a gentleman ſhould always do.——We know nothing of you, and wonder at your aſſurance to trouble perſons of conſequence.

DUKE.

DUKE.

Fort bein, Sir Harry, am verite Bien, nous tout rendrell meme reponſes.——My ſapſcul values himſelf on being a politician, and thinks he manages matters with marvellous ſecrecy; but when I come to bruſh his cloaths in the morning, I find in his pockets the whole buſineſs of the day, and take proper meaſures to fruſtrate any deſigns he may have, that I eſteem mal a propos; for ſuch papers as I think I ſhall have plague with, I put out of the way; and if he enquires for them, declare, point blank, I know nothing at all of the matter.

Lady BAB.

Why, my Lady is the moſt romanticaliſt idot alive; ſhe's perpetually correſponding with poits, and would be weak enough to give the creatures all her card-money, but I peaches their morillity. I tells my Lady as how, I hears bad characters of them from different tredes perſons, and ſhe's too much taken up with pleaſures to make pertiklur enquiry; ſo I twines her round my finger. I always gives our clerk of the kitchen as my autor, and he lies with ſo good a grace, that his news paſſes for autentic.

DUKE.

DUKE.

Now evec permiſſion, je lifez ſe lethe pour ſe bein compagne. (Opens the letter.)——

Sir HARRY.

I'll beg a duſt of your Grace's Straſbough, to keep up my ſpirits, and prevent infiction firſt.

DUKE.

Vouz ete bein venu Monſieur. (Reaches his box) (reads) Dear Sir,——Black Fryers.

Omnes ha, ha, ha, ha.

DUKE.

Stay, ſtay, a commoner may have intimates; pray has any of this noble company ever been at the other ſide of London-Bridge?

Lady CHARLOTTE.

Why does your Grace aſk?

DUKE.

Only a whim, my Lady, to know whither the inhabitants walk uprightly as we do, or go upon all fours;

canibals they undoubtedly are---but prinigarde---I'll proceed in the epiſtle (reads affectedly, minding no ſtops.)

If the memory of that love which ſubſiſted between us in our boyiſh days, is not by time and long abſence quite effaced, you'll certainly be pleaſed to hear that your old ſchool-fellow, Dick Grapple, is ſtill in being, though almoſt naked, upon the Britiſh ſhore.

DUKE (to the company.)

Was ever ſuch nonſenſe heard of? That if he loved his old friend, he'd be glad to hear he was almoſt naked.---[reads.] The ſtory of my ſhipwreck, and other calamities, is too tedious for a letter, eſpecially to a member of parliament, as I hear you are.——

DUKE.

That's a ſneer, he hears when all the world knows Lovel's in the Court-Calander. [reads.] It was by meer accident I heard of you.——

PHILIP.

And it will be meer miracle if he ever hears of you.---[reads.] If you'll order your ſervants to give me admit-

tance, 'tis in my power to ſerve you in regard to your affairs at home.——

KITTY.

Another freeman, I warrant! he wants to inſpect the pantry.——Duke [reads] and it may be in your capacity, if it is your inclination, to ſave from ruin your moſt obſequious, moſt devoted, moſt obliged, moſt obedient, moſt——Oh! Lard! I can remember no more, Timothy Lickſpittle.

Lady BAB.

Surely you wrongs him, my Lord Duke! let me ſee, no, faith, 'tis Ricard Gapple, if I can read.

DUKE.

'Tis all one, my Lady, R, R, R, Richard Grapple, being properly pronounced. Oh! your Ladyſhip has not the true idium de la Francoies, Patence am peu de temps; but, Pox on't, you read very well for an Earl's daughter to.——

As I would not wilfully infringe the laws of the ſtage-ryte, by ſwelling this ſcene to a greater length than the rules of the drama admit of, I ſhall cloſe it, with wiſhing, that,

that, amongſt the hurry of the company, the letter may be dropped, and found by Lovel, who I would have overjoyed to hear a young gentleman is in London, that had preſerved his life in a party of ſwimming; and I could wiſh, that inſtead of turning the ſcoundrel, Phillip, out of his houſe, he would ſend him to Newgate, for breaking open his letter; which, according to the laws of England, is as much a felony as forcing a lock. Indeed, if one half the nobility and gentry knew in what a ludicrous manner their moſt private concerns are treated thro' this channel, they would be a little more circumſpect about letters.

This digreſſion I have made for common benefit, and, therefore, I am ſatisfied the ſenſible part of my readers will take it as 'tis meant. I ſhall now return to my taſk, of gathering from an immenſe lumber of rhimes, condemned to oblivion, thoſe I think the moſt tolerable; though, I do aſſure my readers, I have never yet wrote one couplet that pleaſed myſelf. What I may do hereafter, if the world ſhould be more partial to my lays than what I am, is yet to be known. The beſt apology I can make for my faults, is the true one, that I am condemned, like a ſpider, to ſpin all out of myſelf, not having had one book, as I obſerved before, to aſſiſt me; one friend to

reviſe me; nor one moment to beſtow on them the neceſſary corrections I knew they wanted: ſo that I am confident, their having been well received by the learned and the judicious, muſt entirely have been the reſult of that frankneſs and candour ever reſident in great minds.

An ELEGIAC ESSAY,

On the death of the Right Honourable the Marquis of Lindſay, ſon to his Grace the Duke of Ancaſter, written 1759.

Manibus date lilia plenis.

WHEN, for Britannia's puniſhment of late,
Fall'n was the lovely offspring of the great,
Stopp'd were the pitying accents of my tongue,
And the lamented babe a-while unſung.

At length in ſable Majeſty array'd,
With down-caſt look, appear'd the tragic maid;
An aweful horror child me e'er ſhe ſpoke,
When ſilence thus the penſive fair one broke.

Oh! wou'd'ſt thou learn eternally to weep,
And conſtant converſe with dejection keep,

Contemn

Contemn the themes that giddy mirth excite,
Purſuing anguiſh thro' her dreary flight;
Whither ſhrill eccho's from the cottage riſe,
Of filial, ſocial, or maternal cries;
Or ſtedfaſt friendſhip, like a ſtatue plac'd,
Weeps o'er the ruins of a friend deceas'd.
On ſuch attend, for ſuch atune thy ſtring,
No grief's too humble for the muſe to ſing.
Or ſhould ſublimer ſympathy alarm,
And all thy ſoul to nobler ſubjects warm,
See where too ſad, too wide a field appears,
The gen'rous, beauteous, Ancaſter in tears.
Who can be ſilent, and behold her mourn,
The hope of ages at a Lindſay's urn?
Tho' from her eyes inceſſant ſorrows fall,
'Twill not her treaſure from the grave recall;
Nor o'er that cheek a vivid bloom expand,
Damp'd by the dew of death's remorſeleſs hand.
No more his prattle ſhall inſpire delight,
The live-long day, or tedious winter night;
Wake all a father's fondneſs as it flows,
And all a mother's happineſs compoſe;
There ſolemn ſilence has aſſumed her reign,
Fruitleſs are tears, and invocations vain.

Say,

Say, death, thou bane of human proſpects, ſay,
Why is perfection ſooneſt ſnatch'd away?
Why ſhould thy dart on Bertie's cradle fall,
While for thy aid, a thouſand wretches call?
Cou'dſt thou not take the deſolate, the blind,
The poor that ſuccour ſeek in vain to find?
Give them oblivion, and to Albion ſpare,
Virtue's fond pledge, and worth's apparent heir.

Thus humble ſhrubs of wild luxuriant race,
That lend the landſcape no enliv'ning grace,
Oft have a tempeſt's rapid force withſtood,
That rent the nobleſt cedar in the wood;
And princely Bertie, like a victim fell,
While I ſurviv'd, the mournful tale to tell.

As I have formerly mentioned, that my ambition was to praiſe, and at the ſame time to avoid the ignominious appellation of a paraſite, I have made moſt of my panegyricks upon the dead, from whom no future favour can poſſibly be expected; but a cenſorious world muſt confeſs, that I have been happy in the choice of my ſubjects; and though ingratitude, or inſenſibility, ſilenced the more eminent ſons of Apollo upon the themes I have honoured my

pen

pen by, ſurely nobody will condemn me for the following attempt.

On the death of the late Right Honourable the Counteſs of SHAFTESBURY.

WHY o'er my ſoul impends this deadly dew?
The matchleſs Shaftſbury's no more, 'tis true;
And weeping orphans, with regret, ſhall find
So much perfection's not on earth behind.
Can friendſhip wiſh her from immortal bliſs,
'Midſt the rough tumults of a world like this?
Or grieve the recompence, too ſoon ſhe found,
Of days, that virtue and religion crown'd?
Yet, can philoſophy the ſeas aſſwage,
Or calm a tempeſt in its maden'd rage?
From recent wounds, the quick ſenſation take,
Or bid a wretch tormented, ceaſe to ſpeak?
Tho' in the regions of eternal reſt,
We know thy ſoul's ſuperlatively bleſs'd;
Yet were thy virtues to the world ſo dear,
Relenting nature, ſtill muſt wiſh 'em here.
Even I---this melting weakneſs muſt confeſs,
While tears my ſorrow---more than words expreſs.

I join the weeping melancholy train,
That mourn the kindeſt of her ſex in vain.

As this admirable lady's whole life was employed in the ſervice of the diſtreſſed, and the encouragement of every liberal ſcience, to which the elegance of her taſte aptly enclined her; and as there is no reaſon to doubt, but that every perſon of genius, more or leſs, partook of her well-judged liberality; I muſt confeſs, I bluſhed at the depravity of my ſpecies, to ſee her paſs to the grave unnoticed by them, and only lamented in domeſtic life, where ſhe ſhone with incomparable luſtre. Lord Shafteſbury, whom, if I dare tranſcribe my thoughts, I would pronounce the beſt of men; and, if I did, I ſhould find no murmur to oppoſe it---was long inconſolable for her loſs; and her honeſt attendants, to whom her Ladyſhip was conſtantly a mother, ſpeak of her to this day with tear-ſtreaming eyes.

I can't help obſerving here, how great an effect a good example may have on the minds of inferiors: the lady I ſpeak of, was, as his Lordſhip now is, mild, affable, polite, learned, and eaſy of acceſs; the ſervants, by frequently having the happineſs to hear and ſee them, became the eccho's of their benignity, and were as widely different

from

from thoſe prepoſterous characters I have drawn, as good is from bad; for the great may take my ſimple word for it, that an imperious ſervant, is like a ridiculous ambaſſador, and every enormity he commits, appears to be either copied after, or done by the poſitive order of the perſon he repreſents, and is placed to his account, whether right or wrong; in ſhort, 'tis an invariable maxim, that a brutiſh maſter makes a brutiſh man.

To give one inſtance of this, I ſhall recite a little ſtory: a poetical friend of mine, who is allowed to have ſome merit in his compoſitions, addreſſed a poem to a certain great man, juſt returned from his travels; undoubtedly, he was accompanied from thence by a train of raſcally foreigners, who having been bred in a ſtate of ſlavery, imagined they could impoſe it on the free-born natives of theſe iſlands, and that they might with impunity treat ſuch perſons here, as they had ſeen men of capacity uſed at abroad: this is indeed the beſt conſtruction I can put upon what is to follow; the verſes he wrote were, according to my opinion, very pretty in their kind, and as he favoured me with the inſpection of his papers, and made me the confidant of his expectations, he invited me to breakfaſt on the morning he expected to receive the great man's anſwer.---We were ſcarcely ſeated at tea, when

a dapper fellow entered, who looked nothing, only whiskers, to compleat the head of a Saracen; but as he had the apparel of a gentleman, my friend (a man of address) aſked him to ſit down? No, ſaid he, Monſieur, I have not de times to looſe avec you; is your name ſo and ſo? Yes, marry, anſwered the gentlemen.—Then mine Lord D—— ſent you dat and dat, ſaid he, and ſo retired, leaving ſome papers on the table. My friend took them up with great fortitude and compoſure, and found his own verſes torn a-croſs, and another piece written in an attorney's hand, which we at firſt apprehended was a bill in chancery, by its prolixity, and the formality it was drawn up with; but when we came to read it, we had a full half hour's merriment, for ſuch a complication of bombaſt and nonſence never was huddled together before; I remember ſome of the lines run thus:

" And now, my Lord, that you are ſafe come back,
" What is there more for Briton's ſons to lack?
" And now, my Lord, that you are ſafe come home,
" We hope no more in foreign realm you'll roam.
" And now, my Lord, that you are here again,
" The Muſe with pleaſure does take up her pen.
" And now, my Lord, as you are ſo polite,
" You'll know the merits of what poet's write.

In

In ſhort, "and now, my Lord," was the beginning of every ſecond line, through the whole performance, which was cloſely penn'd on a large ſheet of poſt paper.

My friend, after ruminating a little, ſaid, "really, if the great man is a rational creature, ſuch a piece of ſtuff muſt excite his reſentment; but why ſhould he therefore affront me? I am determined, let what will be the iſſue, to reverſe my compliment, and tell him, in a poignant ſatire, what opinion his country really entertains of him."

I entreated him to deſiſt from ſo raſh and unprofitable an undertaking, as it might do him hurt, and could by no means procure him any ſatisfaction; for if the L——d himſelf was acceſſary to ſuch ill manners, he muſt be incorrigable; and if the fellow dared to take ſuch a freedom, without his privity, he would conſequently ſerve all letters that were preſented at the houſe in the ſame manner.

Notwithſtanding my moſt earneſt remonſtrances, he wrote the following lines, and would have publiſhed them in ſuch a manner, as to be comprehended by the meaneſt underſtanding; but that he was in a few days after obliged

to go abroad, and has ſince loſt his life in the ſervice of his country.

Nor ſhould I give them a place here, if I thought the perſon they were intended to laſh could ever be gueſſed at; all I mean hereby, is to verify by demonſtration, how much it is in the power of an ignorant pert ſervant, to bring ſevere reflections on the life and morals of his maſter.

I dare do all, that may become a man,
Who dares no more is none. SHAKESPEAR.

Curs'd be the bard, thro' penury or fear,
That henceforth fawns on a degen'rate P——r;
In a falſe mirror, vies to let him ſee,
Not what he is——but what he ought to be.
High as his titles wou'd adapt his praiſe,
To them imaginary trophies raiſe;
If forced by fortune——or compelled by want
I ſpoke you worthy——witneſs I recant:
The harmleſs panegyric I beſtow'd,
Not from your virtue, but my fancy flow'd;
Henceforth, my L——d, with a minuter care,
I'll repreſent you——reptile as you are:

But hold!—— Italian bravo's may be bought,
And blood be ſpill'd, for writing as I ought;
Amongſt your *** ſordid Gallic train,
A brave aſſaſſin can't be ſought in vain,
Monſieur, your valet, will the office do,
You can encourage, and protect him too.

Heav'n, ſays my L——d, *with an aſſuming brow,*
Per Ben parlare——wat de matter now?
Did I for this, in foreign brothels ſhine,
And on the vice of human-kind refine?
At diſtant courts, diſplay my beardleſs face,
Purchaſe their P——, impertinence and lace?
Ranſack endearing Italy and France,
My voice to model, and reform my dance?
At laſt returning elegantly bred,
With empty pockets, and ſonorious head,
Aid me, oh Monſieur! aid thy injur'd L——d,
I'll draw out any thing---except my ſword;
A paſſive trophy, 'tis for great ones meant,
Let ſoldiers uſe it, ja'y pour l'Ornament.

Vere it mine caſe, ſays Monſieur---he ſhou'd feel
Mine vaken'd wrath, and die in de baſtile;

A Peer of France, conſults no vulgar laws,
Nor for his acts aſſigns a publick cauſe.
Oh! glorious thought, the raptur'd *** reply'd,
But here that pleaſing comfort is deny'd.

A ſervant enters, *may it pleaſe your* ***,
A Briton pines, with ſorrow in his face;
Entreats your charity, his pains to eaſe.
I'm abſent,---ſick,---or buſy---what you pleaſe.
An op'ra ſinger now an audience waits,
Open the doors, unbar the folding gates;
Tell Signor Numſculini---he may come,
I knew him in-to-mate-ly well at Rome.
Salve Signor---your benefit draws nigh,
Accept this fifty pound, pardonne moi;
Buſs'neſs of conſequence demands me now,
Signor, your ſlave devoted---makes a bow.

A ſhabby brother of Apollo's tribe
*Entreats your * * * will to his work ſubſcribe.*
Tell him I wou'd——but that I never read.
The writer ſhakes his head——'tis plain indeed.

Now fidlers, pimps, and paraſites attend,
Studious to cringe, diſſemble, and commend.

No

No honeſt hand, diſplays the dull poltroon,
No faithful tongue, proclaims him a baboon;
A coxcomb, fribble, or Sir Courtly Nice,
With Jackdaws pertneſs, and a Monkey's vice,
Soothing each grov'ling paſſion of the ſoul,
They make a moving puppet of the whole;
Till all diſorders, nature that impair,
Call of his *** and leaves a rotten heir.

* I am confident, that none of my candid readers will once ſurmize the foregoing libel proceeded from me, as I never uſe gall in my ink; and I can appeal for the truth of this to * * * * * * * * * * he is extremely obliged to me; * * * * it is much in my power to * * * * * * * * * *

I am not in the leaſt chagrin'd at his treatment of me, nor do I, * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * he will at length relent, * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ODE to his Excellency Field Marſhal General Lord Viſcount Ligonier, Jan. 1, 1760.

I.

UNpenſion'd for the annual ſong,
The willing numbers glide along,
To hail the riſing year;
That let's a raptur'd nation view
Their fav'rite bleſſing live in you,
Time-honour'd Ligonier.

II.

* Daughter of Pæon give him health,
Parent of day encreaſe his wealth,
And radient influ'nce ſhed;
Around his hoſpitable dome
The hap-leſs ſoldiers conſtant home,
And ſure reſourſe for bread.

III.

Thy preſence cheers the drooping Muſe,
Nor theſe her lonely ſtrains refuſe,
Inſpir'd by love ſincere;

* Hygeia, the goddeſs of health.

This was inſerted in the Britiſh Chronicle, Monday Jan. 21.

Whatever fate thy bard attends,
For thee to heav'n his pray'r aſcends,
And heav'n regards his pray't.

A fine ſubject is certainly the happieſt inſpirer of eaſy verſe; if the piece cited, has any tincture of the latter, it muſt have been derived from the former; which was likewiſe the caſe in the two following eſſays.

On ſeeing the Right Honourable Elizabeth, Counteſs of Northumberland at St. James's, Sunday, Dec. 9, 1759.

SMIT with amazement at a form ſo bright,
Where ſplendor, eaſe, and dignity unite;
Where at a glance, is evidently ſeen,
The regal greatneſs, that beſpeaks a queen.
At thy approach unbidden we retire,
And wrapt in aweful ſtedfaſtneſs admire,
As if ſome beauteous deity appear'd,
Seen to be lov'd, and known to be rever'd;
The * demi-creſcent harbingers the way,
While wond'ring crouds their adoration pay.

Well may thy preſence noble Piercy raiſe
Incenſe of bleſſings, monuments of praiſe;

* The half moon worn in the cap of her Ladyſhip's page that precedes her chair.

For

For 'midſt the grateful multitude there's few,
But more or leſs have been obliged to you.

What'ver heav'n in former ages gave
To deck the learn'd, munificent or brave,
In Piercy's form and manners we behold
With all the luſtre it appear'd of old;
Whoſe high deſcent is manifeſtly ſhewn,
By native eaſe, and "graces all her own."

On hearing a deſcription of Lord Lyttleton's new houſe in Worceſterſhire.

TO cheriſh arts, and ſciences to aid,
That pile ſuperb was gen'rouſly eſſay'd;
Whoſe ſpacious dome, and whoſe extenſive plan,
Juſtly diſplay the ſpirit of the man.
Oh! ſhould an ill-tim'd penury controul
The native flowings of thy lib'ral ſoul,
Place but thyſelf amidſt the wide domain,
'Twill all that's great and excellent contain.

Perhaps nothing ſaid of myſelf, in the courſe of this book, will do me half ſo much honour in the opinion of the readers, as to tell them that, to the unwearied boun-

ties of theſe illuſtrious perſons I owe my preſent exiſtance; and, therefore, if any thing I now have written, or hereafter may write, affords the leaſt entertainment, the kind preſervers of my life, the defenders of my liberty, and the ſources of my ſupport, muſt take the merit of it; yes, ye good and great, if I attempted to ſuppreſs the enthuſiaſtic impulſe of my gratitude, it would overwhelm me; though to enumerate half your kindneſſes would employ all my remaining pages; yet to record a Shafteſbury, a Hartford, a Germain, a Lyttleton, a Guildford, a North, a * Cardigan, a † Leeds, a ſenſible ‡ Whitehead, and an obliging Bridgeman, amongſt the foremoſt, who deaf to all the calumnies malignantly propagated for my ruin, aſſiſted me and mine with an unlimited benevolence, is no leſs than my duty; at the ſame time that I conſider it, as the ampleſt encomium on myſelf and my poſterity.

In one of my eſſays publiſhed in Lloyd's paper (which I have heard ſome judges ſay is the beſt extant) I recommended it to ſeven of the moſt opulent bookſellers, to hire ſeven of the moſt profound criticks, and ſhut them up

The Earl of Shafteſbury. The Earl of Hartford. Lady Betty Germain. Lord Lyttleton, the Earl of Guildford, Lord North. * The Earl and Counteſs of Cardigan. † The Duke and Dutcheſs of Leeds. ‡ William Whitehead, Eſq; Poet Laureat. ‖ Henry Bridgeman, Eſq;

ſeven

ſeven years, in ſeven different garrets to compoſe ſeven hundred commentaries on me and my writings. I am not doubtful but this volume will afford them infinite matter to diſplay the energy of their talents on, as there are numerous accidental errors in it, as well as the inavoidable faults of nature; therefore, whenever a letter is miſplaced, or a ſtop omitted, it will be kindly imputed to the author's ignorance; for men who have no talents themſelves, nor no pretenſions to ſhine in any branch of ſcience, find infinite ſatisfaction in depreciating the attempts of others, nay, they make a tolerable livelihood of it; ſo that it is more than poſſible the blunders of the preſs corrector, and mine united, may afford them ſome good dinners.

But in order to allay the zeſt of their entertainment, I muſt appeal to the leſs rigid and more friendly reader, by aſking, how it was poſſible for a man either to write or correct, with a mind diſtracted by ten thouſand wants, cares and anxieties? I had ſcarce propoſed a ſubſcription, when it was induſtriouſly rumoured, I would never publiſh a book; and tho' this did not withold ſuperior minds from contributing to its appearance, yet to the baſe, the vulgar, and the ignorant, wretches with whom I had no connection, it was a perpetual fund for the moſt cruel and unjuſt reflections; inſomuch, that a * faithful ſervant, who

* Elizabeth Rainbut.

has adhered to me with a diſintereſted regard thro' all my adverſities, frequently came in, with tears in her eyes, to complain of the inſults ſhe met with on my account: ſuch as, if your maſter thinks to cheat the publick with his pretended book, you muſt not cheat us.---The poor girl, who knew the integrity of my principles, and the frequency of my being honoured with letters and meſſages from the firſt perſons of diſtinction in Great-Britain and Ireland, and who likewiſe knew I was at the ſame time employed in preparing theſe pages for the preſs, engaged in my cauſe with an amazonian fortitude; and I could only content her by promiſing to proſecute them for defamation, as ſoon as I got a little reſpite from the baneful effects of their unprovoked malice; which promiſe, though I deteſt law ſuits, I yet mean to fulfil.

This has obliged me to hurry on a concluſion to the ſtory of my life, and has indeed almoſt concluded my life itſelf; for what between a conſtitution, alas! too delicate for my condition, and the frequent ſhocks, alarms and tremors that attend a ſtate of voluntary impriſonment, my ſpirits are exhauſted, my ideas contracted, and my reliſh for life and its enjoyments abſolutely ſtagnated. Add to all this, that by a violent cold which fell upon my glans, by going out too ſoon after a fever, before I left

Ireland,

Ireland, my ſpeech is rendered unpleaſing to thoſe who have not been familiarly converſant with me. This carries a ten-fold affliction with it, as it renders me ſhy of entering into any diſcourſe, or accepting the invitations of my ſuperiors, that might otherwiſe be advantageous to me; and makes me frequently look like an idiot, when I really have enough to ſay for myſelf: beſides, the ill-natured part of mankind, who make all human infirmities the ſubject of ridicule, are but too apt to impute it to a cauſe I ſhould bluſh to name; but ſurely my offſpring, when ſeen, will be my trueſt vindication in that reſpect, if health, bloom, or complexion in them, are admitted as evidences on a father's behalf.

I ſhall only now preſent to my readers two letters, which will enable them to judge with what degree of publick good opinion, and private eſteem, I left Ireland; the one from the Earl of Clanricarde, and the other from Baron Dawſon, whoſe name I've taken the freedom to meniton before:---to two ſuch eminently ſenſible, and indiſputably excellent perſons, I need ſcarce make an apology for thus publickly ſhewing the pride I take in being thought well of by them, as ſuch teſtimonials will, at one view, render me more ſervice in the ſight of the praiſe-

worthy,

worthy, than all the ſlander that envy can invent or malignity propagate, will avail to my diſadvantage.

To Mr. PILKINGTON, in Margaret-Street, Cavendiſh-Square.

SIR,

I Yeſterday received at Southampton the letter you did me the favour to write me; and I now take the firſt opportunity of aſſuring you, that the ſenſe I have of the bad treatment Mrs. Pilkington very undeſervedly received, would alone be a ſufficient inducement for my complying with your deſire, did I not think that ſo promiſing a genius ought to be encouraged.

You may very readily command my name, and if you will let me know how I am to convey the money, will immediately do it. You do me a great deal of honour, in ſuppoſing me equal to the tickliſh taſk of an author; the book, I believe, you mean is the memoirs of the Marquis of Clanricarde, publiſhed by me; if you think it will afford you any pleaſure, I dare ſay Mr. Dodſley will readily, on mentioning it to him as a requeſt of mine, lend you a volume.

volume. I am, in great haſte, which I hope you will excuſe,

SIR,

BELLMONT, near
Weſtmeon, Hants,
October 20, 1757.

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

CLANRICARDE, &c.

To Mr. JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON, in Margaret-Street, Cavendiſh-Square, London.

SIR, Dublin, Nov. 22, 1757.

ON my coming to town to attend the term, I found, among others, which my ſervant had neglected to ſend me, two letters from you; I am willing to be a ſubſcriber to your undertaking, and wiſh you ſucceſs in it.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

ARTHUR DAWSON.

My wife is obliged to you for your preſent.

I promiſed, at my firſt ſetting out, ſome more animadverſions on my quandum ſtep-dame; but having been ſo long treating of perſons of conſequence, I cannot again deſcend into dirt; beſides, it might give pain to a father's heart, which, however cold to me now, by time, abſence, and miſrepreſentation, may, by ſome future event, be taught, how dearly, how tenderly, its repoſe is wiſhed by the poor loſt one it has abandon'd; who, thro' a life of painful viciſſitudes, has never ceaſed to ſollicit the Almighty for his proſperity and welfare, or done one act to bring diſhonour upon his name.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ERRATA:

Page 2. line 8. for Mead read Meade—p. 12. l. 4. for Meades read Meade—p. 17. l. 20. for queſtion read queſtions—p. 28. l. 3. for Penſero read Penſeroſo—p. 29. l. 14. read As the light rainbow in the lucid ſphere, inſtead of " is the lucid ſphere," inſerted by miſtake—p. 110. l. 11. for phæton read phaeton—p. 139. l. 13. for fannacizm read fanaticiſm.—Any other incorrections that have eſcaped notice, pleaſe to mark with a pen.